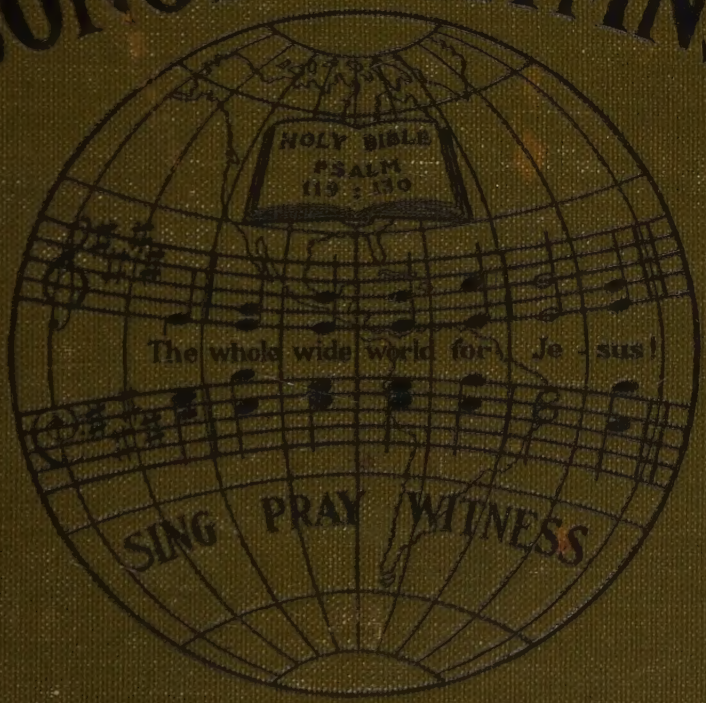
THE WORLD REVIVAL SONGS AND HYMNS



W. ELMER BAILEY, PUBLISHER
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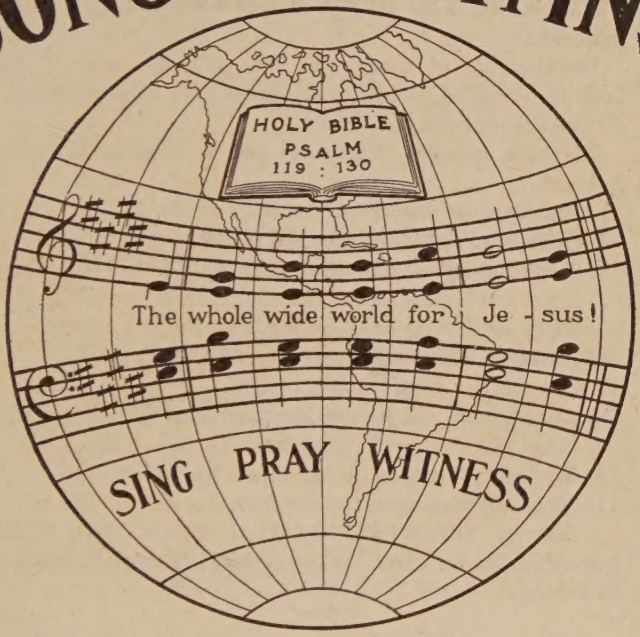

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Preface.

To God be all praise for His blessings in song.

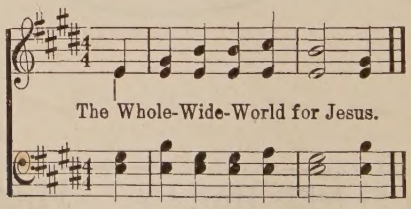
We pray for a "World-Wide Revival." THE WORLD REVIVAL SONGS AND HYMNS is sent forth to help in this great movement.

The thoughts of many who have felt the need of such a book are embodied, and many selections have been suggested. To all we acknowledge our thanks.

The book contains 256 pages and is compiled in sections as follows:

1. Miscellaneous selections from No. 1 to No. 145.
2. Children's Songs from No. 146 to 164.
3. Songs and Hymns on Prayer from No. 165 to 176.
4. Songs and Hymns on the Holy Spirit from No. 177 to 190.
5. Songs and Hymns on Cleansing from No. 191 to 202.
6. Invitation Songs and Hymns from No. 203 to 227.
7. Consecration from No. 228 to 239.
8. Altar Service and Inquiry Meetings from No. 240 to 263.
9. Songs and Hymns of Praise from No. 264 to 274.
10. Missionary Songs and Hymns from No. 275 to 292.
11. Songs and Hymns on Heaven from No. 293 to 304.

Humbly THE WORLD REVIVAL SONGS AND HYMNS is laid at The Master's feet, praying the Holy Spirit to use it to aid in taking



In His Name,

W. ELMER BAILEY, Editor and Publisher.

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THE WORLD REVIVAL SONGS AND HYMNS

No. 1. O Happy Day.

P. Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

1. O hap-py day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
2. O hap-py bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love!
3. 'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine;
4. Now rest my long-di - vid - ed heart, Fixed on this bliss-ful center, rest;
5. High Heav'n, that heard the solemn vow That vow renewed shall dai-ly hear,

Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rapt - ures all a - broad.
Let cheerful anthems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
He drew me, and I fol-lowed on, Charmed to con-fess the voice di - vine.
Here have I found a no - bler part, Here heav'nly pleas-ures fill my breast.
Till in life's lat - est hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.

:8: CHORUS. FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;

D. S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

No. 2.

The King's Business.

Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman's Simultaneous Campaign Hymn.

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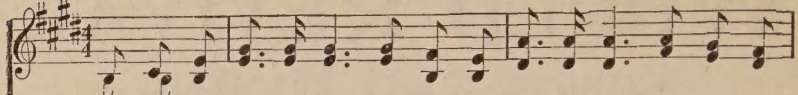
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Dr. E. T. Gassel.

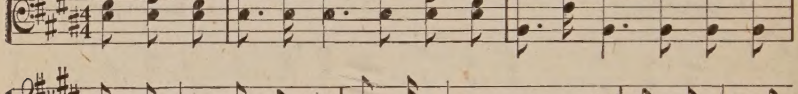
Flora H. Gassel.

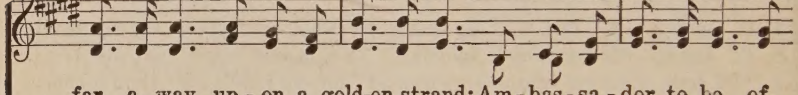


1. I am a strang-er here, with-in a for-eign land, My home is far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of

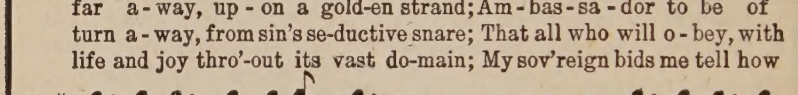
2. This is the King's command, that all men ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way, from sin's se-ductive snare; That all who will o-bey, with

3. My home is bright-er far than Sharon's ros-y plain, E-ter-nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My sov'reign bids me tell how

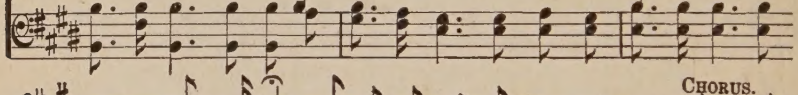


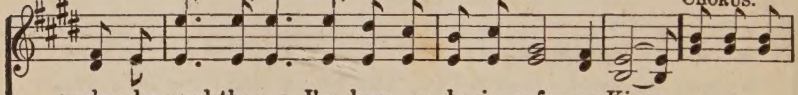


CHORUS.

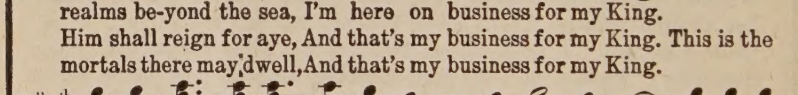


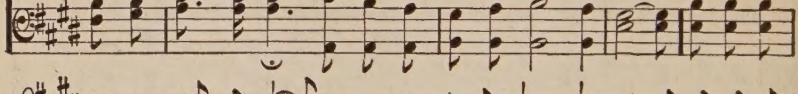
realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
mortals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.



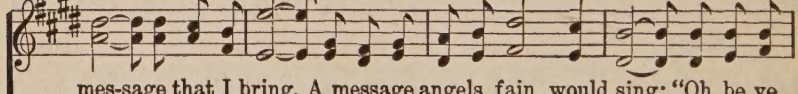


mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye



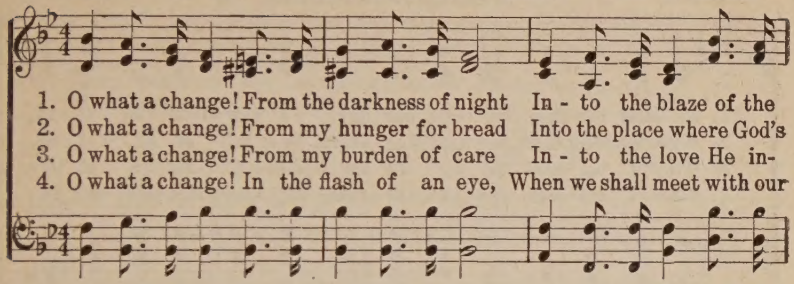


reconciled" Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye reconciled to God."

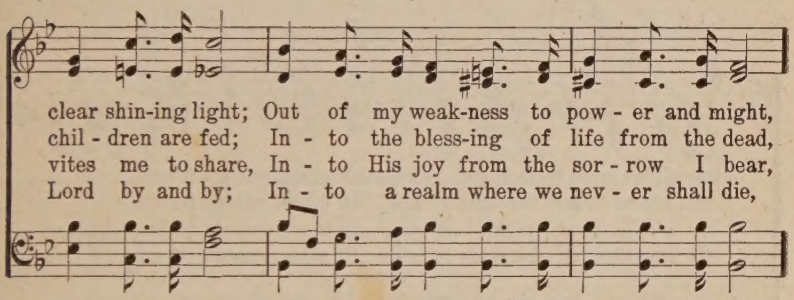


No. 3. O What a Change!

Mrs. C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

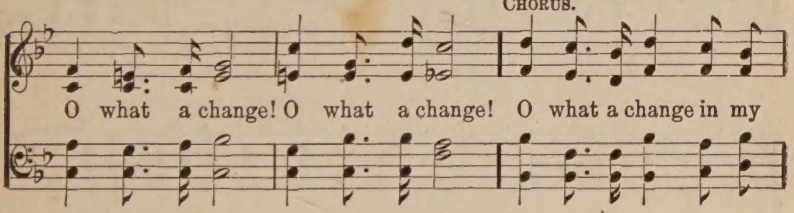


1. O what a change! From the darkness of night In - to the blaze of the
2. O what a change! From my hunger for bread Into the place where God's
3. O what a change! From my burden of care In - to the love He in-
4. O what a change! In the flash of an eye, When we shall meet with our

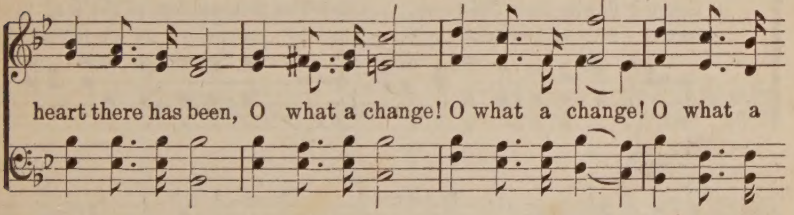


clear shin-ing light; Out of my weak-ness to pow - er and might,
chil - dren are fed; In - to the bless-ing of life from the dead,
vites me to share, In - to His joy from the sor - row I bear,
Lord by and by; In - to a realm where we nev - er shall die,

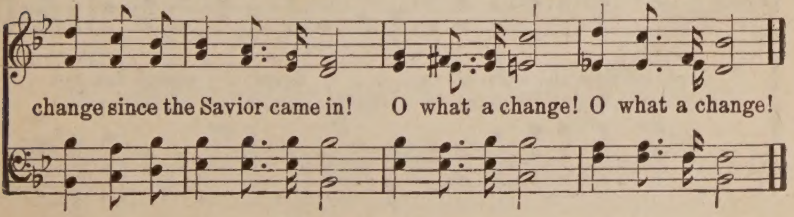
CHORUS.



O what a change! O what a change! O what a change in my



heart there has been, O what a change! O what a change! O what a



change since the Savior came in! O what a change! O what a change!

No. 4. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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E. O. Excell.

1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal - va - ry,
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag - o - ny,
3. When I be - held my ev - 'ry sin Nailed to the cru - el tree,
4. When I am safe with - in the vale, My por - tion there will be

cres.

Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, enough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, enough for me.
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, enough for me. (enough for me.)
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, enough for me.

CHORUS.

Grace is flowing from Cal-va-ry, Grace as fath-om-less as the sea,
Grace is flow - ing from Cal-va - ry, for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the rolling sea,

Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . enough for me.
Grace for time and e - ter - ni - ty; A - bun-dant grace I see, enough for me.

No. 5. Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, AND 1889, BY P. P. BILHORN.
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P. P. B. P. P. Bilhorn.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, (sweet strain,) A
2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made, (was made,) My
3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crown'd, (had crown'd,) My
4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide, (a - bide,) And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain, (re - frain,) I
debt by His death was all paid, (all paid,) No
heart with this peace did a - bound, (a - bound,) In
as I keep close to His side, (His side,) There's

sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
oth - er foun-da - tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
Him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
noth-ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der-ful gift from a - bove; (a - bove;)

rit.

Oh, wonderful, wonder-ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

No. 6. O That Will Be Glory.

Chas. M. Alexander's famous "Glory Song."

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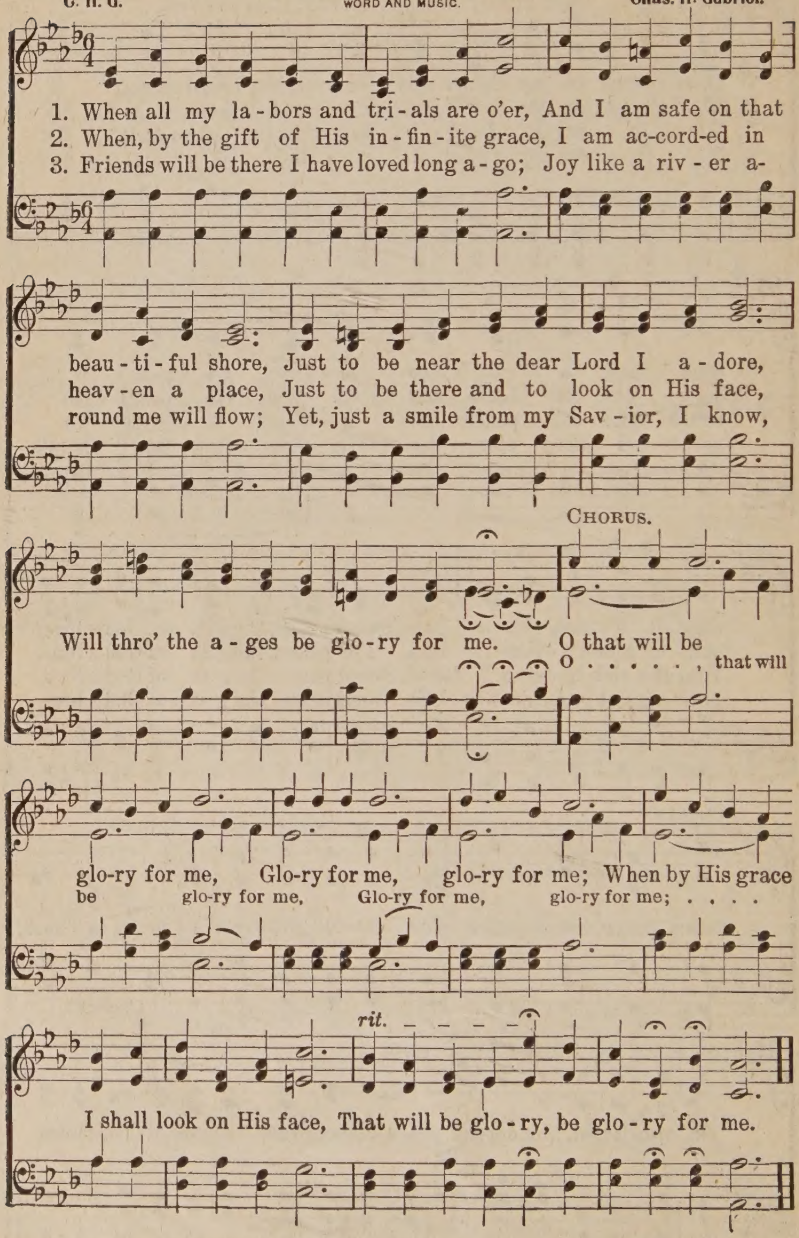
WORD AND MUSIC.

G. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 7. Throw Out the Life-Line.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

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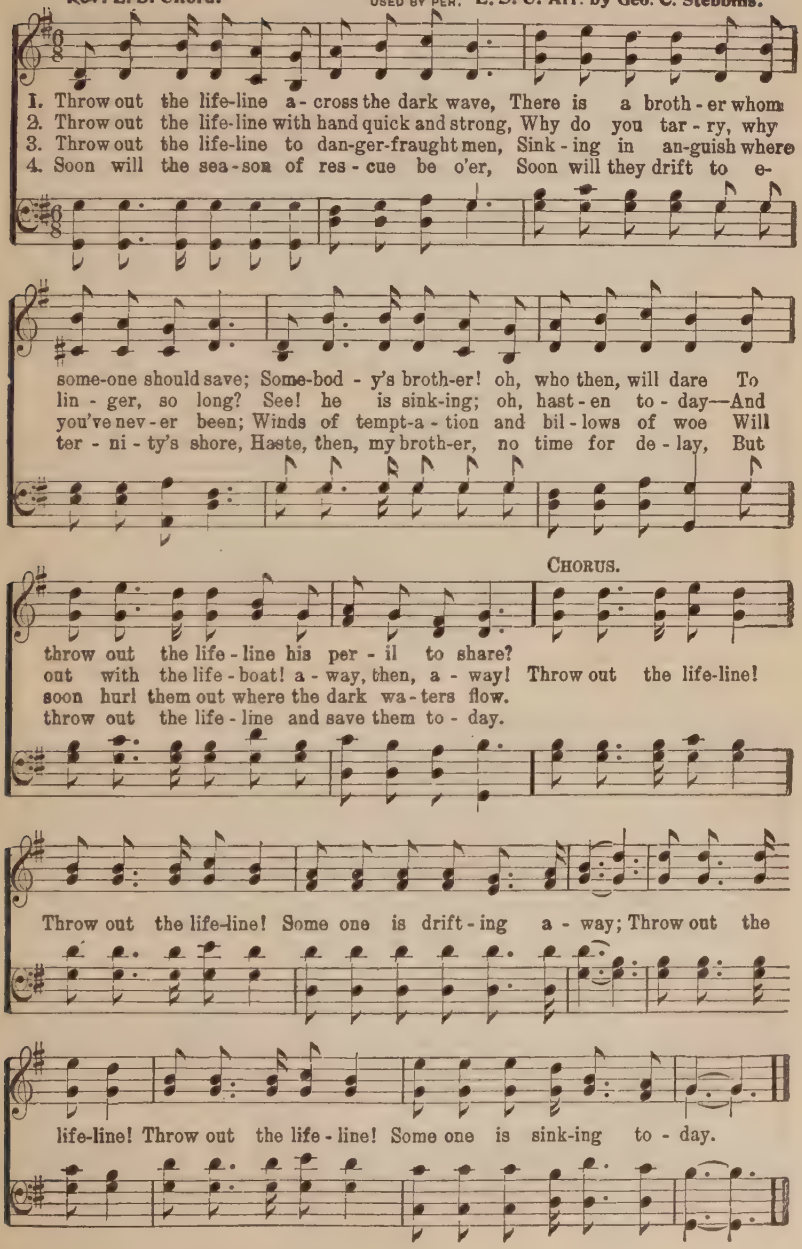
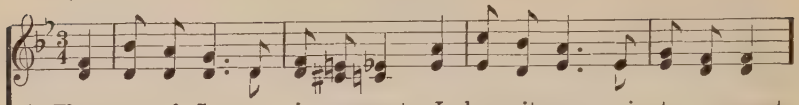
Rev. E. S. Ufford. E. S. U. Arr. by Geo. C. Stebbins.

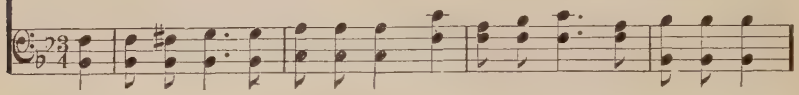


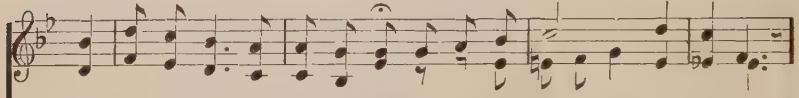
No. 8. The Name of Jesus.

Rev. W. C. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1901, AND 1903, BY E. S. LORENZ. USED BY PER. E. S. Lorenz.

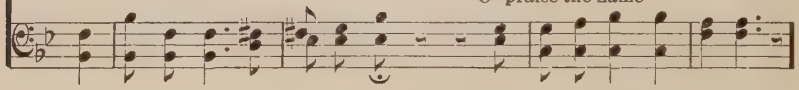


1. The name of Je - sus is so sweet, I love its mu - sic to re - peat;
2. I love the name of Him whose heart Knows all my griefs, and bears a part;
3. That name I fond - ly love to hear; It nev - er fails my heart to cheer;
4. No word of man can ev - er tell How sweet the name I love so well;

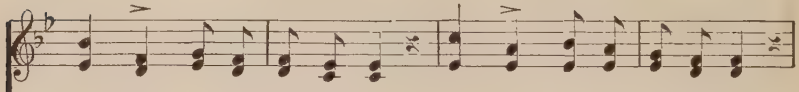




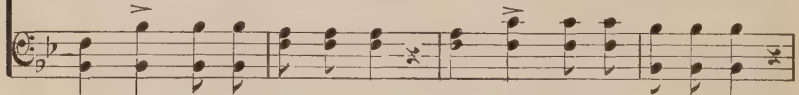
It makes my joys full and complete, The precious name of Je - sus.
The precious name
Who bids all anxious fears de - part—I love the name of Je - sus.
I love the name
Its mu - sic dries the fall - ing tear; Ex - alt the name of Je - sus.
Ex - alt the name
O let its prais - es ev - er swell, O praise the name of Je - sus.
O praise the name

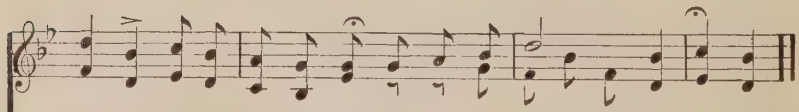


CHORUS.

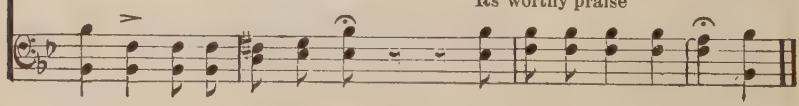


"Je - sus," O how sweet the name! "Jes - us," ev - 'ry day the same;





"Je-sus," let all saints proclaim Its worthy praise for - ev - er.
Its worthy praise



No. 9. **O Ye of Little Faith!**

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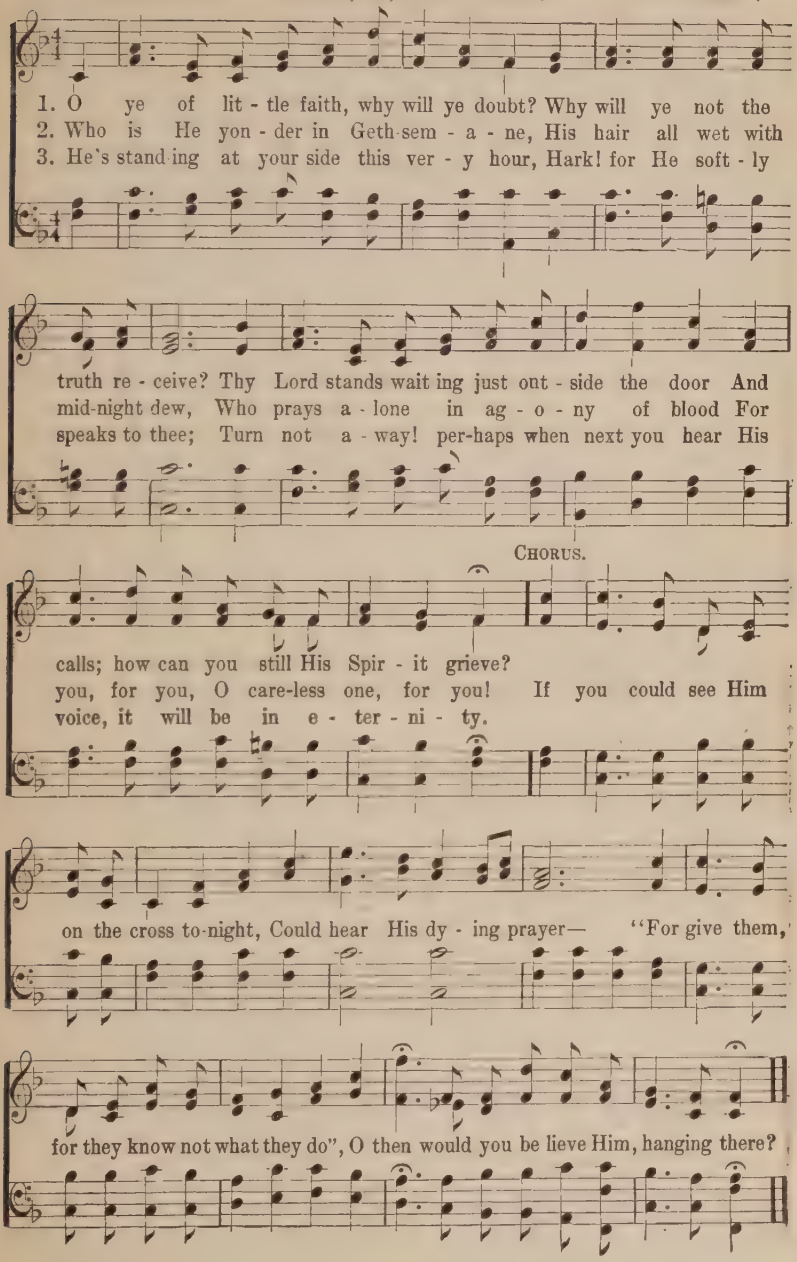

No. 10. O How Love I Thy Law.

Anon.

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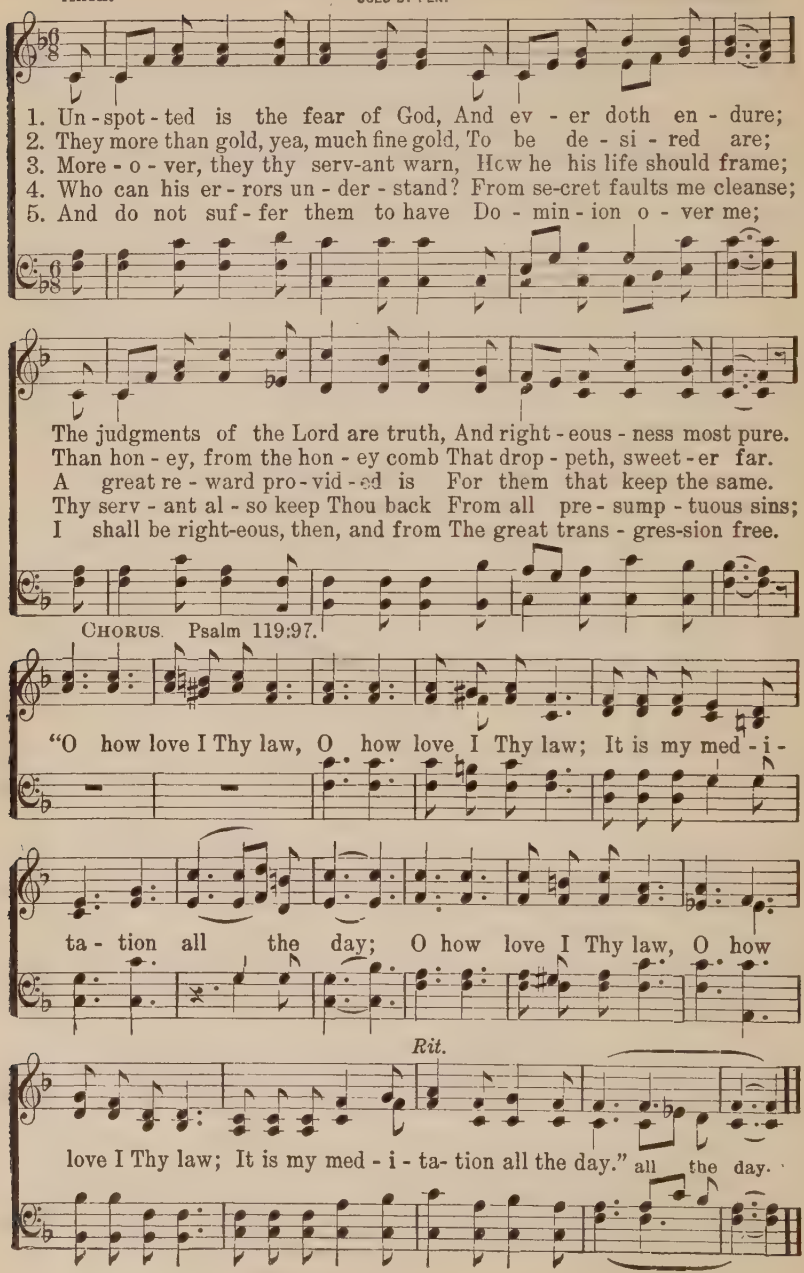
James McGranahan.



No. 11. Why I Love Jesus.

E. A. H. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
2. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
3. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?
4. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why He is so dear to me?

'Tis because my blessed Sav - ior From my sins hath set me free.
'Tis because the blood of Je - sus Ful - ly saves and cleanses me.
'Tis because in ev - 'ry con - flict, Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry.
'Tis because my Friend and Sav-ior He will ev - er, ev - er be.

CHORUS.

This is why . . . . . I love my Je - sus, This is
This is why I love Him, why I love my Je - sus, This is

why . . . . . I love Him so; He has par - - - - -
why I love my Je - sus, why I love Him so; He has pardoned, He has

rit.

doned my trans - gres - sions, He has washed me white as snow.
pardoned my trans - gres - sions,

No. 12. Count Your Blessings.

Rev J. Oatman, Jr.

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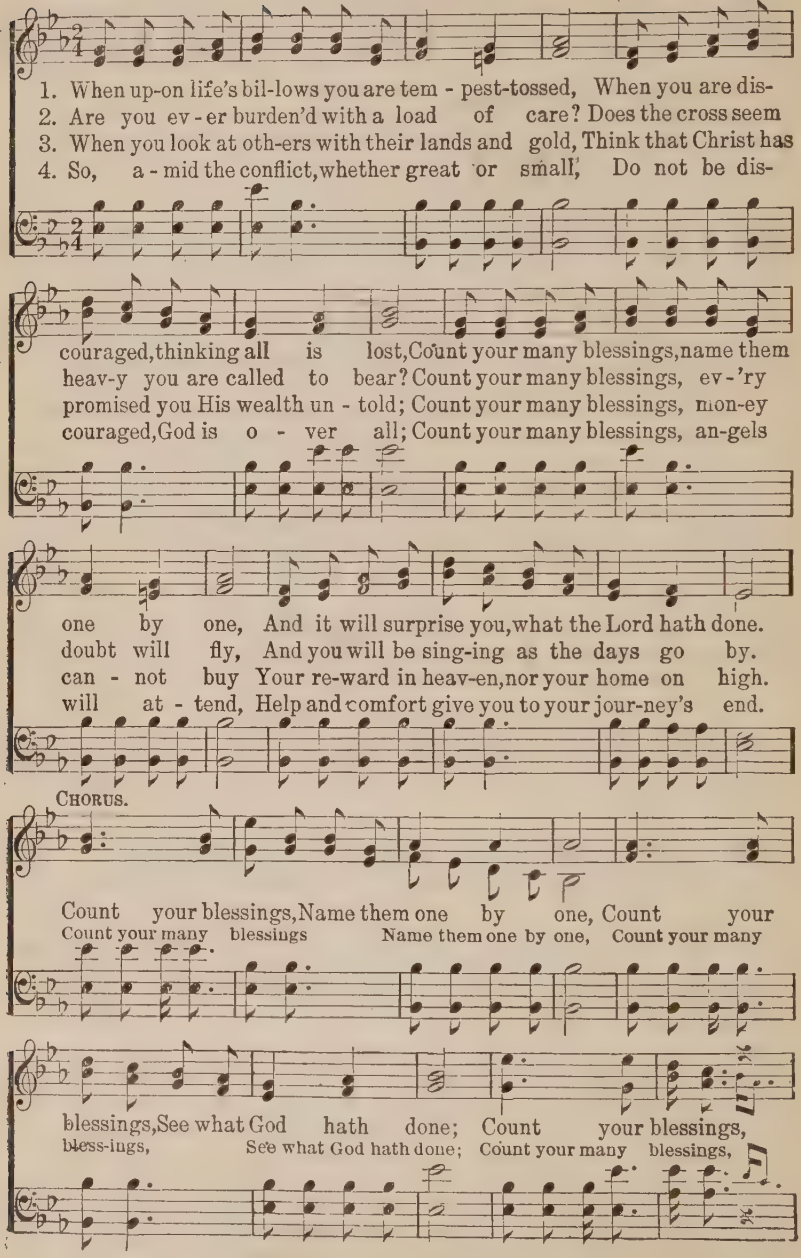
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.



Count Your Blessings.

Rit.

Name them one by one, Count your many bless - ings, See what God hath done.

No. 13. I Shall Go to Be With Jesus.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When this bus - y life is end - ed, And my work on earth is done;
2. When the sun goes down for - ev - er, And the moon her way for-sakes,
3. Loved ones who have grown a - wea - ry, And have left me by the way,
4. O Thou ev - er - last - ing Fa - ther, Love me, guide me, keep me still,

When I lay a - side my bur-den, At the set - ting of the sun:
With the dawn of judg-ment morn ing, When my dust from sleep a - wakes;
I shall meet a - gain, and with them, At the break - ing of the day;
That when Thou shalt have com-plete-ly Wrought in me Thy per - fect will;

CHORUS.

I shall go to be with Je - sus, I shall see His bless - ed face;

I shall sing His praise in glo - ry, Saved by His Re - deem - ing grace.

No. 14. There'll Be No Dark Valley.

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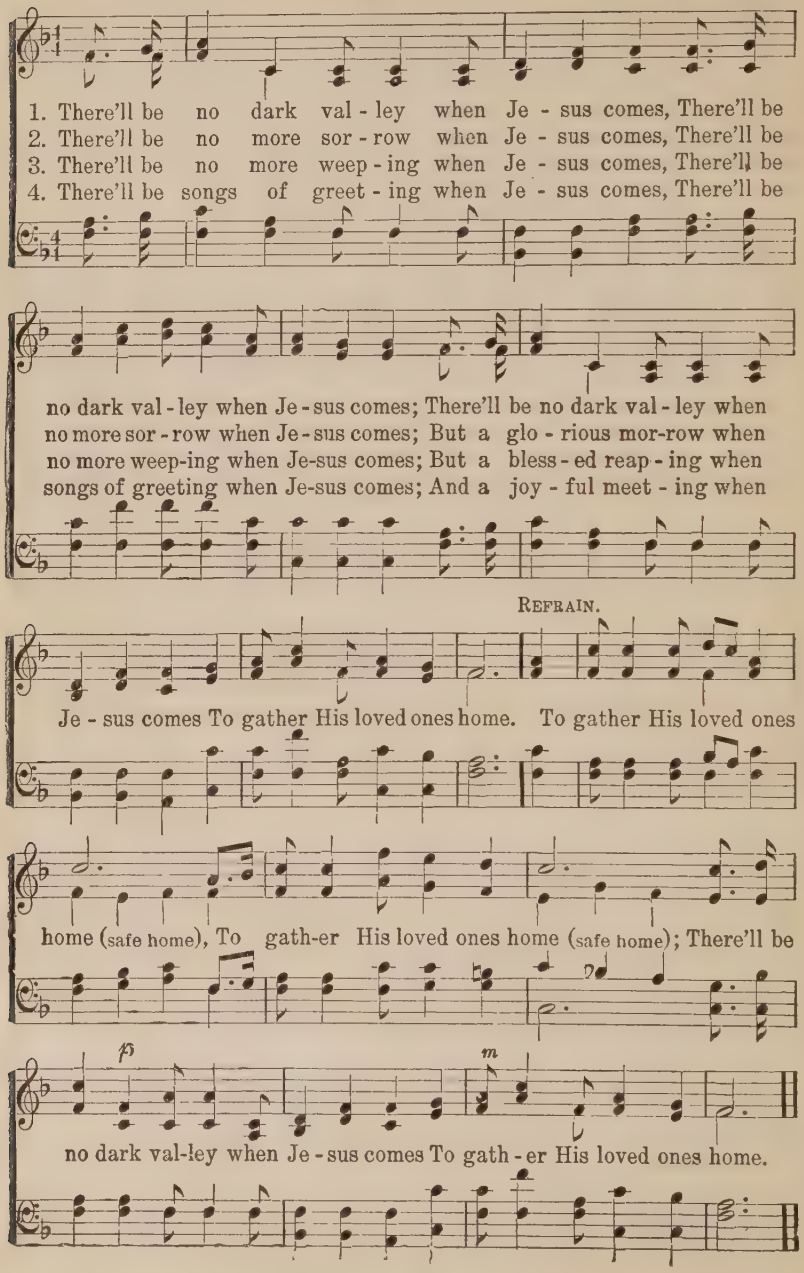
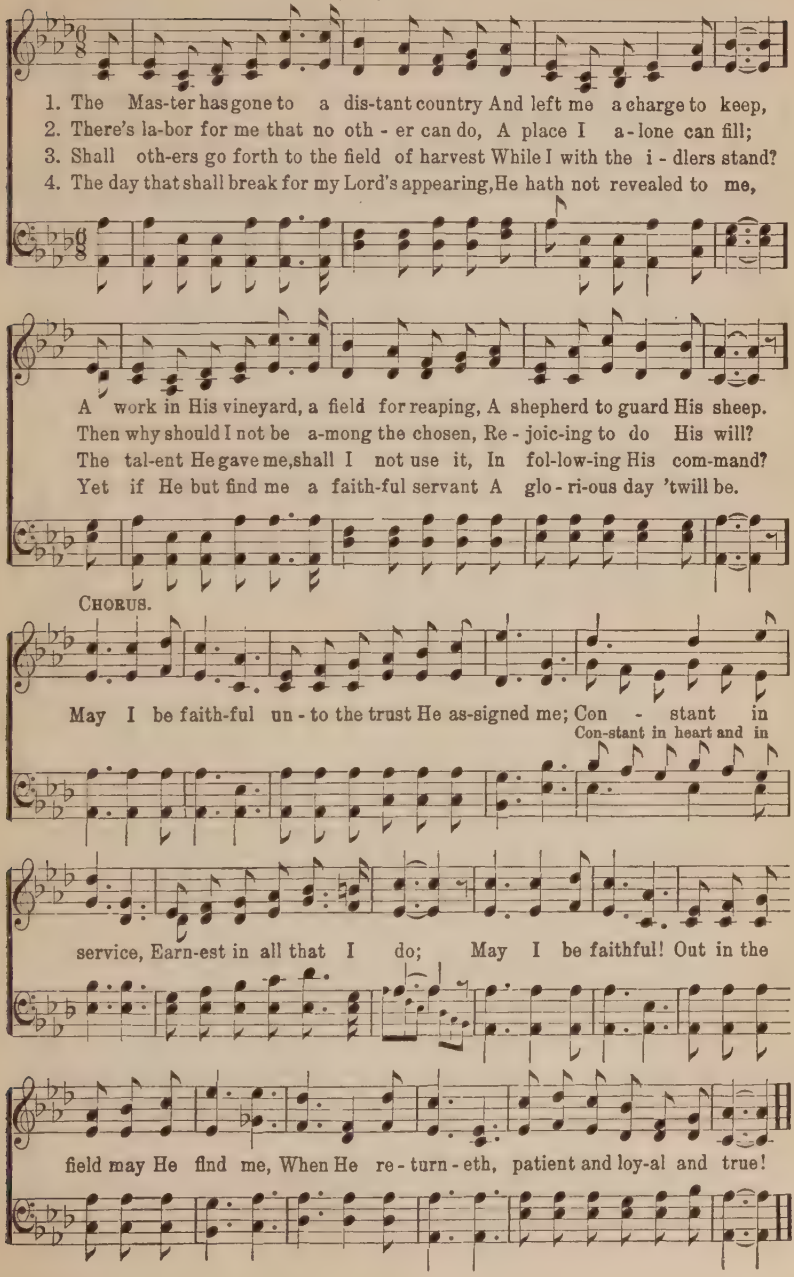
William O. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.



No. 15. May I Be Faithful.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 16. Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.
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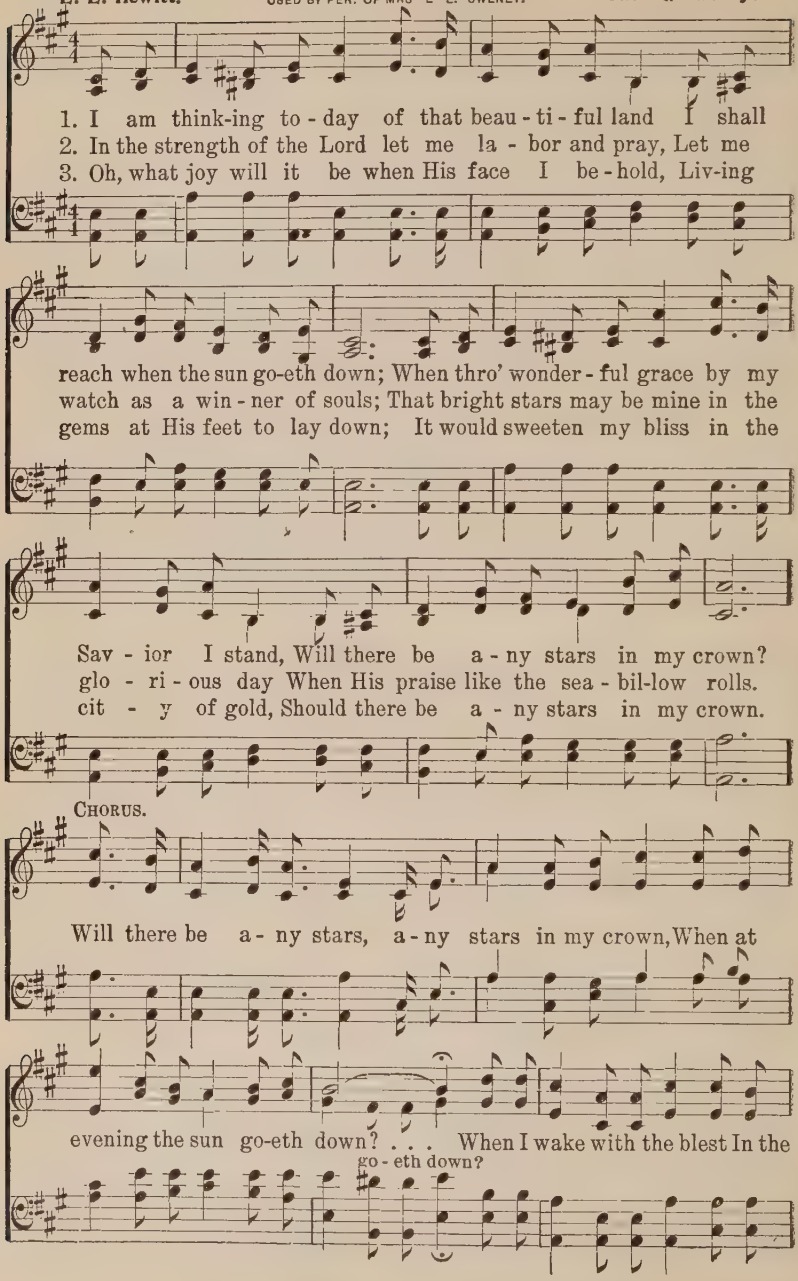
Jno. R. Sweney.



Will There Be Any Stars?

mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown? . . . .
a - ny stars in my crown?

No. 17. I Need Thee Every Hour.

Annie R. Hawks.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL, USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.

1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta - tions
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Teach me Thy will, And Thy rich
5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me

CHORUS.

voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
lose their pow'r When Thou art nigh.
and a - bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, O I need Thee! Ev-'ry
prom-is - es In me ful - fill.
Thine in-deed, Thou bless-ed Son!

hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

No. 18. I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY JOHN R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS L. E. SWENEY.

P. H. Dingman. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Je-sus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before His throne would bow; He waits to give them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when His voice shall

Sav - ior in mer-cy heard my pray'r; He bro't me out of dark - ness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
wel - come, He longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapt - ure that
call me to realms of end-less day, As one by one we gath - er, re-

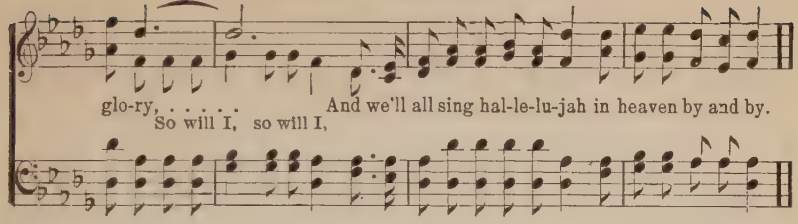
now the light I see; O bless-ed, lov-ing Savior! to Him the praise shall be.
par-don to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond con-trol.
in His love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing His praise with me.
joic-ing on the shore, We'll shout His praise in glory, and sing for-ev - er-more.

CHORUS.

I will shout His praise in glo - ry, ... And we'll
So will I, so will I,

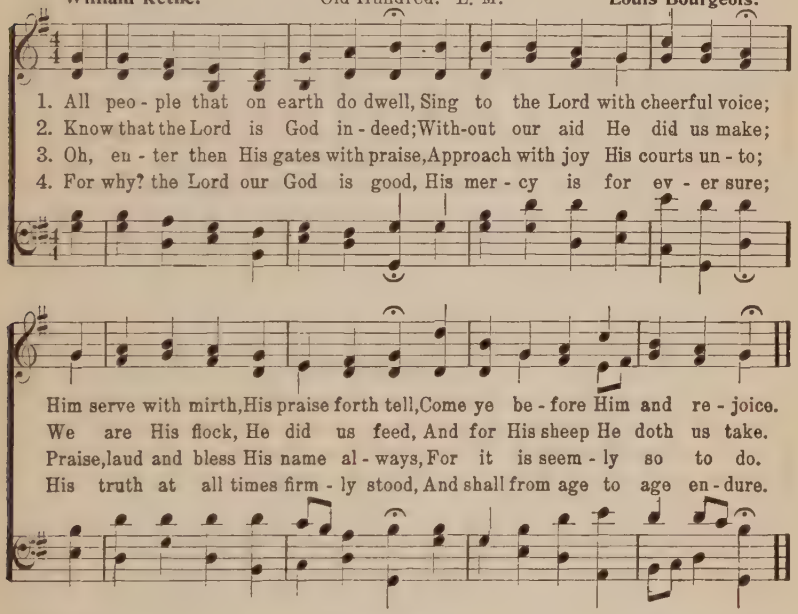
all sing hal-le - lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout His praise in

I Will Shout His Praise in Glory.



No. 19. Praise to God.

William Kethe. Old Hundred. L. M. **Louis Bourgeois.**



No. 20. Doxology.

Thomas Ken.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 21.

Tune, Old Hundred. **John Clunick.**

These verses are sung at the table at the Moody Bible Institute, only one at each meal.

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These mercies bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with Thee.

No. 22.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
For life, and health, and every good;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from Heaven.

No. 23. Lean Upon His Arms.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY D. B. TOWNER.
USED BY PER.

Edgar Lewis. L. E. Jones.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll bright-en the way,
3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Oh, bring ev - 'ry care,
4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,

help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
brighten the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
bring ev - 'ry care; The bur - den that has seem'd so heav - y, Take
leave all to Him, His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

CHORUS.

fill your heart with song.
gen - tle voice o - bey. Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love,
to the Lord in pray'r.
eyes are nev - er dim. Lean up - on His arms, ful-ly trust-ing in His love,

Lean on His arms, all His mer-cies prove, Lean on His
Lean up - on His arms, and Lean up - on His

arms, look-ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms.
arms, ev - er

No. 24. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm hap-py in Je-sus, my Sav-ior, my King, And all the day long of His good-ness I sing; To Him in my weak-ness I lov-ing-ly cling,
2. He stood at the door a-mid sunshine and rain, So pa-tient-ly waiting an entrance to gain; What shame that so long He en-treat-ed in vain,
3. I stand on the mountain of sunshine at last, No cloud in the heavens a shad-ow to cast; His smile is up-on me, the val-ley is past,
4. I praise Him, because He appointed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in His mar-vel-ous grace, My eyes shall behold Him—shall look on His face,

For he is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to me, ... For He is so precious to me, ... 'Tis heaven be-low My Re-deem-er to know For He is so pre-cious to me.

so precious to me, so precious to me,

No. 25. 'Tis Sweet to Know.

COPYRIGHT, 1877 AND 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON,
USED BY PERMISSION.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je-sus loves me, O how sweet! To know that I may
2. 'Tis sweet to know Him when life's sorrows Must be borne, To hear His cheering
3. 'Tis sweet to hear His in - vi - ta-tion "Come to me," "Come all ye wea - ry,

rest my bur-dens at His feet, O - ver us He's kind - ly watching,
words of com-fort when we mourn, Precious tho't that He is with us,
la - den ones, there's rest for thee," Je - sus' love is all per-vad-ing,

Call-ing t'ward the sky, O that all might heed His call and to Him fly.
At the o - pen grave, Al-ways read-y, ev - er will-ing us to save.
Thro'-out earth and sky, Hap-py they who know this love from God on high.

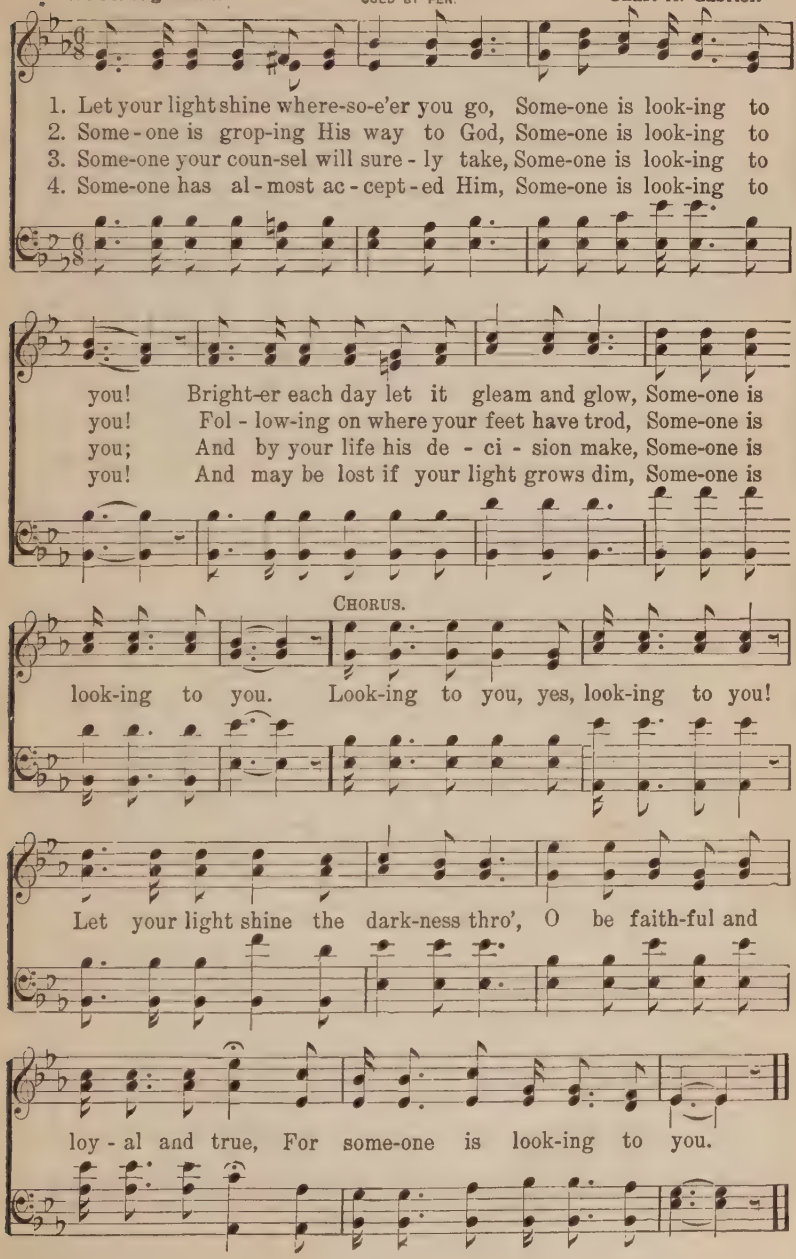
CHORUS.

This love is mine, I hear the Sav - ior call - ing,
This love is mine,

He of - fers you this bless - ing too, 'Tis free to all.

No. 26. Someone is Looking to You.

W. M. Lighthall. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. USED BY PER. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 27. Are Your Windows Open?

Marianne Sargent.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.

1. In your se - cret heart, my brother, Was the day with God be-
2. Has the noontide found you, brother, With your face turn'd t'ward the
3. When the ev-'ning comes, my brother, Will it bring you glad - ly

gun? Did you ask His guidance all a - long your way? Did you
east? Is your treasure hid where thieves can nev-er steal? Have men
home? Will the work that He has giv - en you be done? Will the

give in - to His keep-ing Hours of joy and hours of weep-ing?
from your lips been learning Of the Sav - ior's tend - er yearn-ing?
Mas - ter's voice at e - ven Bid you an - chor in His Heav - en?

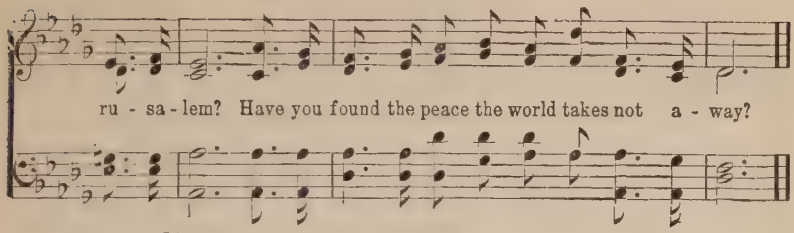
REFRAIN.

When the world has call'd you from Him did you pray? Are your win - - dows
Have you told them of His love that all may feel?
Will it prof-it, tho' the world you may have won?

Are your windows

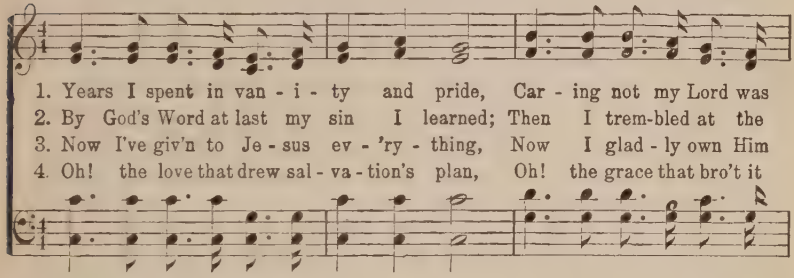
o - pen, broth - er, Are they o - pen t'ward Je-
o - pen t'ward Je - ru - sa - lem!

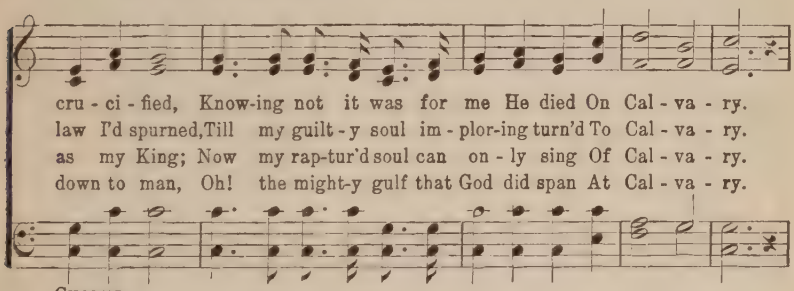
Are Your Windows Open?



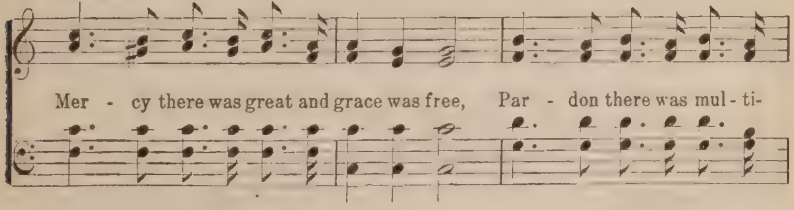
No. 28. At Calvary.

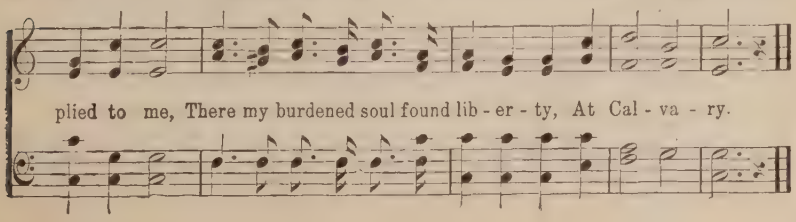
Wm. R. Newell. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY D. B. TOWNER. USED BY PER. D. B. Towner.





CHORUS.





No. 29. His Grace is Sufficient for Me.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Glad-ly the will of my Lord I o - bey; He is my keep-er from day un - to day; He is my Guide, and He know-eth the way, His
2. Not o - ver things of the world will I grieve. All that He sends I will glad-ly re - ceive, Sat-is - fied just to look up and be - lieve, His
3. Tho' I may see but one step at a time, As up the path-way to glo - ry I climb, Yet I be - lieve in the prom - ise di - vine, His
4. Liv-ing, I'll serve Him where-ev-er I go, E'en tho' it be where the dark wa-ters flow; Dying, I'll praise Him, for well do I know His
5. When I shall stand face to face with my King, Still to the word of His prom-ise I'll cling, And with the ran - somed for-ev-er I'll sing—His

CHORUS.

grace is suf - fi - cient for me. . . . . His grace is suf-
grace is suf - fi - cient for me. His grace is suf - fi - cient, suf-

fi-cient for me, His grace is sufficient for me; Then why should I
fi - cient for me, His grace is suf - fi-cent,

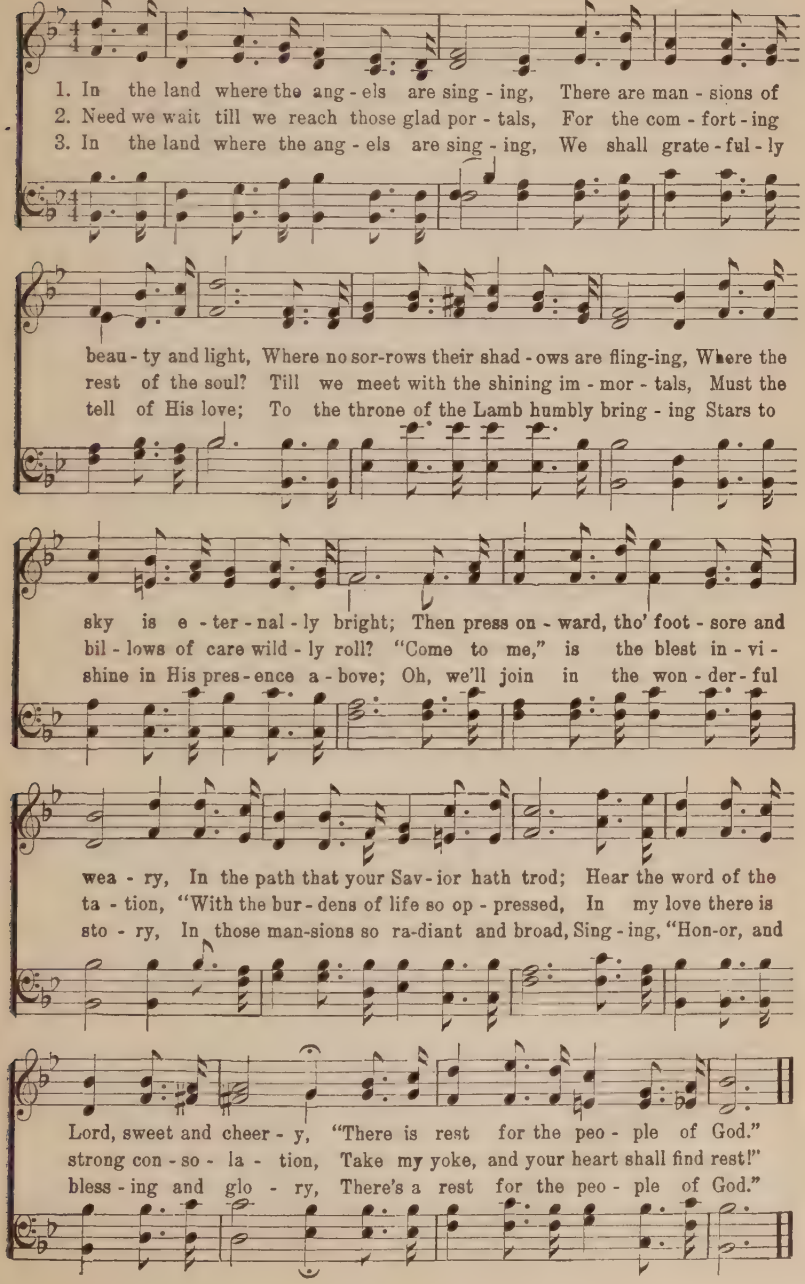
fear, with a Sav - ior so dear? His grace is suf - fi - cient for me.

No. 30. A Rest for the People of God.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1904-1905, BY JOHN P. HILLIS.
USED BY PER.

John P. Hillis.



No. 31. The Story Must Be Told.

COPYRIGHT, 1899 BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby. Ira D. Sankey.

1. O the pre-cious gos-pel sto-ry, How it tells of love to all,
2. O the bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry, Of His meek and low-ly birth,—
3. O the won-drous gos-pel sto-ry, There is life in ev-'ry word;

How the Sav-ior in com-pas-sion, Died to save us from the fall;
And the wel-come of the an-gels When they sang good-will to earth;—
There is hope and con-so-la-tion, Where the mes-sage sweet is heard;

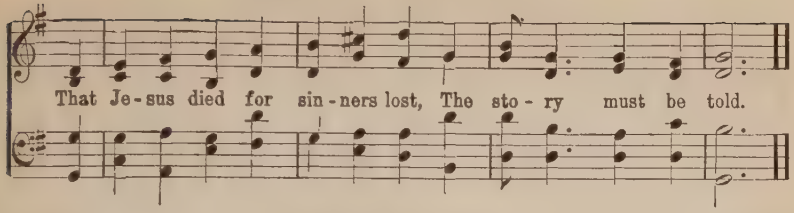
How He came to seek the lost ones, And to bring them to His fold;—
Of the cross, on which He suf-fered,— As by proph-ets seen of old,—
Let us tell it to the wea-ry, And its beau-ties all un-fold;

Let us hast-en to pro-claim it, For the sto-ry *must* be told.
Of His death and res-ur-rec-tion, Let the sto-ry *now* be told.
'Tis the on-ly guide to heav-en, And the sto-ry *must* be told.

CHORUS.

The sto-ry must be told (be told), The sto-ry must be told,

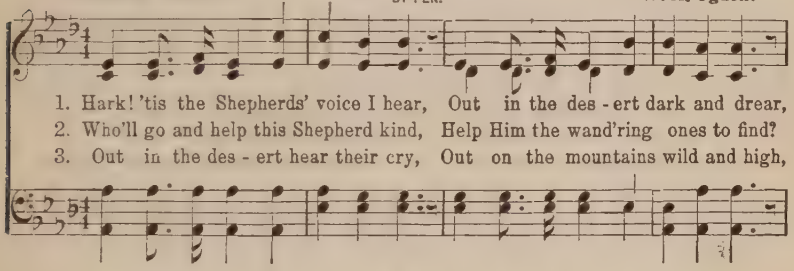
The Story Must be Told.

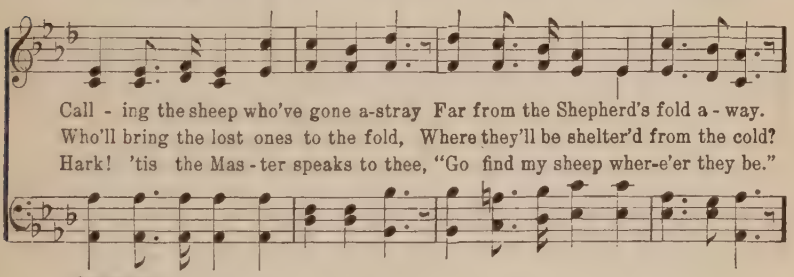


No. 32. Bring Them In.

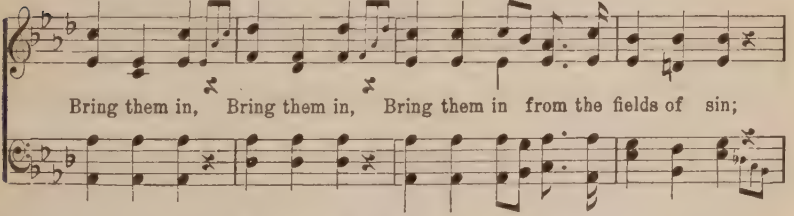
COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.

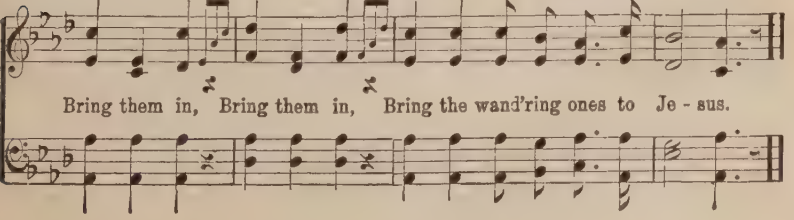
Alexcenah Thomas. BY PER. W. A. Ogden.





CHORUS.





No. 33. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
USED BY PER.

Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light;
2. I must needs go on in the blood - sprink - led way, The path that the Sav - ior trod If I e'er would climb to the heights sublime
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it nev - er - more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,

CHORUS.

If the Cross-Tree road I miss.
Where the soul's at home with God. The way of the cross leads home,
Where He waits at the o - pen door.

The way of the cross leads home, It is sweet to know as I on - ward go That the way of the cross leads home.

No. 34. It is Well With My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

H. G. Spafford. P. P. Bliss.

1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as-
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd

sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es-
part, but the whole, Is nailed to the cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de-

CHORUS.

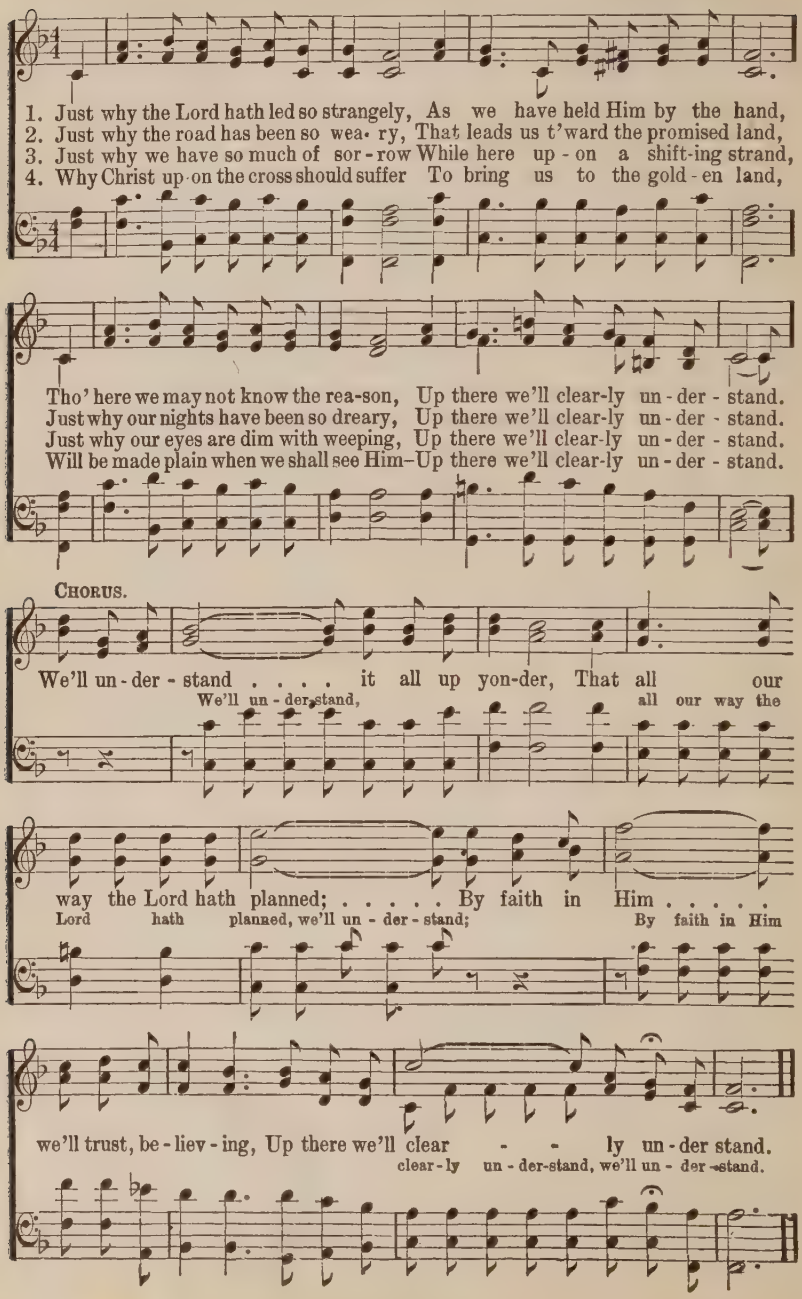
say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well . . .
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul. It is

. . . . with my soul, ... It is well, it is well with my soul.
well, with my soul,

No. 35. Up There We'll Understand.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel,



No. 36. Tell it to Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H GABRIEL.
USED BY PER.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H Morris.

1. What is the bur-den to - day on your heart? Go tell it to
2. Poised in His own might-y hand was the load Be - fore up - on
3. He who hath trod-den the wine-press a - lone, Is touch'd with your
4. Trust in His keep-ing, nor ques-tion His love, Who gives what is

Je - sus a - lone (a - lone,); Grace un - to you He will
you it was laid (was laid); Clothed in our flesh He the
bur - den of grief (of grief); 'Round you His arm of pro-
need - ful and best (and best); Tell Him your bur - den, His

free - ly im - part, No oth -er such help-er is known.
ver - y same road Hath trav-el'd, then be not dis - mayed.
tec - tion is thrown, He'll com-fort, and send you re - lief.
faith - ful - ness prove, And lean on His bo - som, and rest.

CHORUS.

Car-ry your burden to Je - sus, Tell it to Him, tell it to Him;
Je - sus in prayer,

Take it and trust-ing-ly leave it there, Tell it to Je-sus a - lone.

No. 37.

Ye Must Be Born Again.

COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY FLEMING H. REVELL.
USED BY PER.

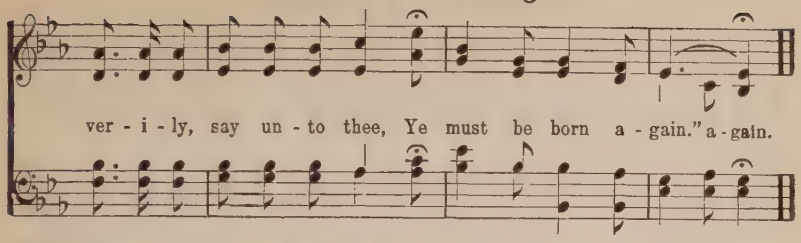
W. T. Sleeper. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To ask Him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Mas - ter made an - swer in words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word So sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this mes - sage to you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
3. Oh, ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And sing with the ran - somed the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last - ing if ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain."
4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the beau - ti - ful gate may be watch - ing for thee; Then list to the note of this sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain."

CHORUS,

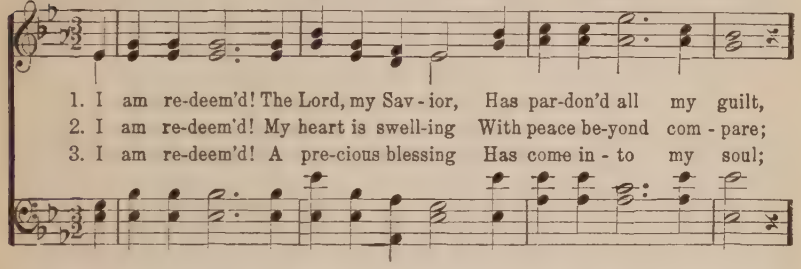
"Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, a - gain,

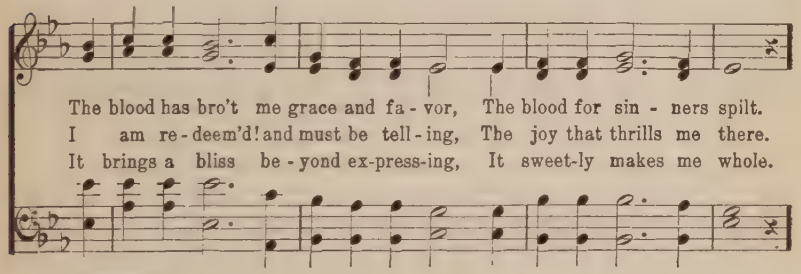
Ye Must Be Born Again.



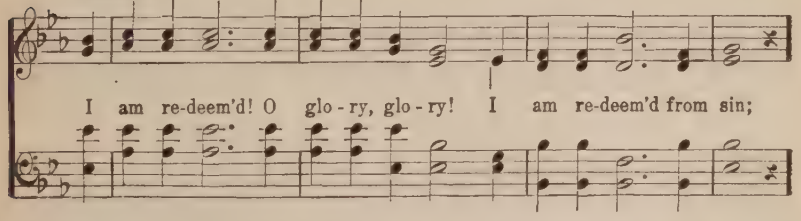
No. 38. I am Redeemed.

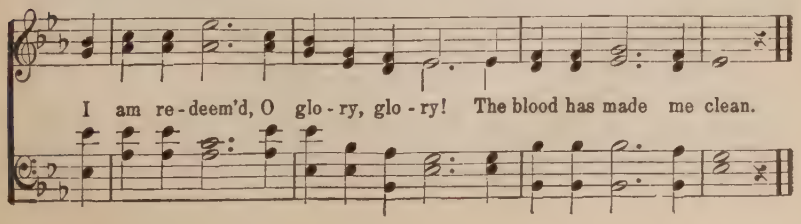
E. A. H. USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN. Elisha A. Hoffman.





CHORUS.





No. 39. Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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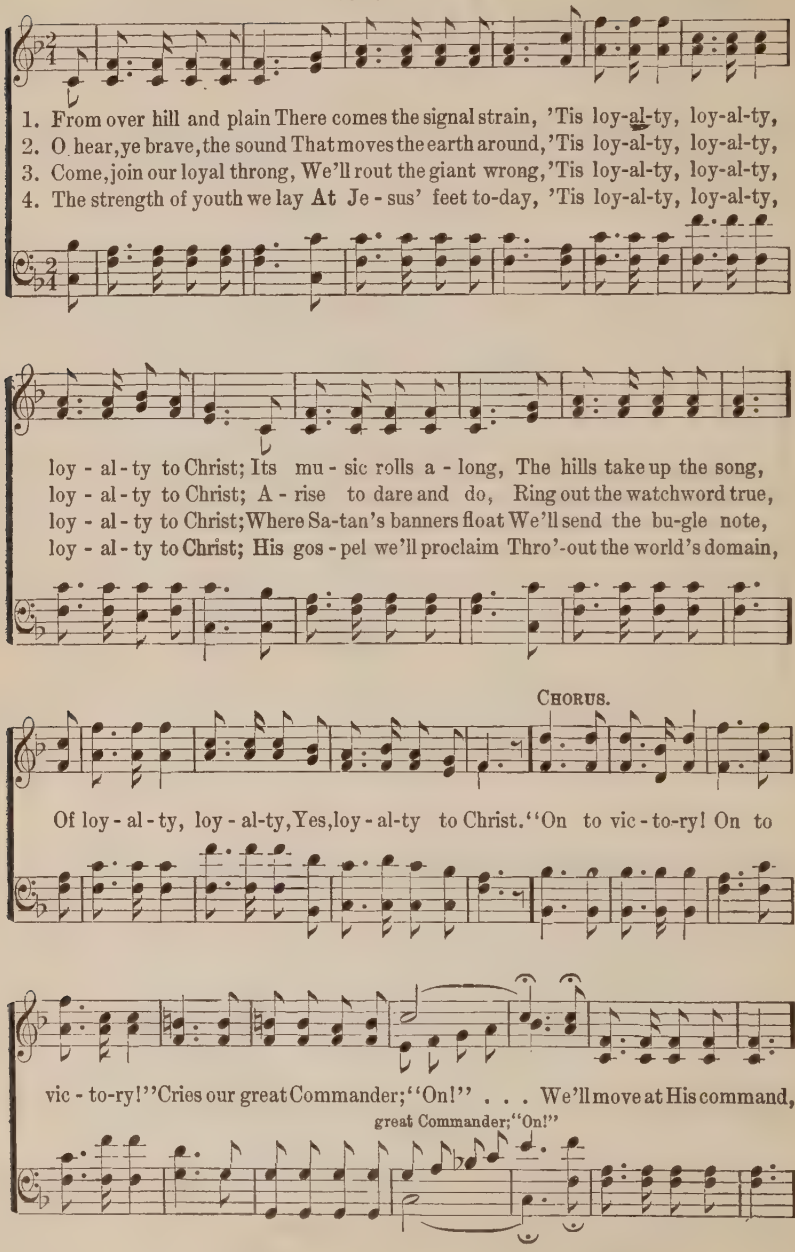
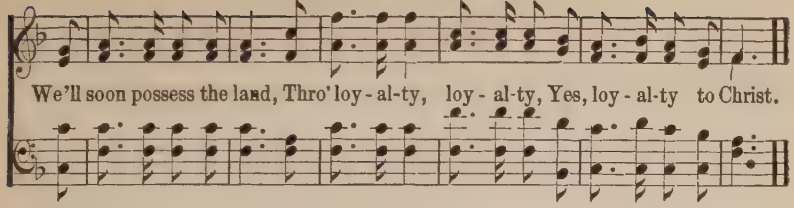
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

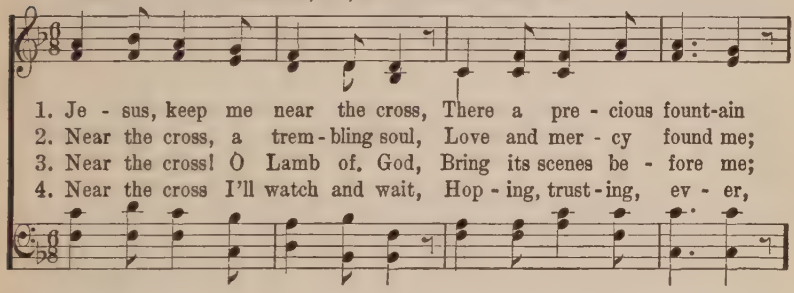


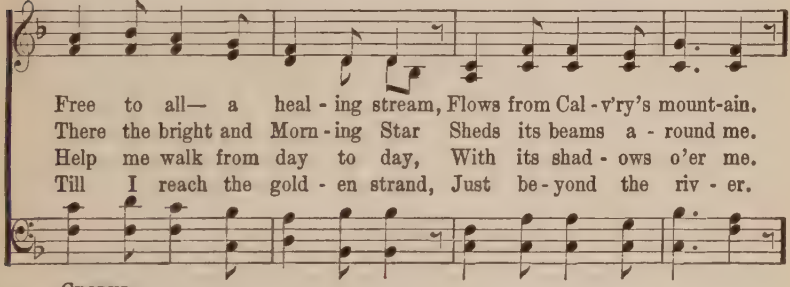
Loyalty to Christ.



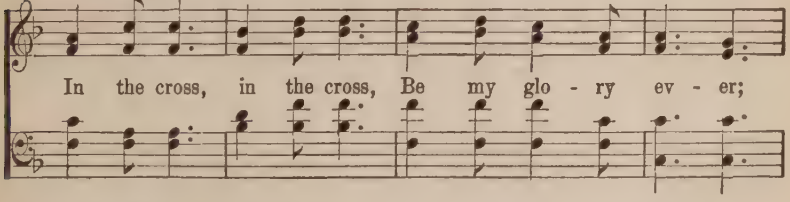
No. 40. Near the Gross.

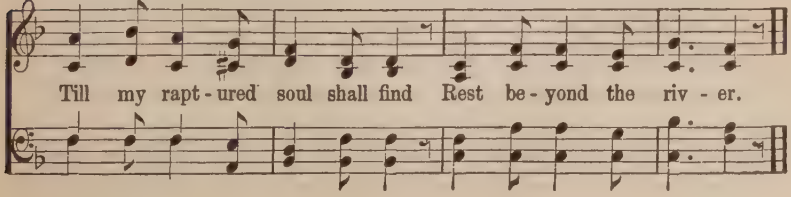
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY W. H. DOANE. USED BY PER. W. H. Doane.





CHORUS.





No. 41. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.
USED BY PER.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;

He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I should fall.
I go to Him for bless - ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.

When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold - en grain;
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keep-ing His cross with - in my sight,
Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau - ti - ful life that has no end;

f *pp*

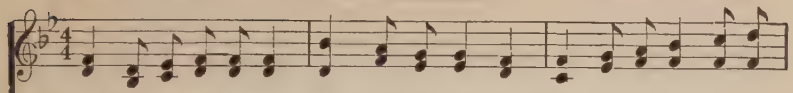
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, and gold - en grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal, life, e - ter - nal joy He's my friend.

No. 42. Rescue the Perishing.

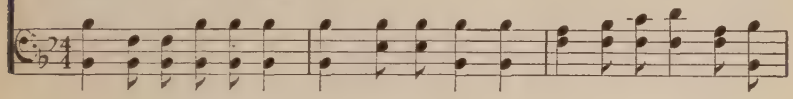
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY, OF W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PERMISSION.

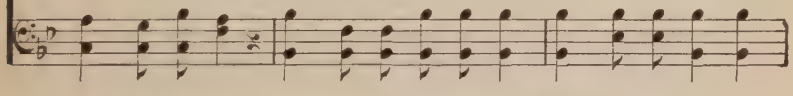
William H. Doane.



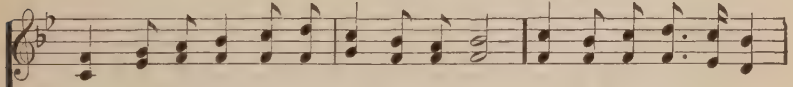
1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bu - ried that
4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it; Strength for thy la - bor the



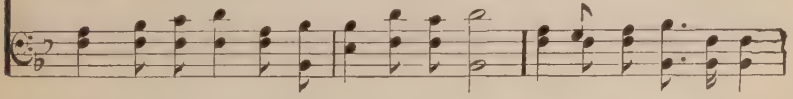
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive; Plead with them ear-nest - ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
grace can re - store; Touch'd by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro-vide; Back to the nar-row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

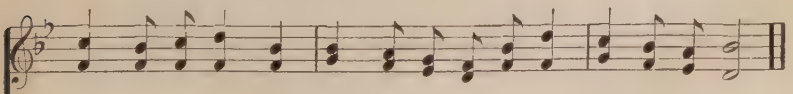


CHORUS.

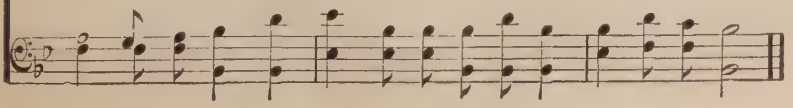


Tell them of Je - sus the might-y to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Chords that are bro - ken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wan-d'rer a Sav - ior has died.





Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.



No. 43. Bring Peace to My Soul.

Helen L. Dungan.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

J. M. Dungan.

1. When earthly cares and sorrows roll Like ocean's billows o'er my soul No
2. I need Thee, oh, I need Thee so, To help me as I onward go; Sin's
3. No cloud can hide from me Thy face, No storm deprive me of Thy grace, No
4. In joy or sor-row still be near, To drive a-way my ev'ry fear; Earth's

tempest can my barque control, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
ar - rows can-not lay me low, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
sin within my heart have place, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.
chang-es cannot harm me here, If Thou wilt on-ly bring peace to my soul.

CHORUS.

Bring peace to my soul to-day, ... Bring peace . . to - day, . . .
bring peace, sweet peace to-day,

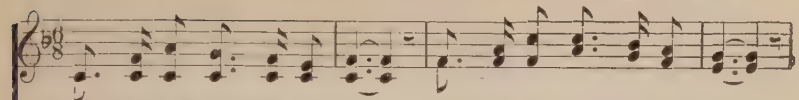
Bring peace to my soul to-day, to-day, Bring peace to my soul to - day.

No. 44. Is It Not Wonderful.

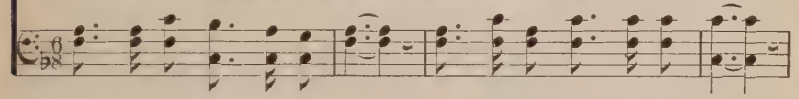
E. A. H.

USED BY PER OF E. A. HOFFMAN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

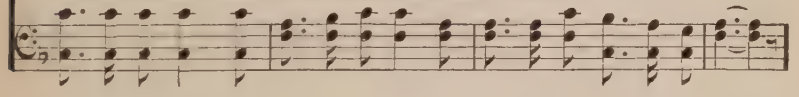
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



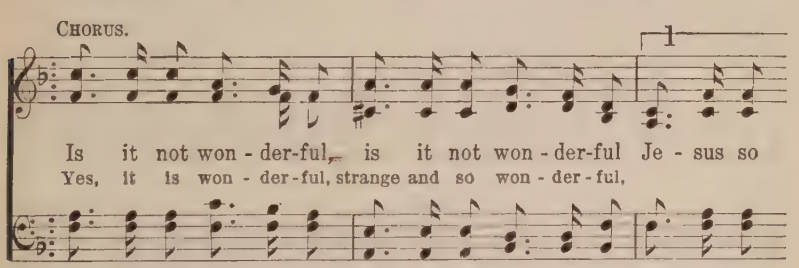
1. Wondrous it seem-eth to me, Je - sus so gra-cious should be,
2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could be-stow,
3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean;
4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,
5. He doth my new heart con-trol, Cleans-ing and keep-ing me whole,



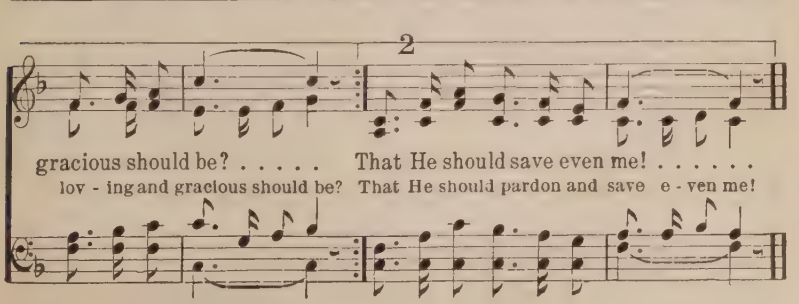
Mer - cy re-veal-ing, comforting, healing, Blessing a sin-ner like me.
Till the dear Savior show'd me His favor, Cleans'd my heart whiter than snow.
Will-ing to save me, par-don He gave me, And I am hap-py with-in.
But Je-sus sought me till He had bro't me, Pen - i-tent, seeking His face.
Ban-ish-ing sad - ness, with joy and gladness Filling and thrilling my soul.



CHORUS.



Is it not won - der-ful, is it not won - der-ful Je - sus so
Yes, it is won - der - ful, strange and so won - der - ful,



gracious should be? . . . . . That He should save even me! . . . . . .
lov - ing and gracious should be? That He should pardon and save e - ven me!

No. 45. There Never Was Any One Like Him.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE LORENZ PUBLISHING CO.
USED BY PER.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. E. S. Lorenz.

1. There nev - er was a - ny one like Him, The love of a soul to com-
2. No oth - er so cares for his dear ones, No mat - ter how fee - ble, how
3. There's no one with friendship so loy - al, Or friendship that reach - es so
4. There nev - er was a - ny one like Him! I can - not re - fuse Him my

mand; Like Je - sus, whose sym - pa - thy, bound - less, Can
small; There nev - er was a - ny one like Him, So
far As Je - sus, whose love in all tri - al Is
love; And I in His foot-steps must fol - low Un-

CHORUS.

ful - ly our hearts un - der - stand.
pa - tient and ten - der to all. There nev - er was a - ny one
love no es-trange-ment can mar.
til I may see Him a - bove.

like Him, Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, There nev - er was
a - ny one like Him,

a - ny one like Him, Like Je - sus, my Lord.
a - ny one like Him—Je-sus, my won-der-ful, won-der-ful Lord.

No. 46. He Paid My Debt.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY D. Z. HERR.

D. Z. Herr. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Je - sus sup-plies my ev - 'ry need, He sac - ri - ficed His life for me;
2. Oh, the a - tone-ment of the Christ, Just now His blood a - vails for me
3. With cru-el thorns up - on His brow And pierc-ed side He ran-som'd me;
4. I hear Him say, "My work is done," Just as He dies up - on the tree,
5. In high-est heav'n He lives a - gain And in - ter-cedes with God for me,
6. Now rest, my new-born, ten-der heart, Se - rene - ly rest beneath the blood,

His love, His love He gives in - deed, Pays all my debt and makes me free.
And fills my heart with sweet-est rest, Pays all my debt and makes me free.
Oh, praise the Lord, He saves me now, Pays all my debt and makes me free.
And for my sins He does a - tone; Pays all my debt and makes me free.
And makes my heart all new with-in, Pays all my debt and makes me free.
For Je - sus will to thee im-part From Calv'ry's brow His great-est good.

CHORUS.

Pays all my debt and maks me free, And gives me per - fect lib - er - ty;
Pays all, yes, all my debt and makes me free, And gives me per - fect lib-er-ty;

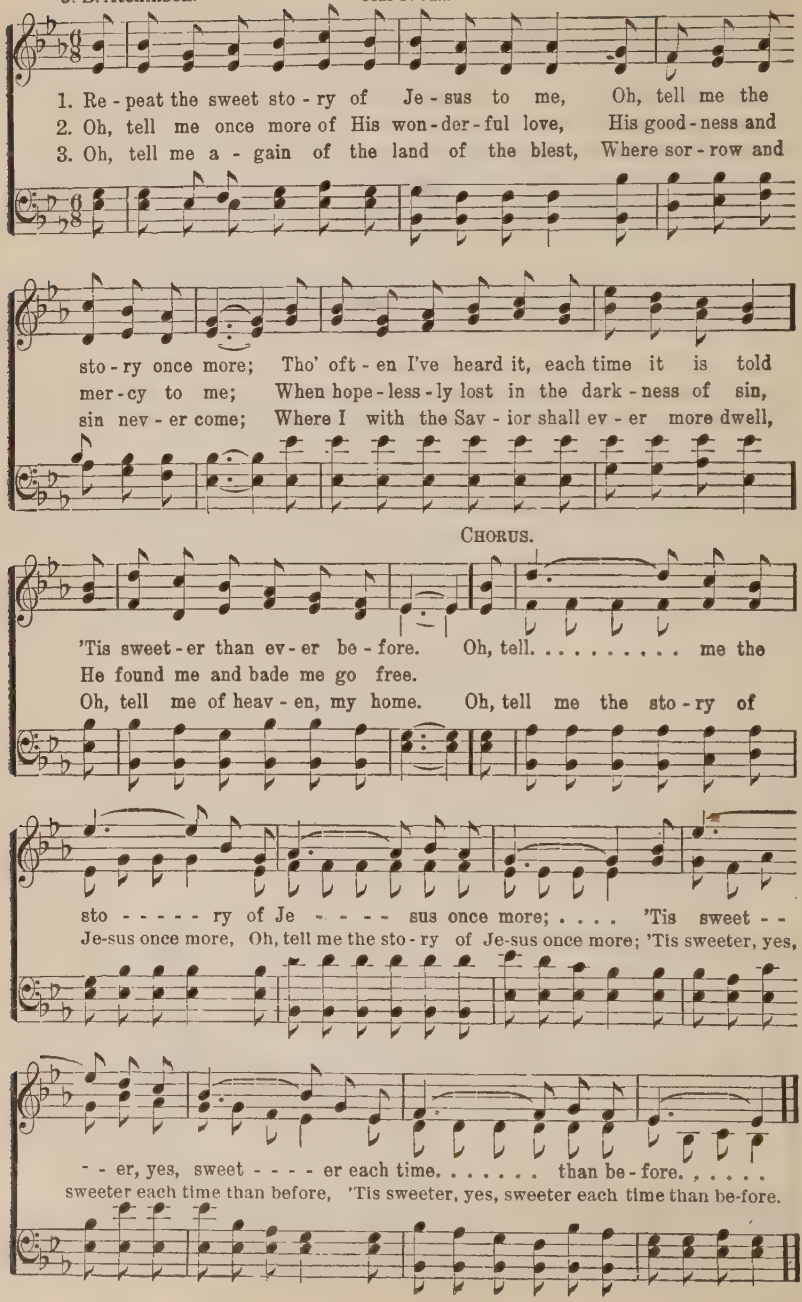
rit.

I'm free in Christ, won-drous-ly free, Since Je - sus paid my debt for me.

No. 47. Oh, Tell Me the Story.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY S. D. GOODALE.
USED BY PER.

J. B. Atchinson. S. D. Goodale.



No. 48. I Love to Tell the Story.

Catherine Hankey. USED BY PER. OF W. G. FISCHER. OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 't is true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it, More won-der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The message of sal- va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
4 I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst-ing To hear it like the rest, And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long.

CHORUS.

be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

No. 49. The Story Never Old.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The sweet - est sto-ry told on earth, Or heard in heav'n a - bove,
2. He like a Shepherd kind and true, Came seek - ing for His own;
3. He took up - on Him-self the guilt Of all my sins and thine,
4. "There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;
5. "O dear - ly, dear-ly hath He loved And we must love Him too,

Is told of Je - sus and His birth, Of Je - sus and His love.
Yet see! in Pi-late's judg-ment hall He stands de-spised, a - lone!
And on the cross of Cal - va - ry He paid thy debt and mine.
He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in."
And trust in His re deem - ing love, And try His works to do."

CHORUS.

O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweetest ev - er told! Un - til the
O sto - ry nev - er old, The sweet-est ev - er told! Un - til the

gates of gold swing back for me, ... I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And
gates of gold swing back for me, I'll tell it o'er and o'er, And

then on yonder shore It still for - ev - er-more my song shall be.
then on yon - der shore, It still for - ev - er - more my song shall be.

No. 50. No Night There.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.
USED BY PER.

John R. Clements. H. P. Danks.

Solo, or Semi-chorus.

1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square;"
2. All the gates of pearl are made In "the cit - y four-square,"
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four-square;"
4. There they need no sun-shine bright, In "the cit - y four-square,"

It shall nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
All the streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
There life's crystal riv-er flows, And there is "no night there."
For the Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

CHORUS. *mf*

God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no
God shall "wipe a - way all tears,"

f

death, no pain nor fears; And they count not
There's no death, no pain, nor fears; And they count not time

dim. *mf*

time by years, . . For there is "no night there."
by years, by years, For there is "no night . . . . there."

No. 51. My Lord and I.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN. USED BY PER.

Mrs. L. Shorey. Joseph D. Little.

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me,
2. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well;
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,

He loves me with a ten - der love, He loves so faith-ful - ly,
But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell;
I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
And so He bids me go and speak A lov-ing word for Him;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
It is an ev - er - last - ing love, In ev - er rich sup - ply,
He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
He bids me tell His won-drous love, And why He came to die;

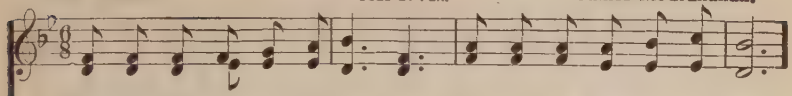
Rit.

And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
And so we work to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

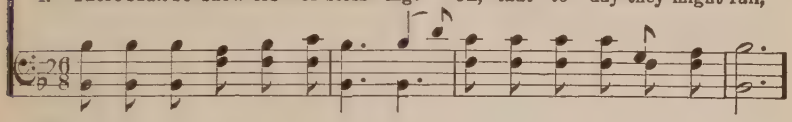
No. 52. There Shall Be Showers of Blessing.

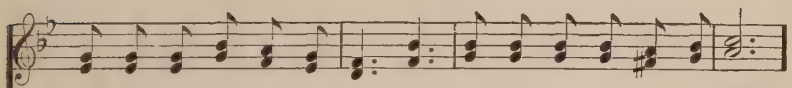
COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.
USED BY PER.

El Nathan. James McGranahan.

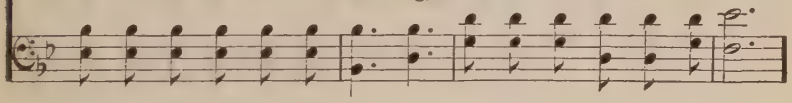


1. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
2. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"— Pre-cious re-viv-ing a-gain;
3. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
4. "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh, that to-day they might fall,

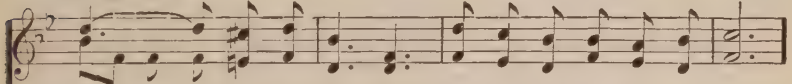




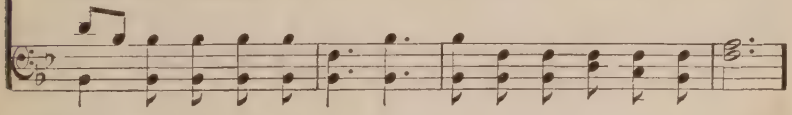
There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-ior a-bove.
O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bund-ance of rain.
Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

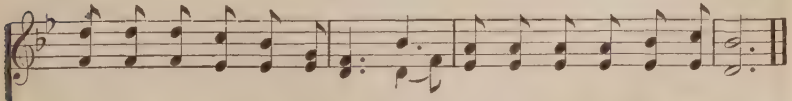


CHORUS.

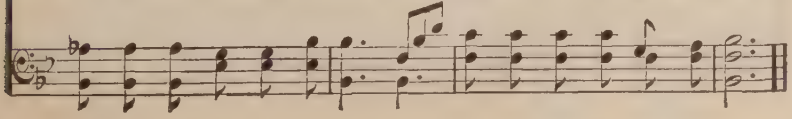


Show - - ers of bless-ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need;
Show-ers, show-ers





Mer-cy-drops round us are fall-ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

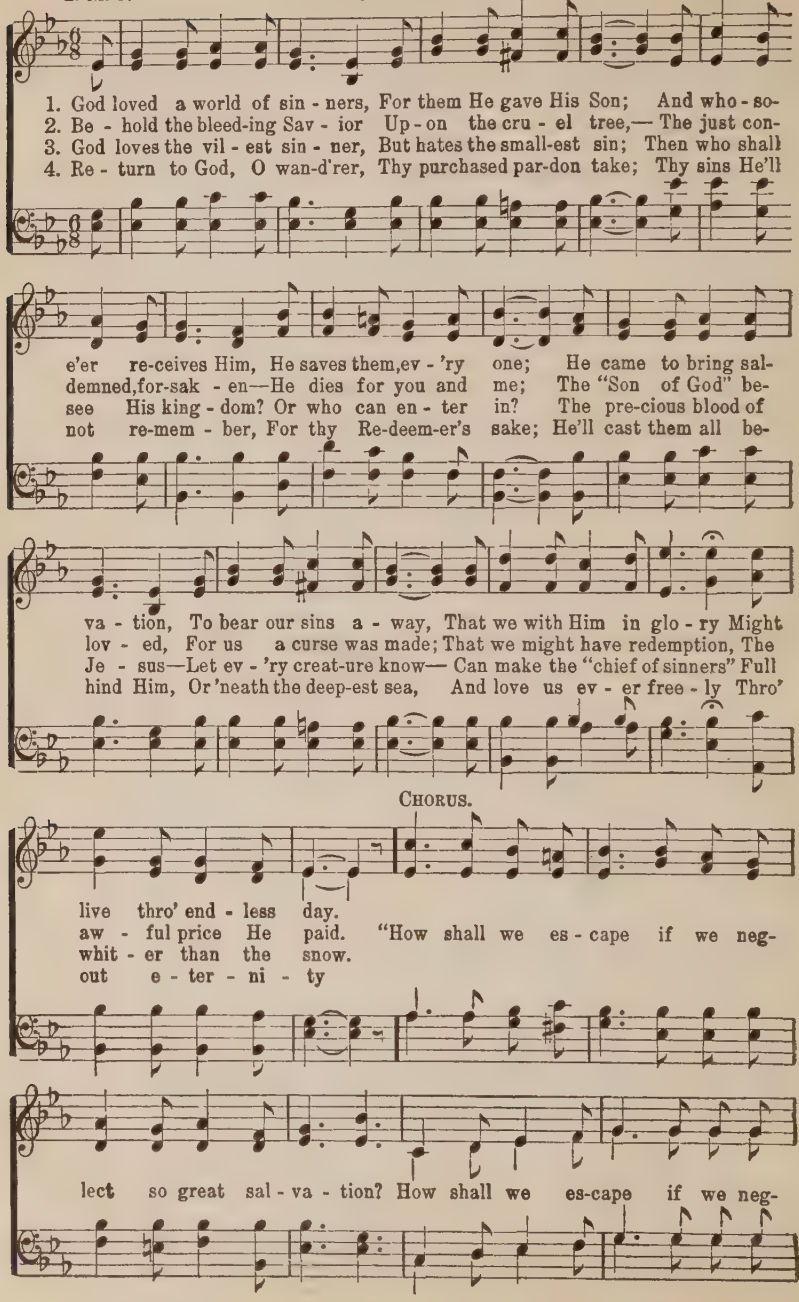


No. 53. How Shall We Escape?

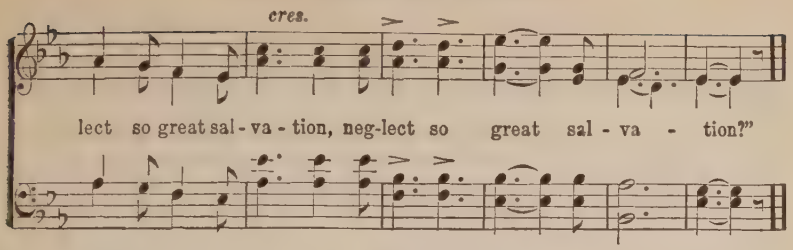
COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.
USED BY PER.

G. M. J.

James McGranahan.



How Shall We Escape?

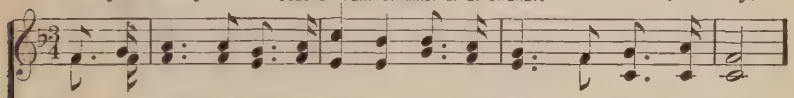


No. 54. Give Me Jesus.

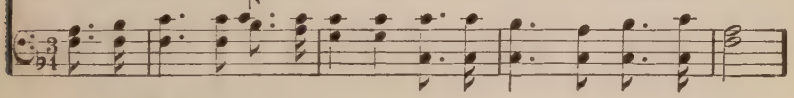
Fanny J. Crosby.

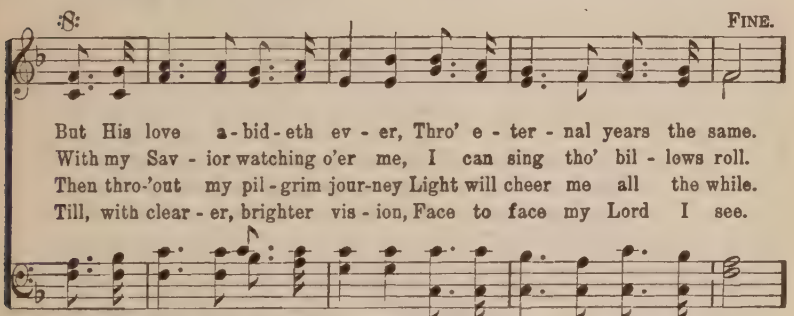
COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

Jno R. Sweney.



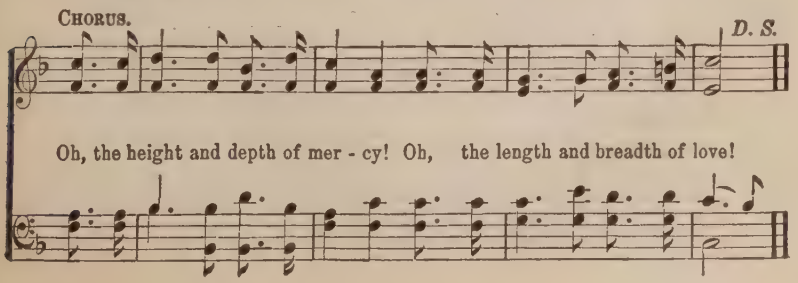
1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweet-est com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view His con - stant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, In His cross my trust shall be;





D. S.–*Oh, the full - ness of re-demp-tion, Pledge of end - less life a - bove!*

CHORUS.



No. 55. My Father Knows.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

S. M. I. Henry. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way op-pose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,

But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,

CHORUS.

And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
He heals this wound-ed soul of mine. He knows, He
Up - hold and keep me to the end. My Fa - ther knows,
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

knows The storms that would my way op - pose, He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;

My Father Knows.

knows He knows, And tempers ev'ry wind that blows.
My Father knows, I'm sure He knows, the wind that blows.

No. 56. No, Not One!

GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PER.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no. not one!
4. Did ev-er saint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - ior giv - en? No, not one? no, not one!

:8: FINE.

None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!

D.S. *There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*

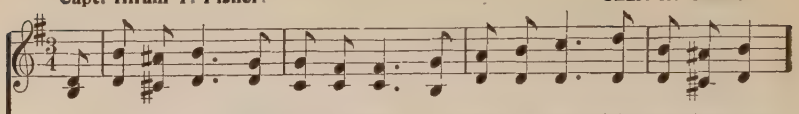
CHORUS. *D. S.*

Je - sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

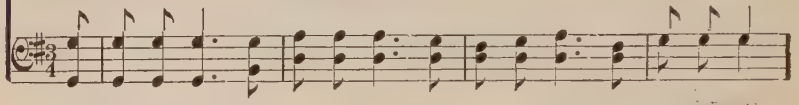
No. 57. Solid Ground.

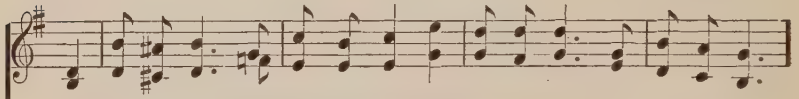
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY W. ELMER BAILEY.

Capt. Hiram T. Fisher. Chas. H. Gabriel.

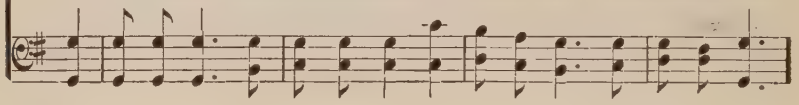


1. By faith I see my Sav-ior's face, By faith I take His sav - ing grace;
2. Yes, Christ is all in all to me, He saved my soul and set me free;
3. Oh, wondrous love that sought my place, To die for me up - on the cross;
4. Blest Cal - va - ry—most blessed Christ, That Thou shouldst seek when I was lost;

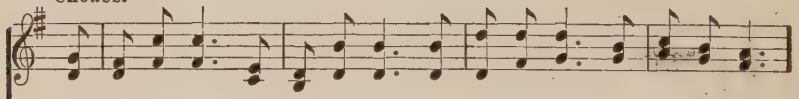




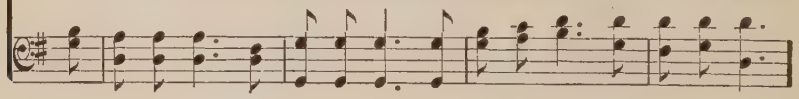
In Him all mer - cies free a-bound, He keeps my feet on sol - id ground.
Praise Him, O praise Him world a-round, And stand with Him on sol - id ground.
That paid my debt in bleeding wound, And set my feet on blood-bought ground.
Oh, may Thy pre - cious name re-sound, Till all shall find Thy standing ground.

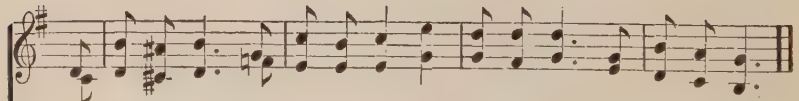


CHORUS.

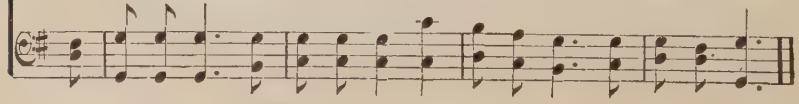


In joy - ous notes my heart would sing, And rend-er prais - es to my King;





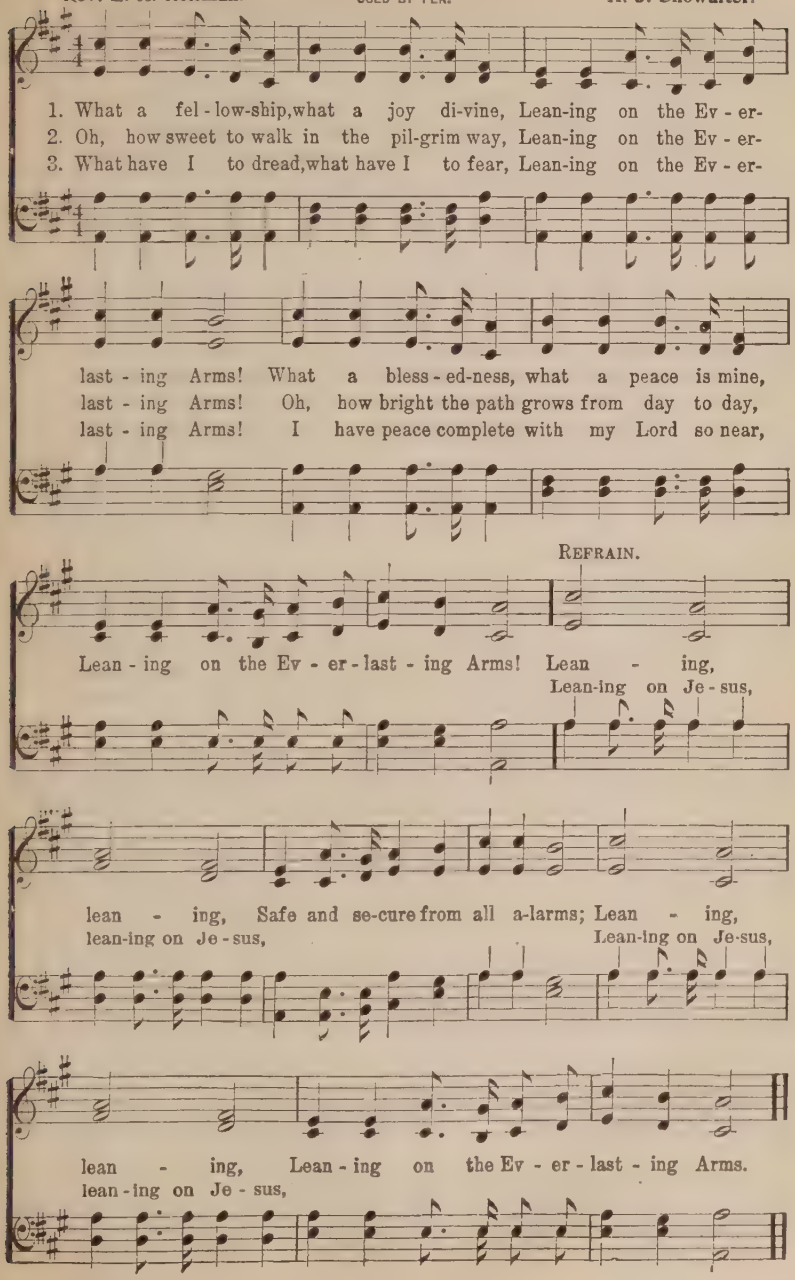
In sink-ing sand my feet He found, And plant-ed them on sol - id ground.



No. 58. Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY THE A. J. SHOWALTER CO.
USED BY PER.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.



No. 59. The Gospel Ship is Sailing.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. The gos - pel ship is sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, The gos - pel ship is
2. She has landed ma-ny thousands, thousands, thousands, She has landed ma-ny
3. Sails filled with heav'nly breez-es, breez - es, breez - es, Sails filled with heav'nly
4. Take passage now for glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, Take passage now for

sail - ing, Bound for Canaan's happy shore; All who would ship for glo - ry,
thousands, On fair Canaan's happy shore; And thousands now are sail - ing,
breez - es, Swift-ly glides the ship a - long; Her com-pan - y are sing - ing,
glo - ry, Sail-ing o'er life's troubled sea; With us you shall be hap - py,

glo - ry, glo - ry, All who would ship for glory, Come and welcome, rich and poor.
sailing, sailing, And thousands now are sailing, Yet there's room for thousands more.
sing-ing, sing-ing, Her com-pan-y are sing-ing, Glo - ry, glo-ry is their song.
hap - py, hap-py, With us you shall be hap - py Hap-py through e-ter-ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah,! All on board are sweet-ly sing - ing,

Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

No. 60. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

John Burton. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

Slow, with dignity.

1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Pre-cious treas-ure, thou art mine;
2. Mine to chide me when I rove, Mine to show a Sav-ior's love;
3. Mine to com - fort in dis - tress, Suff-'ring in this wil - der - ness;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, And the reb - el sin - ner's doom;

Rit.

Mine to tell me whence I came, Mine to tell me what I am;
Mine thou art to guide and guard, Mine to pun - ish or re - ward;
Mine to show, by liv - ing faith, Man can tri - umph o - ver death;
O thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

CHORUS.

Mine, mine, book di - vine, Pre-cious treas - ure, thou art mine;
Ho - ly Bi - ble,

O thou ho - ly book di - vine, Pre - cious treas - ure, thou art mine.

No. 61. Holiness Unto the Lord.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PERM.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Church of our God, Pur - chase of
2. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," chil - dren of light, Walk - ing with
3. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Praise His dear name! This bless - ed
4. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," glo - ri - ous thought! Up from the
5. "Called un - to ho - li - ness," Bride of the Lamb, Walt - ing the

Je - sus, re - deemed by His blood; Called from the world and its
Je - sus in gar - ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor
se - cret to faith now made plain. Not our own right - eous - ness
wil - der - ness wan - der - ings brought, Out from the shad - ows and
Bridegroom's re - turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads for the

I - dols to flee, Called from the bond - age of sin to be free.
tar-nished with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
but Christ with - in, Liv - ing, and reign - ing, and sav - ing from sin.
dark - ness of night, In - to the Ca - naan of per - fect de - light.
day draw - eth near When in His beau - ty the King shall ap - pear.

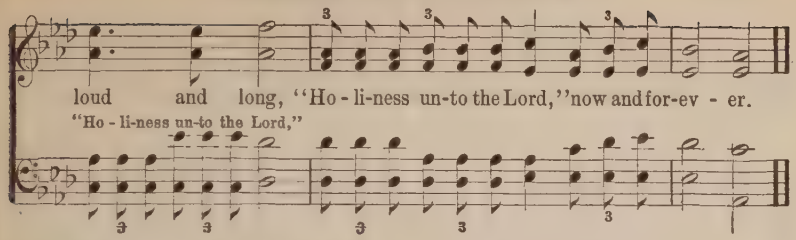
CHORUS.

"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Holiness unto the Lord,"

Cres.

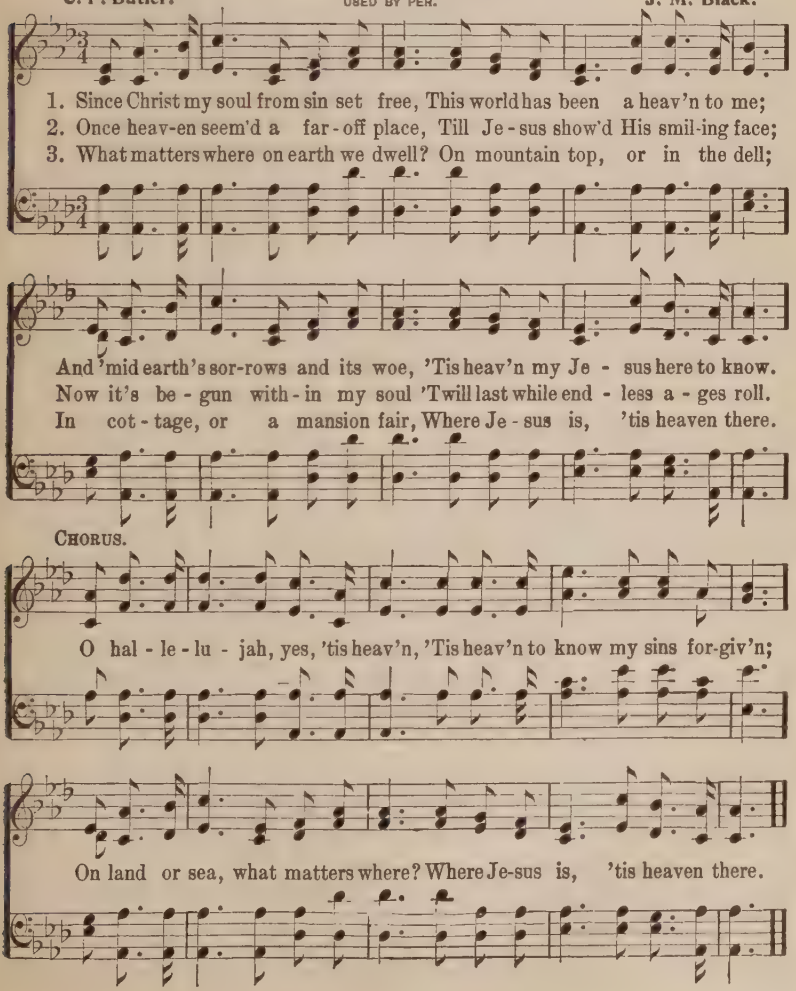
as we're marching a - long; Sing it, shout it.
"Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing,

Holiness Unto the Lord.



No. 62. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. Butler. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. M. BLACK. USED BY PER. J. M. Black.



No. 63. When I Shall Fall Asleep.

(May be sung in D flat.)

Moses Gage Shirley. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Some day the sun of life will set, and I shall fall a - sleep,
2. Some day the cares of life will cease, and I shall fall a - sleep,
3. Some day my work will all be done, and I shall fall a - sleep,

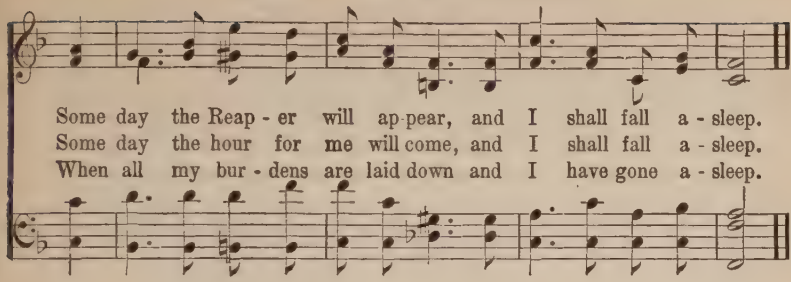
And, leav - ing all that I hold dear, will find the si - lence deep,—
And, pass - ing from you, I shall see a - far the gold - en street,
But O what joy to know that I shall wake to nev - er weep!

That mys - ter - y which, still un - solved, God and His an - gels know,
And saint - ed forms of those who dwell up - on the oth - er shore,
For where I go we know that God has prom-ised per - fect rest

(And those who walk by crys-tal streams where heav'nly breez - es blow,)
Be - hold the lov'd ones who from us a while have gone be - fore,
And peace for ev - 'ry ach - ing heart, and ev - 'ry troub - led breast;

Where grief nor sor - row ev - er come, nor troub - le's bil - lows sweep;
Where soft and cool - ing path-ways lie, where none shall ev - er weep—
And love more last - ing than our own He'll give to me to keep,

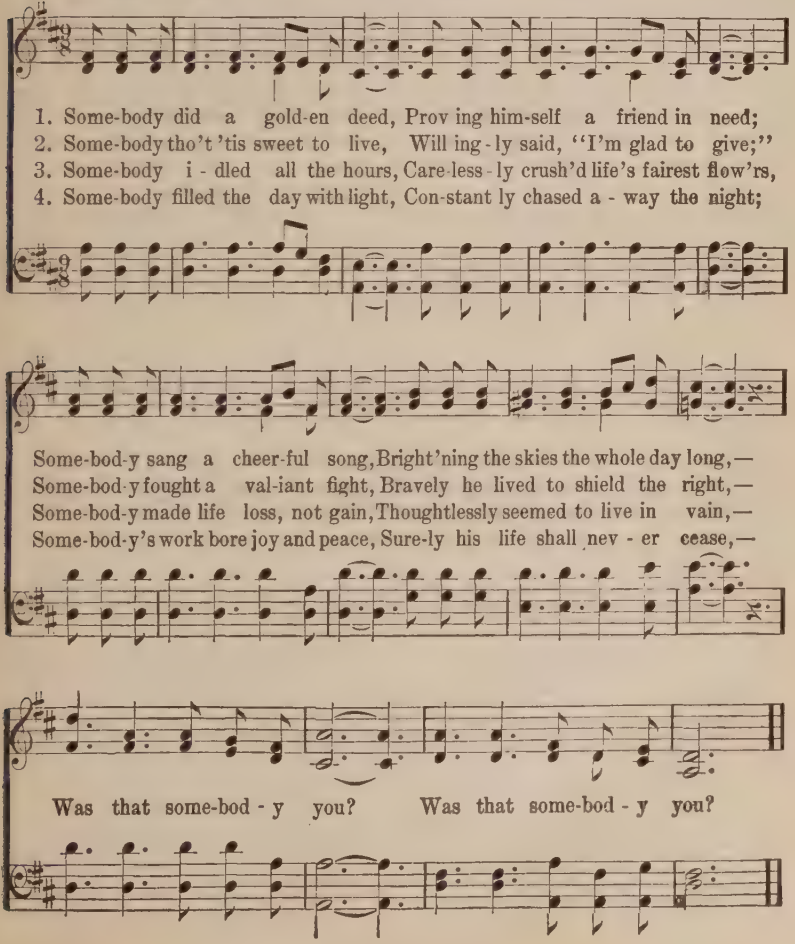
When I Shall Fall Asleep.



No. 64. Somebody.

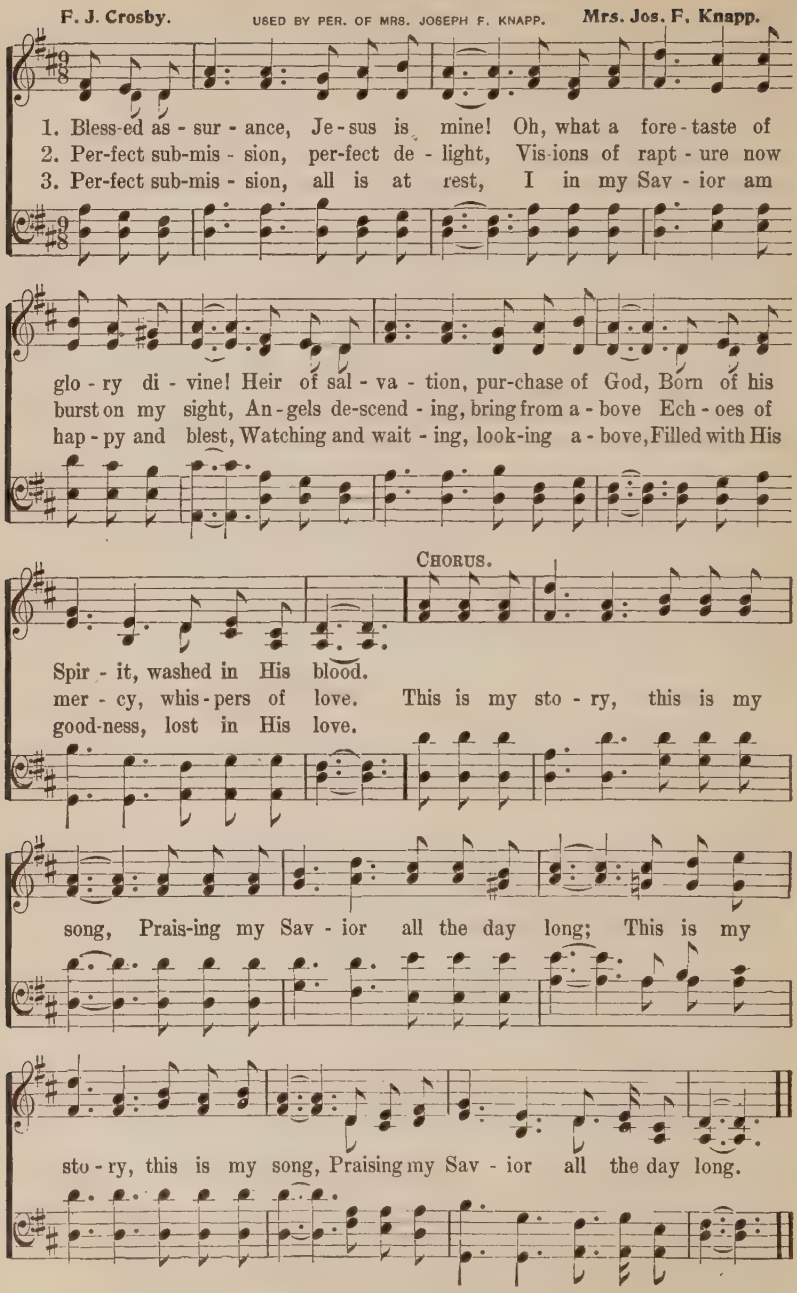
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements. W. S. Weeden.



No. 65. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. USED BY PER. OF MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.



No. 66. Is Not This the Land of Beulah?

Anon. Arranged.

1. I am dwell - ing on the mount-ain, Where the gold - en sun-light gleams,
2. I can see far down the mount-ain, Where I wan - dered wea - ry years,
3. I am drink - ing at the fount-ain, Where I ev - er would a - bide;

O'er a land whose won-drous beau-ty Far ex-ceeds my fond - est dreams;
Oft - en hin - dered in my jour-ney By the ghosts of doubts and fears;
For I've tast - ed life's sweet riv - er, And my soul is sat - is - fied;

:8:

Where the air is pure, e - the - real, La - den with the breath of flowers,
Bro - ken vows and dis - ap-point-ments, Thick-ly sprin - kled all the way,
There's no thirst - ing for life's pleas-ures, Nor a - dorn - ing rich and gay,

CHO.—*Is not this the land of Beu - lah, Bless-ed, bless - ed land of light,*

D. S. Chorus.

They are bloom-ing by the fount-ain, 'Neath the am - a - ran-thine bow'rs.
But the Spir - it led, un - err - ing, To the land I hold to - day.
But I've found a rich - er treas-ure, One that fad - eth not a - way.

Where the flow - ers bloom for - ev - er, And the sun is al - ways bright.

4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation,
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the cross.

5 Oh, the cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow,
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers;
Take the cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried the way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

No. 67.

Ghrist is Mine.

D. W. M.

COPYRIGHT 1902, BY D. W. MYLAND.
USED BY PER.

Rev. D. W. Myland.
Arr. by J. M. Kirk.

1. I have heav'n-ly glad-ness in my soul to-day Which all earth-ly joys out-shine, Driv-ing all my sad-ness, doubts and fears a-way;
2. Oth-er friends may help me, be most kind and true, And their love I'll ne'er re-sign, But my Sav-ior is the best I ev-er knew—
3. He is with me when no earth-ly friend is near, He can feel my soul's deep need, And His ten-der love my faint-ing heart doth cheer;
4. The sweet sun-shine of His grace re-fresh-es me As I walk life's path with Him; At the journey's end His bless-ed face I'll see

CHORUS.

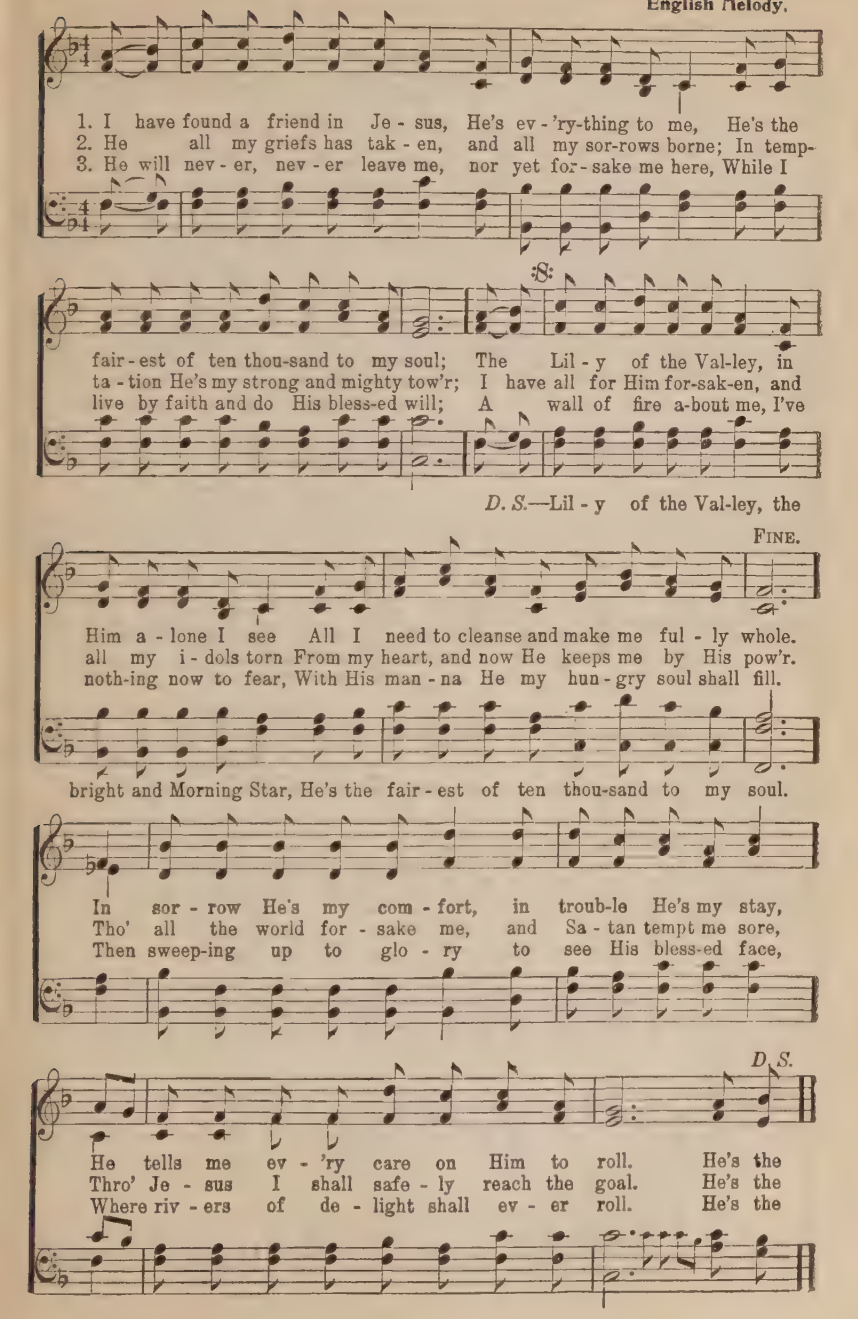
It is this that Christ is mine. He is mine, ... His joy I know, ... He a-bides with me wher-e'er I go; . . . . . And His gen-tle presence doth my heart en-twine, Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is mine.

Precious friend! I know He's mine.
O He is a friend in-deed.
Where no shad-ows ev-er dim.

He is mine,
His joy I know,
wher-e'er I go;

No. 68. The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody.



No. 69. Keep on the Sunny Side of Life.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, OWNED BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER.

Ada Blenkhorn. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. There's a dark and a troub-led side of life, There's a bright and a sun - ny side, too; Tho' we meet with the dark - ness and strife, The sun - ny side we al - so may view.

2. Tho' the storm in its fu - ry break to - day, Crush-ing hopes that we cherished so dear; Storm and cloud will in time pass a - way, The sun again will shine bright and clear. Keep on the sunny side, Always on the cloud-y or fair; Let us trust in our Sav - ior al - way, Who keep-eth ev - 'ry one in His care.

CHORUS.

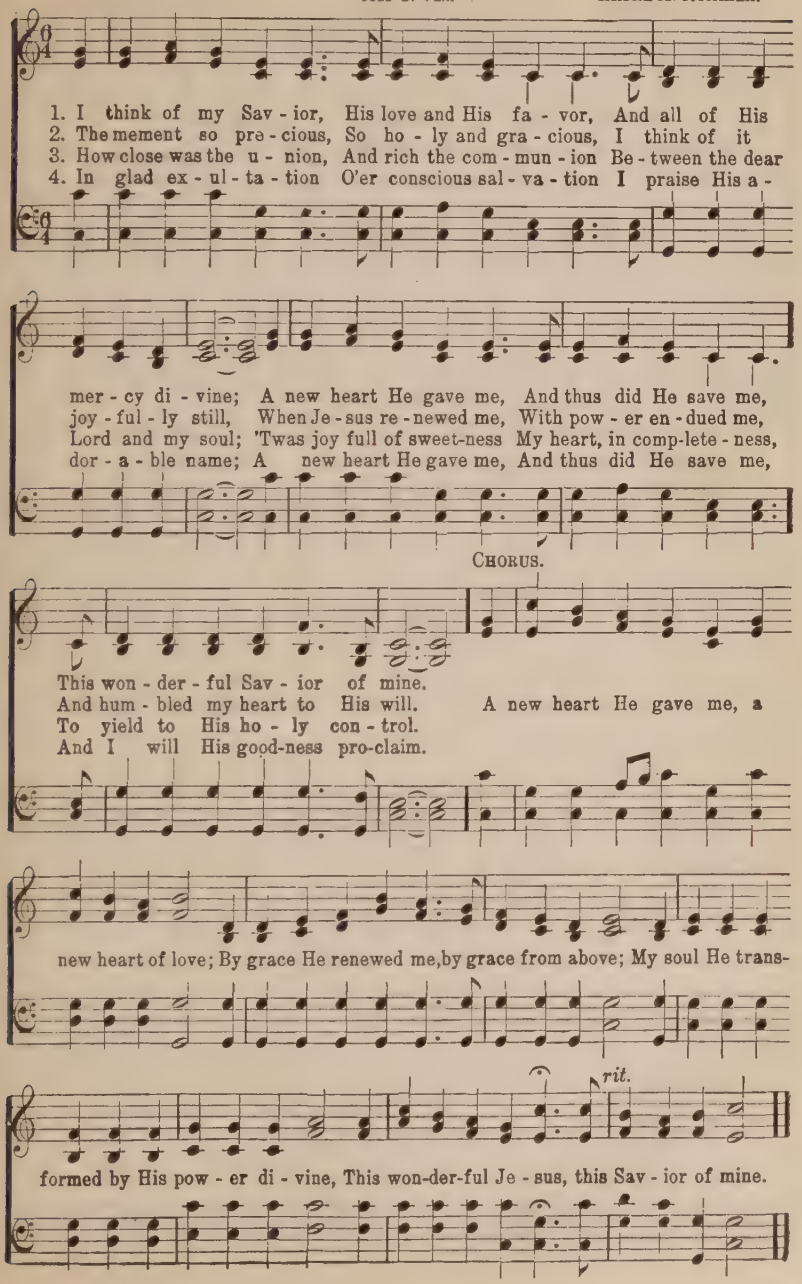
sun - ny side, Keep on the sun-ny side of life; It will help us ev - 'ry day, It will bright-en all the way, If we keep on the sun-ny side of life.

No. 70. A New Heart He Gave Me.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1898 BY HENRY DATE, USED BY PER.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

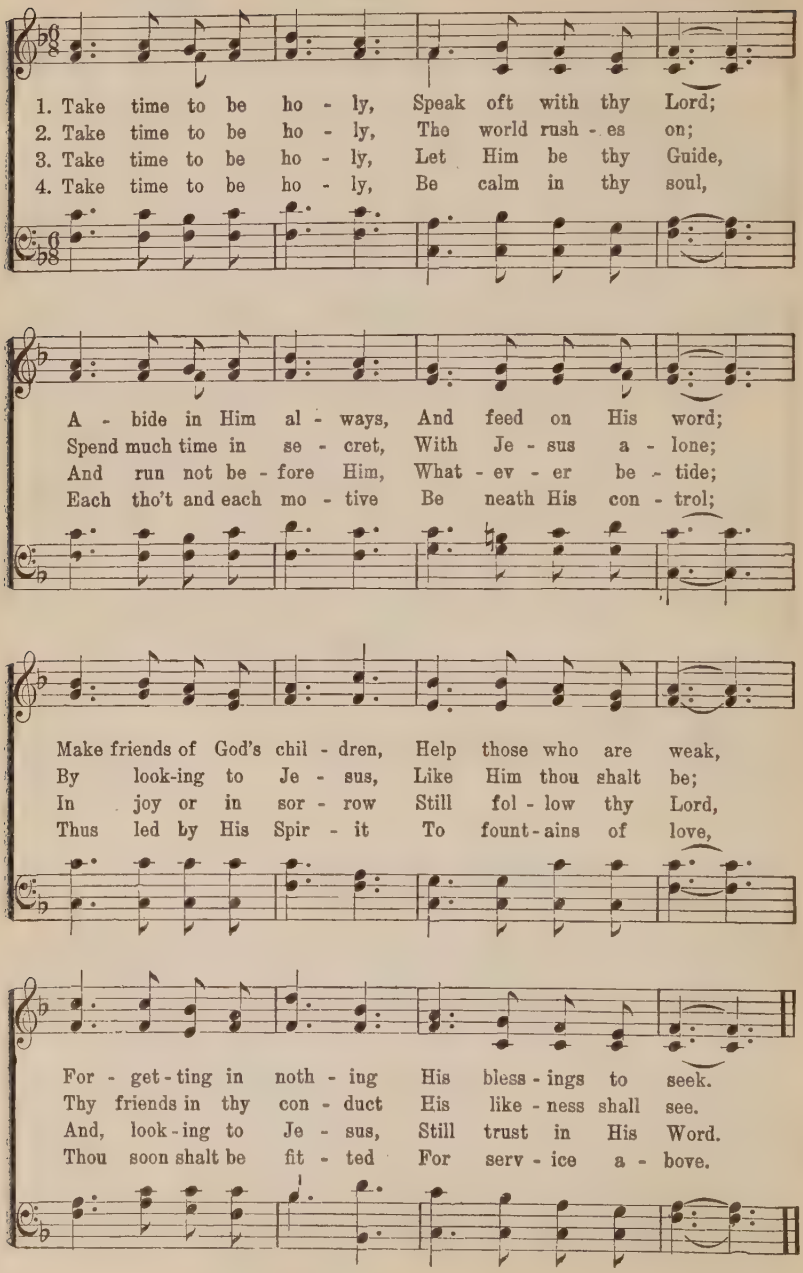


No. 71. Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. Longstaff.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

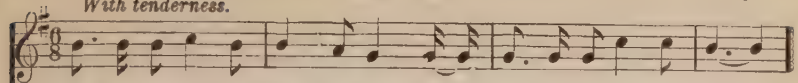


No. 72. Where is My Boy Tonight?

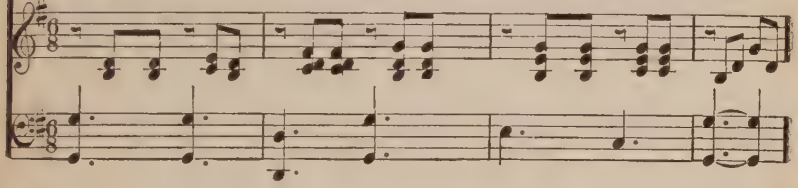
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

R. L. Rev. R. Lowry.

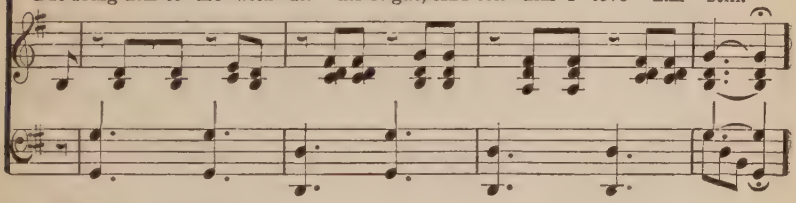
With tenderness.



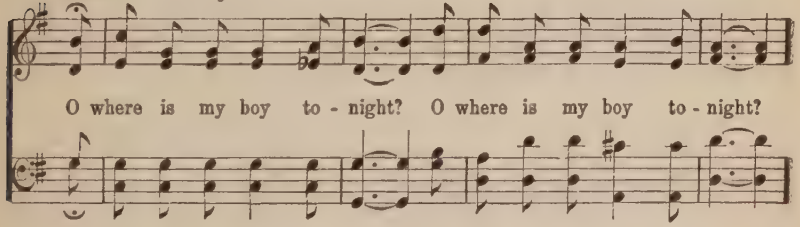
1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my ten-derest care,
2. Once he was pure as morn-ing dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee;
3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old-en time,
4. Go for my wan-d'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will;



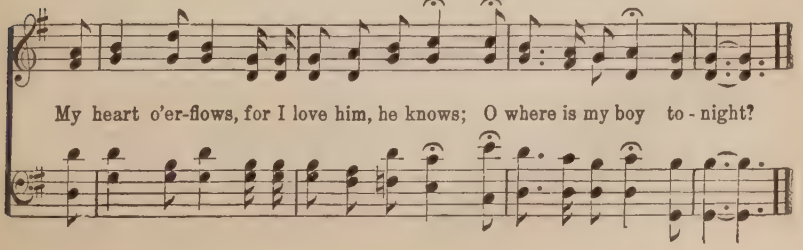
The boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?
No face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.
When prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer-ry chime!
But bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.



CHORUS. *Not too fast.*



O where is my boy to-night? O where is my boy to-night?



My heart o'er-flows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to-night?

No. 73. Glory All the Way!

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY D. B. TOWNER.
USED BY PER.

J. H. Sammis. D. B. Towner.

1. Saved by grace a - lone, Gods own word be - liev - ing—It is glo - ry
2. Not a care have I since my Sav - ior car - eth—It is glo - ry
3. Sev - ered from the world His dear name con - fess - ing—It is glo - ry
4. Sin - ner, put your trust in this lov - ing Sav - ior—It is glo - ry
5. Work - ing day by day, mind - ed that He sees us—It is glo - ry

all the way! Walk - ing in the light, dai - ly grace re - ceiv - ing—
all the way! Guid - ed by His eye, while with me He far - eth—
all the way! Tak - ing up the cross, shar - ing in the bless - ing—
all the way! Free - ly He for - gives all our past be - hav - ior—
all the way! Watch and wait and pray, look - ing un - to Je - sus—

CHORUS.

It is glo - ry all the way! Glo - - - - - ry! Glo - - - - - - ry!
Glo - ry all the way, yes, glo - ry all the way!

It is glo - ry all the way! . . . . . Glo - - - - - - - ry!
It is glo - ry, glo - ry all the way! Glo - ry all the way, yes,

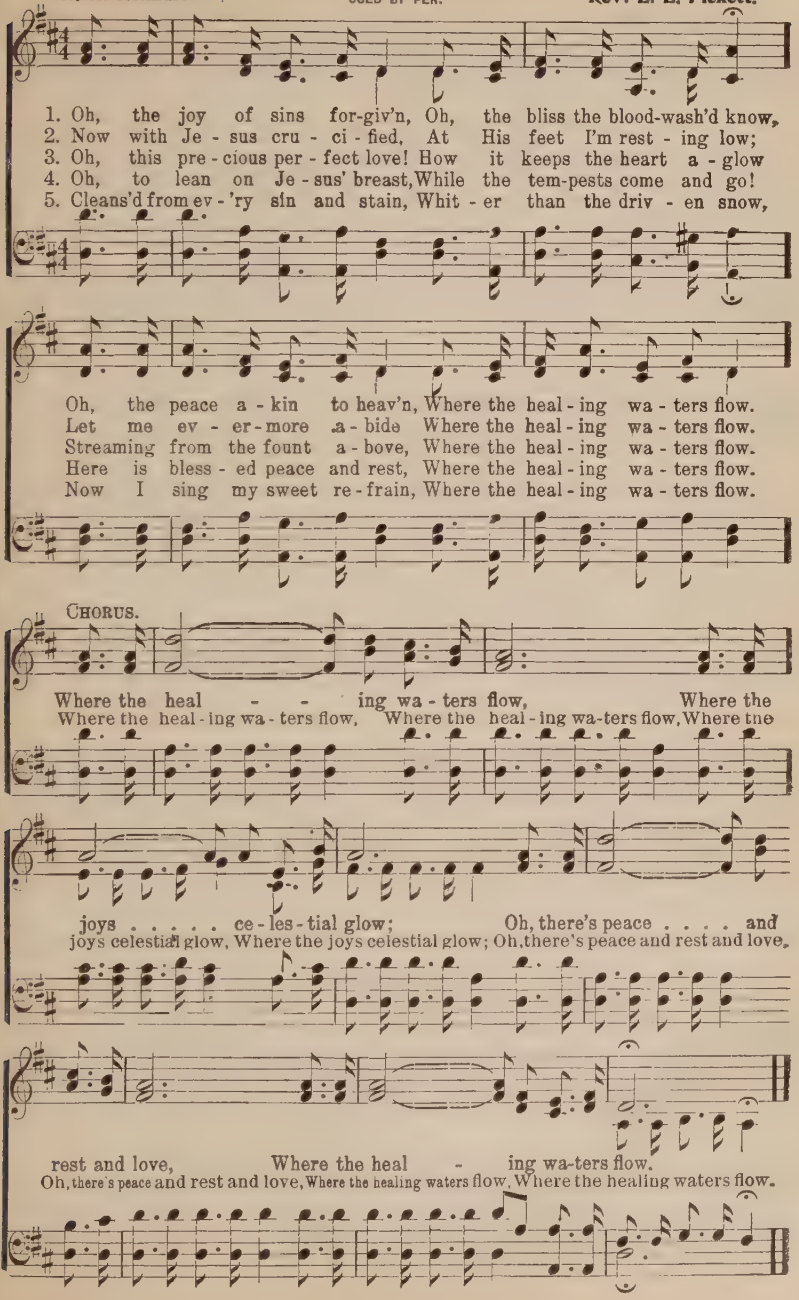
Glo - - - - - - - ry! It is glo - ry all the way! . . . . . .
glo - ry all the way, It is glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry all the way!

No. 74. The Healing Waters.

H. H. Heimar.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY L. L. PICKETT.
USED BY PER.

Rev. L. L. Pickett.



No. 75. I Know Whom I Have Believed.

COPYRIGHT, 1883 AND 1887, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.
USED BY PERMISSION.

El. Nathan. James McGranahan.

Moderato.

1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be reserved for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,

Nor why—un-wor-thy—Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.
Nor how be - liev-ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - ate- ing faith in Him.
Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see,
Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.

But "I know whom I have believed, And am persuaded that He is a - ble

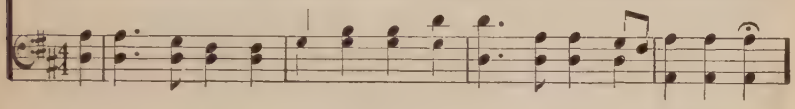
To keep that which I've com-mit-ted Un-to Him a-gainst that day."

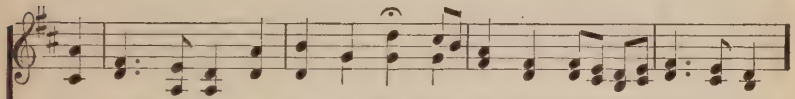
No. 76. He Leadeth Me.

USED BY PER. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

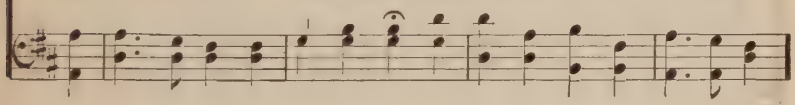
Rev. Joseph H. Gilmore. William B. Bradbury.

1. He lead - eth me! oh! bless-ed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,

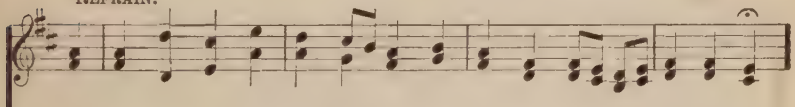




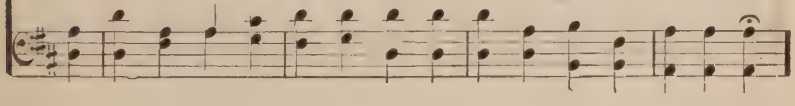
What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Still 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

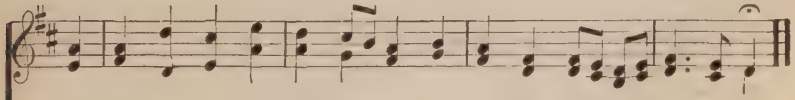


REFRAIN.

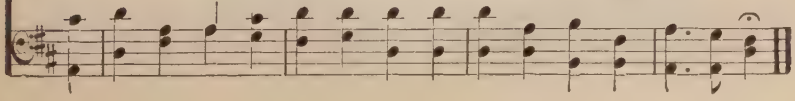


He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;





His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.



No. 77. The Ninety and Nine.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY IRA D. SANKEY. RENEWAL, USED BY PER.

Elizabeth C. Clephane, Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of gold; A - way on the mount - ains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.

2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for Thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer: "'Tis of mine Has wandered a-way from me; And al - though the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Or how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a thorn."

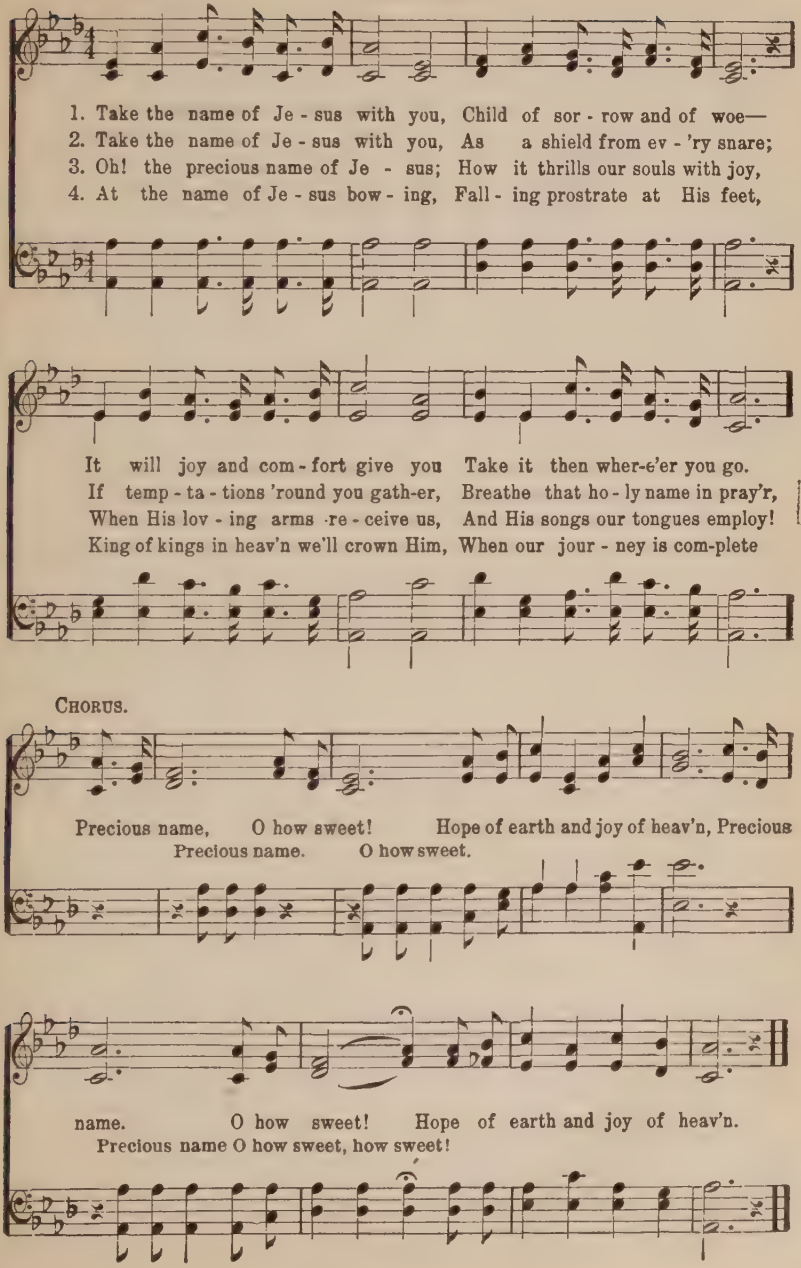
5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

No. 78. Precious Name.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

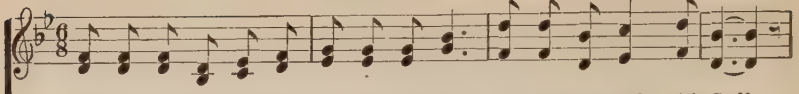


No. 79. Is Thy Heart Right With God?

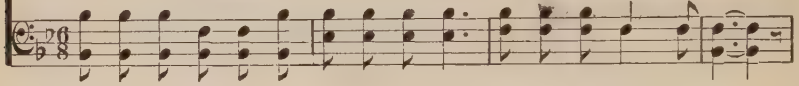
E. A. H.

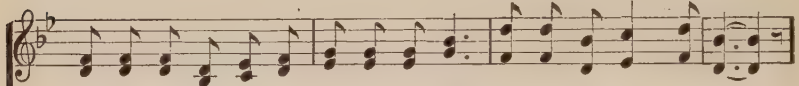
USED BY PER. OF E. A. HOFFMAN,
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

E. A. Hoffman.

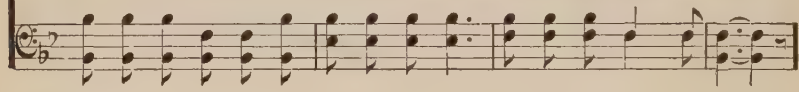


1. Have thy af - fec-tions been nailed to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do - min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem - na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un-der Je - sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walk-ing in heav-en's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

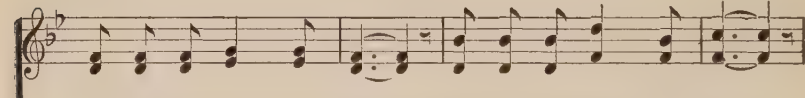




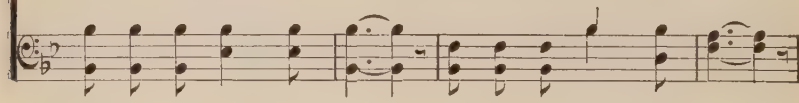
Count-est thou all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
O - ver all e - vil with - out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does Je - sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
Does He each mo-ment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
Is thy soul wear-ing the gar-ment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

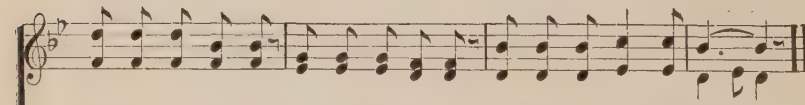


CHORUS.

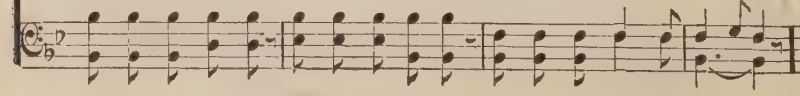


Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,





Cleans'd and made holy, hum-ble and low-ly, Right in the sight of God?
of God?



No. 80. Jesus Saves!

Priscilla J. Owens. COPYRIGHT OF JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER. **Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.**

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;

On - ward! —'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

No. 81. The Child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell. Arr. by Rev. John B. Sumner.

1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav - ior of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stran-ger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, and an
4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a pal - ace for

world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
poor-est of them; But now He is reign-ing for - ev - er on high, And will
al - ien by birth! But I've been a - dopt-ed, my name's written down,—An
me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All

CHORUS.

cof - fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
give me a home in heav'n by and by. I'm the child of a King, The
heir to a man-sion, a robe and a crown.
glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King.

Ad lib

child of a King! With Je - sus, my Sav-ior, I'm the child of a King!

No. 82.

All the Way.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Since I start-ed for the Cit - y o - ver in the Promised Land, I have
2. There are ma-ny snares and pit-falls all a-long the pil grim road, I can
3. When the clouds of darkness gather and the sunshine all has fled, Then He
4. When I reach the si - lent riv-er, with its cold and chilling tide, Je - sus

tri - als and temp-ta-tions ev - 'ry day; But I find my-self sup-port-ed
o - ver-come them if I watch and pray. In the hour of pain and sor-row,
guides my falt'ring footsteps lest I stray, And the bless - ed light of heav-en
will be there, my help-er and my stay. I will sail a-way triumphant,

by a strong and lov - ing hand, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
grace suf-fi - cient is be-stowed, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
o - ver all my path is spread, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.
land my soul on Ca-naan's side, For I have the Sav-ior with me all the way.

REFRAIN.

All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way;
All the way, all the way, all the way.

All the way, all the way, For I have the Savior with me all the way.
All the way, all the way.

No. 83.

He Is the Same.

M. J. H.

SYCHAR SONG.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY M. J. HILL.

Melvin J. Hill.

1. I am ful - ly trust - ing Je - sus, E - ven when the sky is dark;
2. I am ful - ly trust - ing Je - sus, For His prom - ise I have tried;
3. Tho' He may not lead me al - ways In - to paths where I would go,

When the rays of light are hid - den, Then His love is in my heart.
He's my par - aclete and guar-dian, Ev - er walk-ing by my side.
Yet I'll trust His love and wis - dom, Fol - low on His will to know.

CHORUS.

Trust . . . . . in His name . . . . He . . . . . is the same, ...
Trust in his name, He is the same, Ev - er the same, Ev - er the same,

Now . . . . . and for - ev - er, He's al - ways the same.
Trust in His mer - its, believe on His name,

No. 84. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Duet and Quartette.

Charles Wesley. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY W. ELMER BAILEY. M, M, Snyder,

Andante.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem-pest still is high;

Hide me, O my Sav - ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let thy healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within;
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring thou up within my heart:
Rise to all eternity.

MARTYN.

FINE. D. C.

No. 85. Hiding in the Rock.

Bishop H. B. Hartzler.

BY PER. THE HOFFMAN MUSIC CO.
OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. In the Rock of A - ges hid - ing, I have found a sure re - treat;
2. In the Rock of A - ges rest - ing, I en - joy a sweet re - pose,
3. In the Rock of A - ges trust - ing, I am kept in per - fect peace;

In the Ref - uge now a - bid - ing, I have found a joy com - plete.
Where the grace of God for - ev - er, Like a might-y riv - er flows.
In the hope of glo - ry wait - ing Till the toil of life shall cease.

CHORUS.

While the storm a-round me ra - ges, And the an - gry bil - lows roar,

I am hid-ing in the Rock of A - ges, I am safe for - ev - er - more.

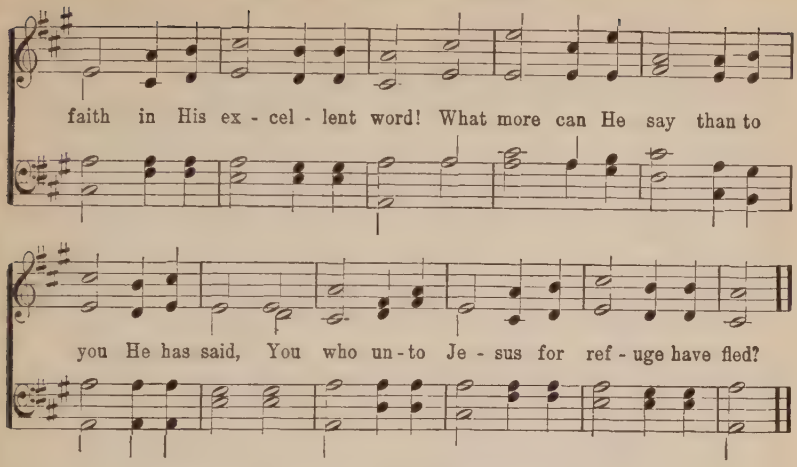
No. 86. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

American Spiritual.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your

How Firm a Foundation.



2 Fear not: I am with thee: O be not dismayed:
For I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

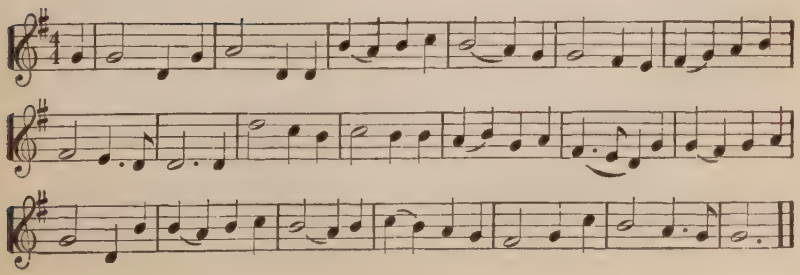
3 When through the deep waters I cause thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume and thy gold to refine.

5 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I can not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

No. 87. Portuguese Hymn.



No. 88. I Saw a Way-Worn Traveler.

Words and Music by Jno. B. Matthias.

1. I saw a way-worn trav-'ler, In tat-tered gar-ments clad,
His back was la-den heav-y, His strength was al-most gone,
2. The sum-mer sun was shin-ing, The sweat was on his brow,
But he kept press-ing on-ward, For he was wend-ing home;
3. The song-sters in the ar-bor That stood be-side the way
His watch-word be-ing "On-ward," He stopped his ear and run,

And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad;
Yet he shout-ed as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
His gar-ments worn and dust-y, His step seemed ver-y slow;
Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.
At-tract-ed his at-ten-tion, In-vit-ing his de-lay;
Still shout-ing as he jour-neyed, De-liv-er-ance will come.

REFRAIN.

Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er that narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

No. 89.

(*Tune: No. 88.*)

1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with Him above,
To drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love?
When shall I be delivered
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus,
Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life He'll give,
And all His valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace, I am determined
To conquer, though I die;
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly.
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you my friends prove faithfnl,
And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.
Gird on your heavenly armor,
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with Him above.

5 O do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your Friend,
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend,
Neither will He upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

No. 90.

(*Tune: No. 88.*)

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY R. K. CARTER.

1 I saw a blood-washed pilgrim,
A sinner saved by grace,
Upon the King's great highway,
With peaceful, shining face.
Temptations sore beset him,
But nothing could affright,
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."

CHO.—Palms of victory.

2 I saw him in the furnace,
He doubted not, nor feared,
And in the flames beside him
The Son of God appeared.
Though seven times 'twas heated
With all the tempter's might,
He said, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light.—CHO.

3 'Mid storms, and clouds, and trials,
In prison, at the sake,
He leaped for joy, rejoicing,
'Twas all for Jesus' sake.
That God should count Him worthy,
Was such supreme delight,
He cried, "The yoke is easy,
The burden, it is light."—CHO.

4 I saw him overcoming,
Through all the swelling strife,
Until he crossed the threshold
Of God's Eternal Life.
The Crown, the Throne, the Sceptre,
The Name, the Stone so White,
Were his, who found, in Jesus,
The yoke and burden light.—CHO.

No. 91. Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Grigg, L. Mason.

1. Je - sus! and shall it ev - er be, A mor-tal man ashamed of Thee?
2. A-shamed of Je-sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!
3. A-shamed of Je-sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way,
4. Till then—nor is my boast-ing vain—Till then I boast a Sav - ior slain;

Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days?
No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re-vere His name.
No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
And, oh, may this my glo - ry be, That Christ is not a-shamed of me.

No. 92. Stand Up! Stand Up for Jesus!

George Duffield. George J. Webb.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross;
2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The trum - pet call o - bey;

:S: FINE.

Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
D. S.—Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.

D. S.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him," A - gainst un - num-bered foes;

3 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

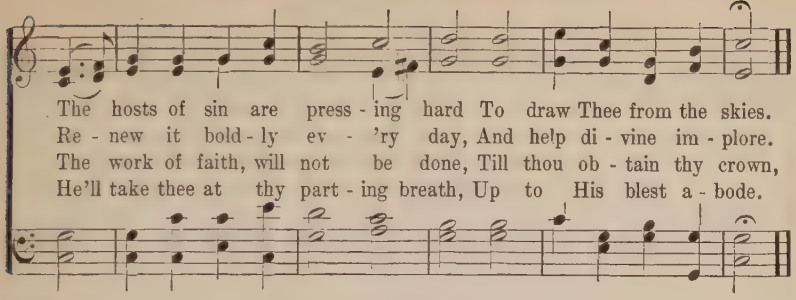
4 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,
The next, the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!

No. 93. My Soul Be On Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason

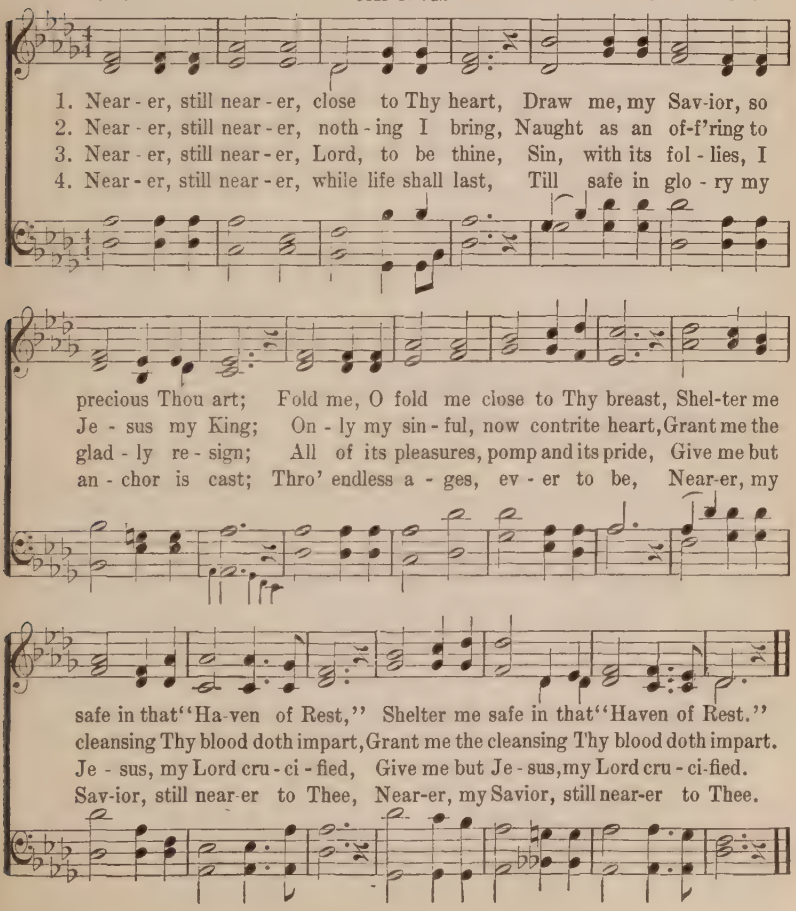
1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous-and foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and, fight and pray! The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down;
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God!

My Soul Be On Thy Guard.



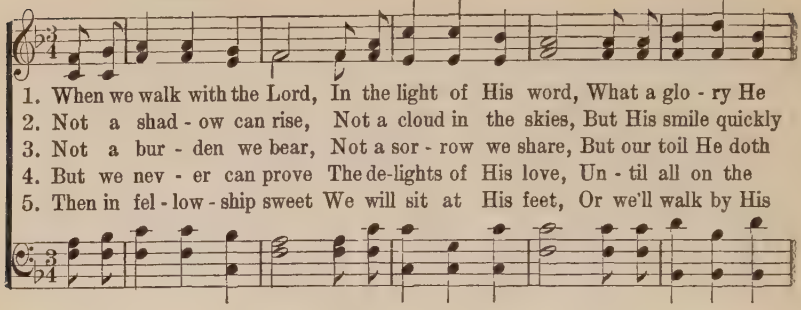
No. 94. Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR. USED BY PER Mrs. C. H. Morris.

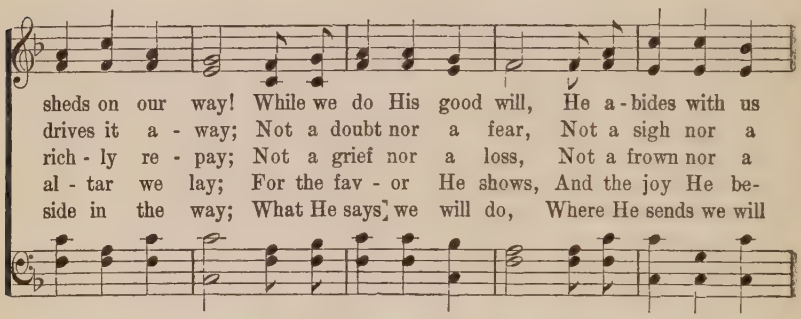


No. 95. Trust and Obey.

Rev. J. H. Sammis. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY D. B. TOWNER. USED BY PER. D. B. Towner.

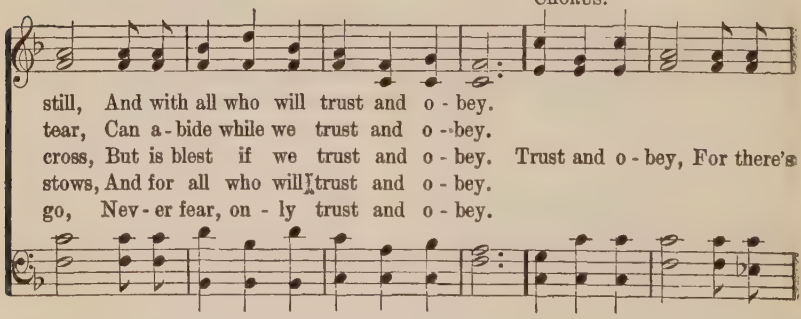


1. When we walk with the Lord, In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
2. Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
3. Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
4. But we nev - er can prove The de-lights of His love, Un - til all on the
5. Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

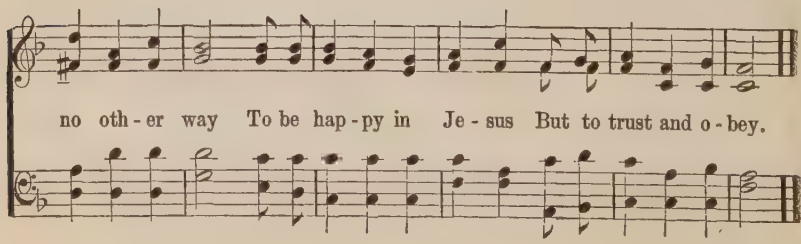


sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us
drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a
al - tar we lay; For the fav - or He shows, And the joy He be-
side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will

CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o - bey.
tear, Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's
stows, And for all who will trust and o - bey.
go, Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey.



no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus But to trust and o - bey.

No. 96. Christ Arose!

R. L. R. Lowry.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
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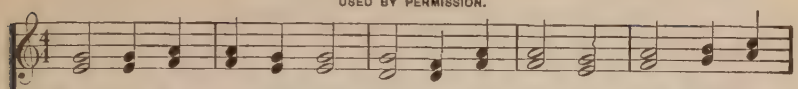
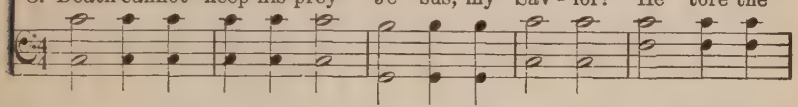
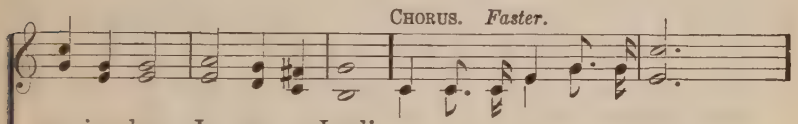


1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Wait - ing the
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they
3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - ior! He tore the

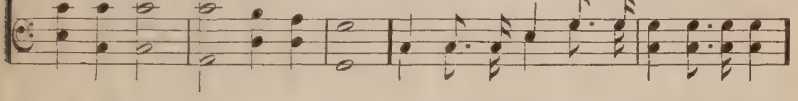


CHORUS. *Faster.*



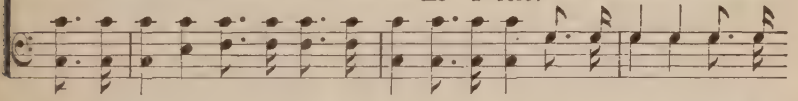
com-ing day— Je - sus, my Lord!
seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave He a-rose,
bars a-way— Je - sus, my Lord!

He a-rose,

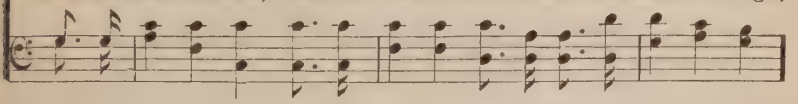


With a mighty triumph o'er His foes! He a - rose a vic - tor

He a - rose!

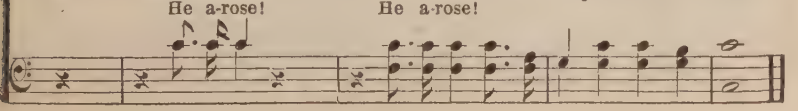


from the dark do-main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign;



He a - rose! He a-rose. Hal - le - lu-jah! Christ a-rose!

He a-rose! He a-rose!



No. 97. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. BY PERMISSION. George A. Minor.

1. Sow-ing in the morn - ing, sow - ing seeds of kind - ness, Sow - ing
2. Sow-ing in the sun - shine, sow - ing in the shad - ows, Fear-ing
3. Go - ing forth with weep - ing, sow - ing for the Mas - ter, Tho' the

in the noon-tide and the dew - y eve; Wait - ing for the har - vest,
neither clouds nor win - ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har - vest,
loss sustain'd our spir - it oft - en grieves; When our weep-ing's o - ver,

and the time of reap-ing, We shall come re-joic - ing, bring ing in the sheaves.
and the la - bor end - ed, We shall come re-joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.
He will bid us welcome, We shall come re-joic - ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

CHORUS.

Bring - ing in the sheaves, bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall
Bring - ing in the sheaves, bring - ing in the sheaves, We shall

1 2

come re - joic - ing, bring ing in the sheaves;
come re - joic - (*Omit* . . . . .) ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

No. 98. The Old Time Religion.

As sung by Chas. M. Alexander.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. USED BY PER.

C. D. T. Arr. by Charlie D. Tillman.

CHO. 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old time re - lig - ion,
1. It was good for our mo - thers, It was good for our mo - thers,
2. Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y,
3. It has saved our . . fa - thers, It has saved our . . fa - thers,

'Tis the old time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me!
It was good for our mo - thers, And its good e - nough for me!
Makes me love ev - 'ry - bod - y, And its good e - nough for me!
It has saved our . . fa - thers, And its good e - nough for me!

4 Makes me love the good old Bible,
And it's good enough for me!

5 It will lead me to Jesus,
And it's good enough for me!

6 It will do when I'm dying,
And it's good enough for me!

7 It will take us all to heaven,
And it's good enough for me!

No. 99. I Know That Jesus Saves Me.

L. H. Edmunds. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1 2 FINE.

1. { No work, no mer - it of my own; I know that Je-sus saves me;
The pow'r, the glo ry, His a - lone, I know that Je-sus . . . . } saves me.
2. { The pre - cious blood is on my soul, I know that Je-sus saves me;
And ev - 'ry care on Him I roll, I know that Je-sus . . . . } saves me.

D.C. *While to His blood-stained cross I cling, I know that Je-sus . . . . saves me.*

CHORUS. D. C.

In Him I trust, for Him I sing, All glo - ry to my ris - en King;

3 For service pure and glad and free,
I know that Jesus saves me;
For blessed, joyful liberty,
I know that Jesus saves me.

4 'Tis only in His strength I stand,
I know that Jesus saves me,
I'm kept by His almighty hand,
I know that Jesus saves me.

No. 100. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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E. O. Excell.

1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sinful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al-ways free;
3. Many friends have gone be-fore me, They have laid their ar-mour down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam;

Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have ob-tained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;

Ev - 'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de - lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da - vid in his day;
On this road they fought their battles, Shouting vic-t'ry day by day.
When the storms of life are o - ver, And the clouds have rolled a-way,

I am go-ing home to glo - ry In the good old-fashioned way.
I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fashioned way.
I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fashioned way.
I shall find the gates of heav-en In the good old-fashioned way.

The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

CHORUS.

In the good old - fashioned way, In the good old - fash-ioned way,

I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.

D. C.

CODA.

Then palms of vic - to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to-ry I shall wear.

No. 101. How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds.

Heber. Geo. Kingsley.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear;
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troub - led breast;
3. Je - sus, my shep-herd, guard-ian, friend, My proph-et, priest and king;
4. I would Thy bound-less love pro-claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath,

It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
My Lord, my life, my way, my end, Ac - cept the praise I bring.
So shall the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.

No. 102. Anywhere With Jesus.

Jessie H. Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY DANIEL B. TOWNER. D. B. Towner.

1. An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go, An - y-where He leads me in this world be - low; An - y-where with-out Him dear - est joys would fade, An - y-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid.

2. An - y where with Je - sus I am not a - lone, Oth - er friends may fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver drear - est ways, An - y-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.

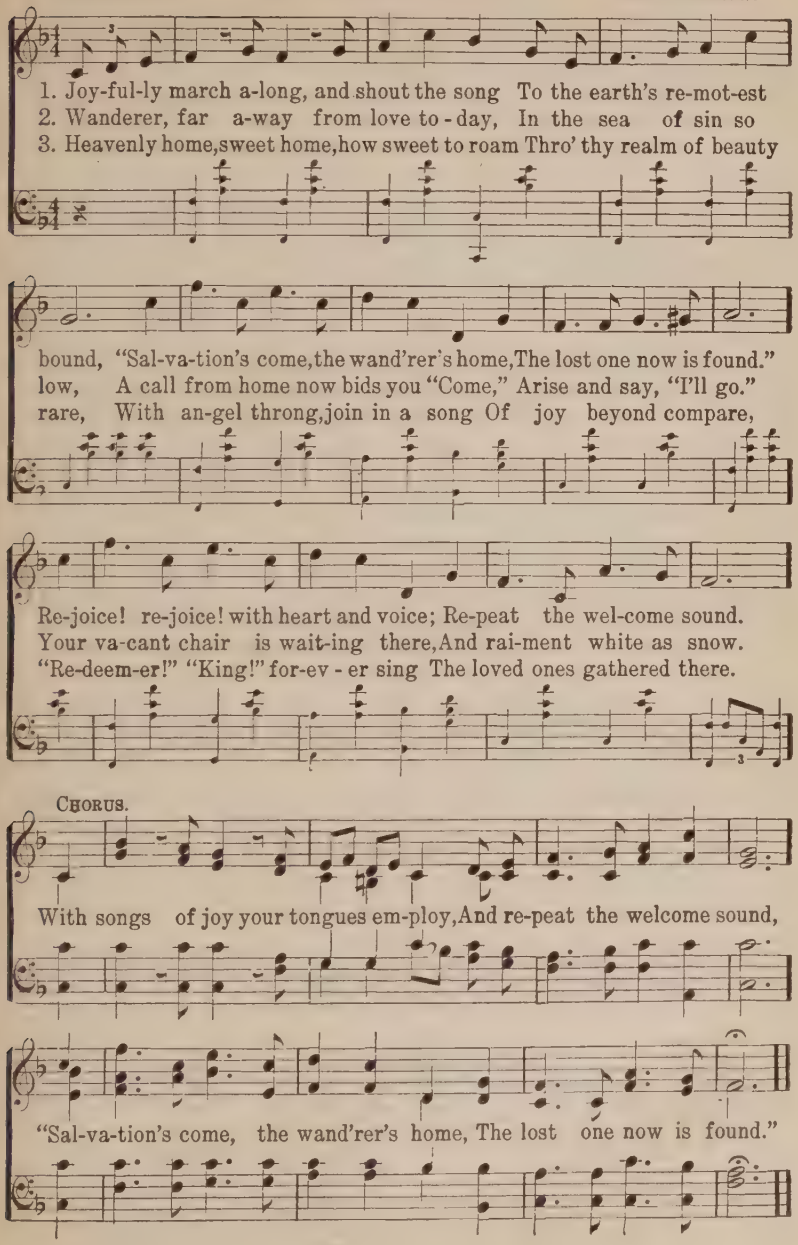
3. An - y where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark ling shad-ows round a - bout me creep, Know-ing I shall wak - en nev - er more to roam, An - y-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

An - y-where, an - y-where! Fear I can - not know;
An - y-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

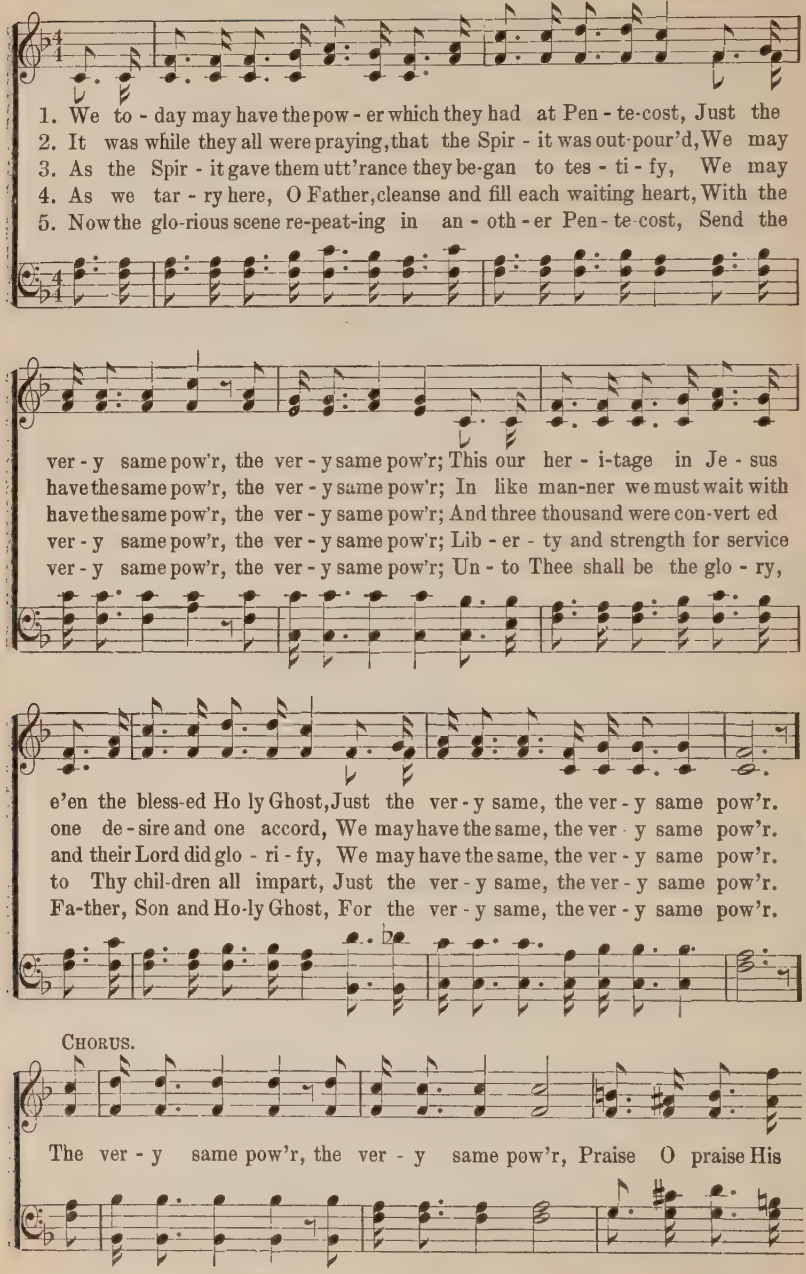
No. 103. Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

F. L. B. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. Frank L. Bristow.

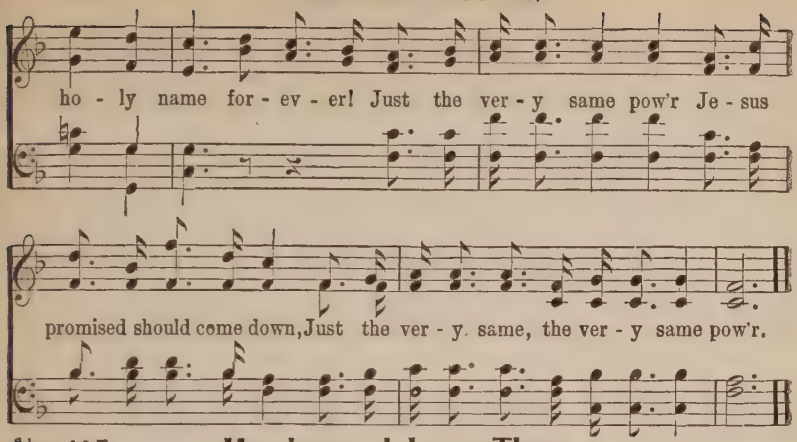


No. 104. Another Pentecost.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

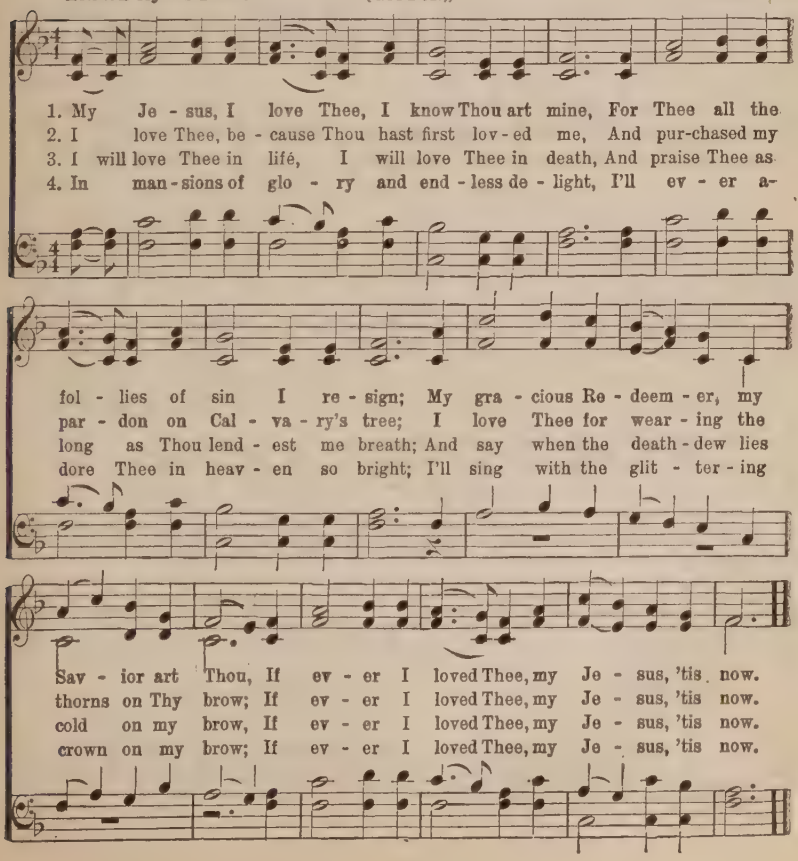


Another Pentecost.



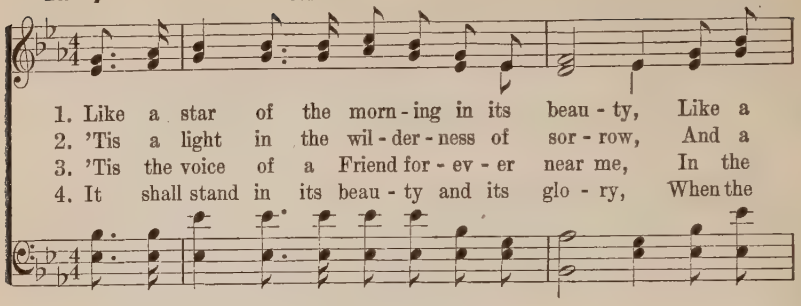
No. 105. My Jesus, I Love Thee.

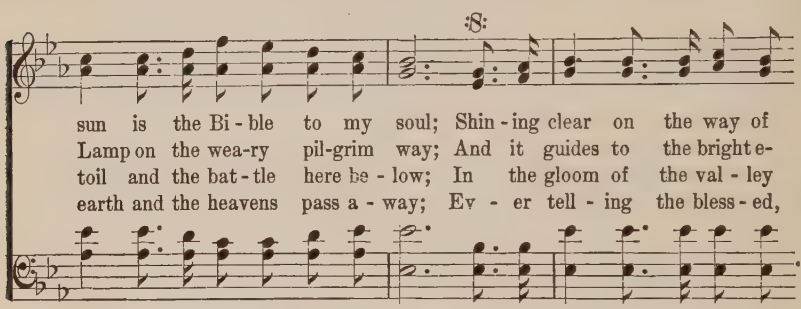
London Hymn Book. (GORDON,) **A. J. Gordon.**



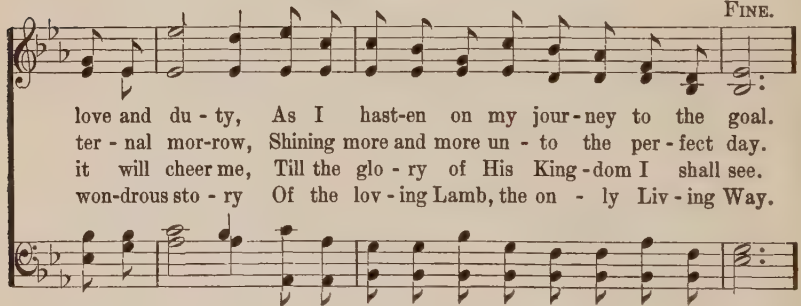
No. 106. My Precious Bible.

Bishop H. B. Hartzler. USED BY PER OF E. S. LORENZ. E. S. Lorenz.

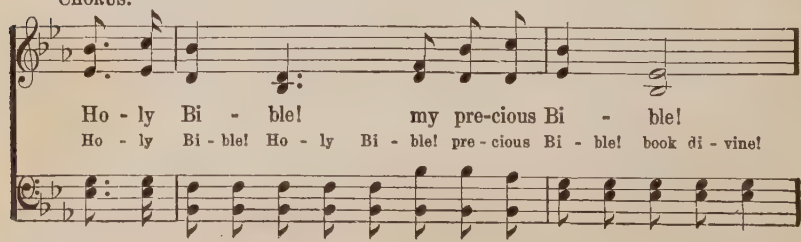




D. S.—*I will cling to the dear, old,*



CHORUS.



My Precious Bible.

D. S.

Gift of God, and Lamp of Life, my beau - ti - ful Bi - ble!
Bi - ble! thou art mine!

No. 107. He is All in All to Me.

Fannie J. Crosby

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. There is con - stant joy a - bid - ing In Christ my Lord and King;
2. When my path is veil'd in shad - ows, And clouds a - bove me roll;
3. I shall yet be - hold and praise him, And dwell in per - fect peace,

Of His love that pass - eth knowledge My heart and tongue shall sing.
I can smile a - mid the tem-pest, His glo - ry fills my soul.
In the gold - en land of beau - ty, Where cloud and wave shall cease.

CHORUS.

He is all in all to me, And my song of songs shall be,
He's all in all to me, my song of songs shall be,

Hal - le - lu - jah! O my Sav - ior, I am trust - ing on - ly thee.

No. 108. Resurrection Morn.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY IRA D. SANKEY.
USED BY PER.

S. Baring-Gould. Ira D. Sankey.

1. On the res - ur - rec - tion morning, Soul and bod - y meet a - gain,
2. Here a while they must be part-ed, And the flesh its sab-bath keep,
3. For a space the tir - ed bod - y Waits in peace the morning's dawn,
4. On that hap-py East - er morn-ing All the graves their dead re-store,
5. Soul and bod - y, re - u - nit - ed, henceforth nothing shall di - vide,

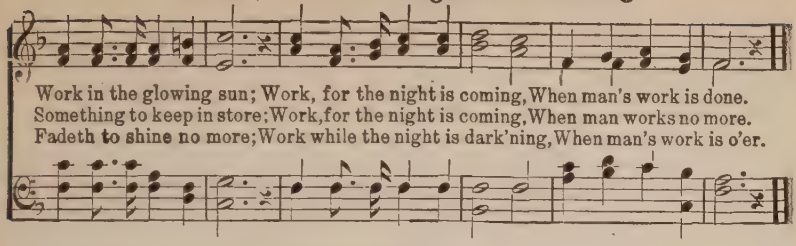
No more sor - row, no more weep-ing, No more pain.
Wait - ing in a ho - ly still-ness, Wrapped in sleep.
When there breaks the last and bright-est East - er morn.
Fa - ther, moth - er, sis - ter, broth - er, Meet once more.
Wak - ing up in Christ's own like - ness, Sat - is - fied.

No. 109. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Sidney Dyer. USED BY PER. OF OLIVER DITSON CO. Lowell Mason.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn-ing hours; Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs, Work when the day grows bright-er,
2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon; Fill bright-est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute,
3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies; While their bright tints are glow-ing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fad - eth,

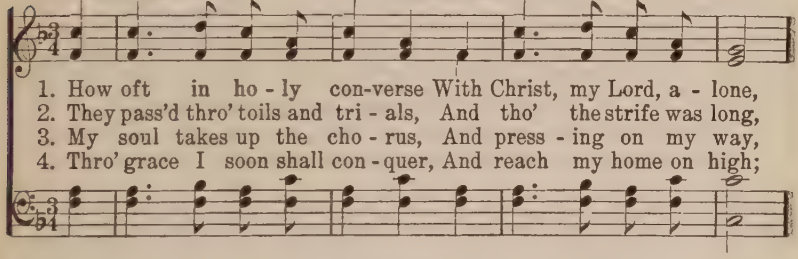
Work, for the Night is Coming.

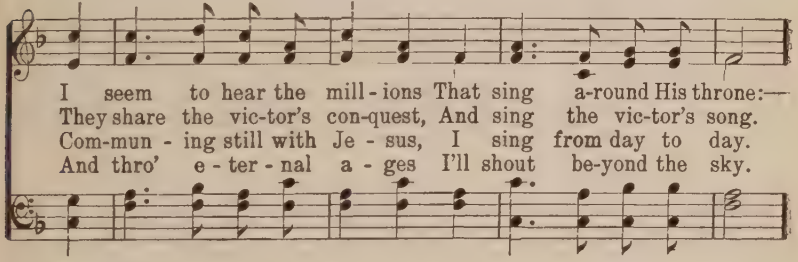


No. 110. Hallelujah! Amen.

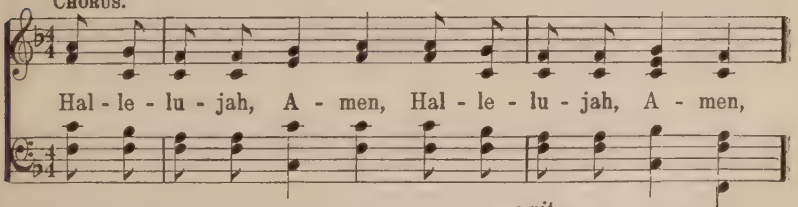
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER.

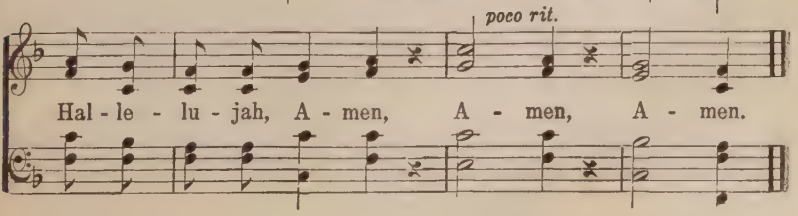
Henrietta E. Blair. Adapted and Arr. by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





CHORUS.





No. 111. The Call for Reapers.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY PHILLIPS & HUNT.
USED BY PER.

J. O. Thompson, J. B. O. Clemm.

1. Far and near the fields are teem ing With the waves of ri-pened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold;

Far and near their gold is gleam-ing, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam-ing, Bid them gath - er ev -'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at even-ing wending, Thou shalt come with joy un-told.

D. S.—*Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

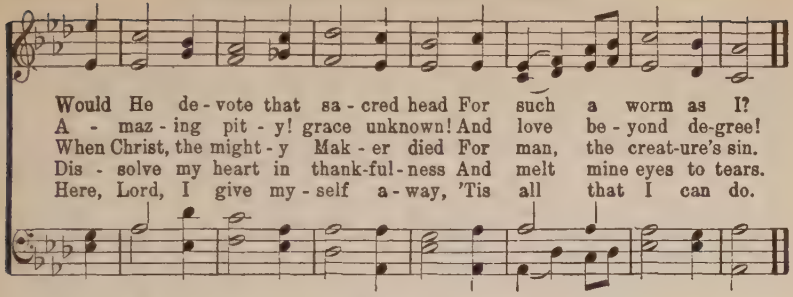
Lord of har - vest, send forth reap-ers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

No. 112. Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Hugh Wilson.

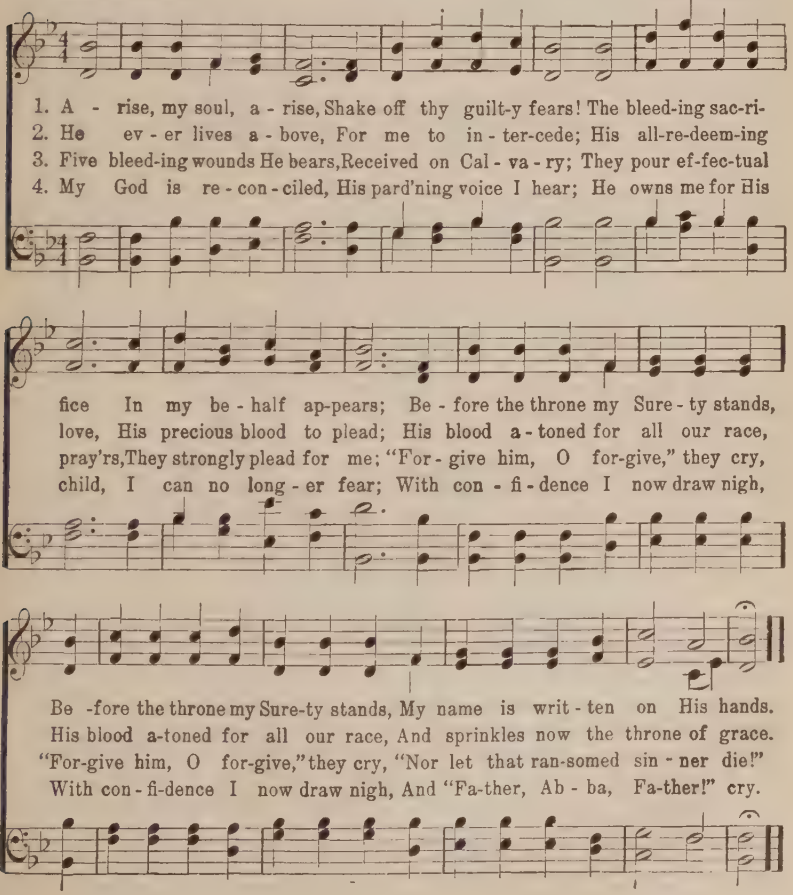
1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groan'd up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide And shut His glo - ries in,
4. Thus might I hide my blush-ing face Whilst His dear cross ap-pears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed?



No. 113. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley. **Lewis Edson.**



No. 114. Keep Your Heart Singing.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
USED BY PER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gird-le day and night with a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweet-est mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way, Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do, In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep our hearts singing all the while.

FINE.

CHORUS.

Keep your heart singing all the while, ... Make the world brighter with a smile, ... Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile, sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er, brighter with a smile;

D. S.

No. 115. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B M. J.

J. M. BLACK. OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PER.

J. M. Black.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
When the saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore,
2. On that bright and cloud - less morn - ing when the dead in Christ shall rise,
When His chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,
Then when all of life is o - ver and our work on earth is done,

1 2

And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair;
And the (*Omit.*) . . . . . roll is called up
And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share;
And the (*Omit.*) . . . . . roll is called up
Let us talk of all His won - drous love and care;
And the (*Omit.*) . . . . . roll is called up

D. S.—*roll is called up*

FINE. CHORUS.

yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . . . is called up
When the roll is called up

yon - der, I'll be there.

yon - - - - - - - der, When the roll . . . . is called up yon - - - - -
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be

D. S.

der, When the roll . . . . . is called up yon - der, When the
there, When the roll is called up yon - der, When the

No. 116. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. (NICEA.) John B. Dykes.

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! all the saints a-dore Thee, Cast-ing down their
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
gold - en crowns a round the glass-y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly Thou art ho - ly!
praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

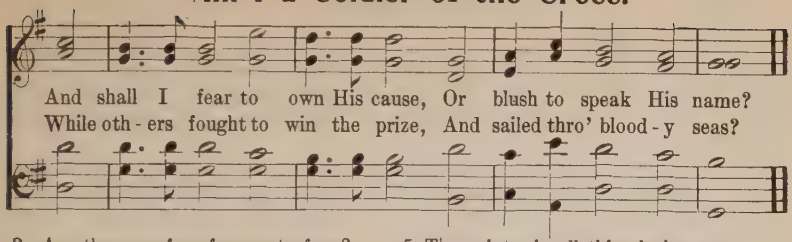
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
fall-ing down be-fore Thee, Which wert, and art, and ever-more shalt be.
there is none be-side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pur - i - ty.
mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

No. 117. Am I a Soldier of the Cross!

Rev. Isaac Watts. (ARLINGTON.) Thomas A. Arne.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A fol - lower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - ery beds of ease,

Am I a Soldier of the Cross.



3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

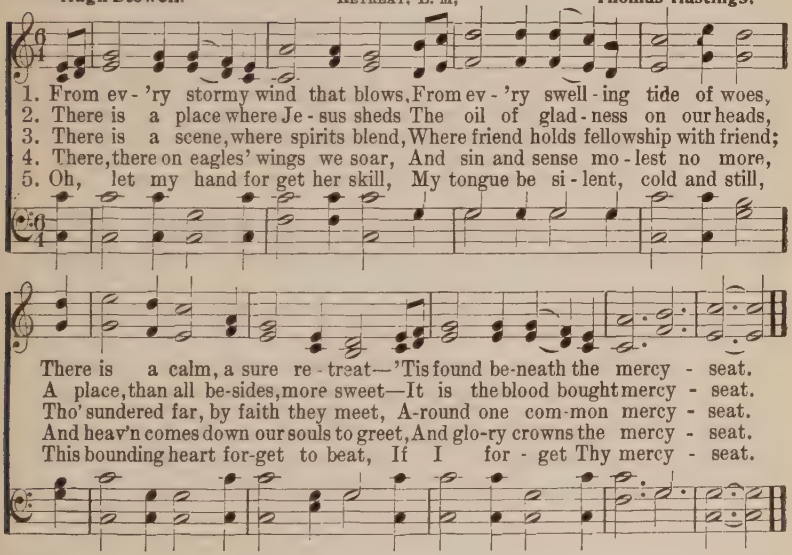
4. Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy Word.

5 Thy saints, in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all Thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be Thine.

No. 118. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell. RETREAT. L. M. **Thomas Hastings.**



No. 119.

Tune above.

1 My God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to Thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Then is my strength by Thee renewed;
Then are my sins by Thee forgiven;
Then dost Thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beautious hopes of heaven.

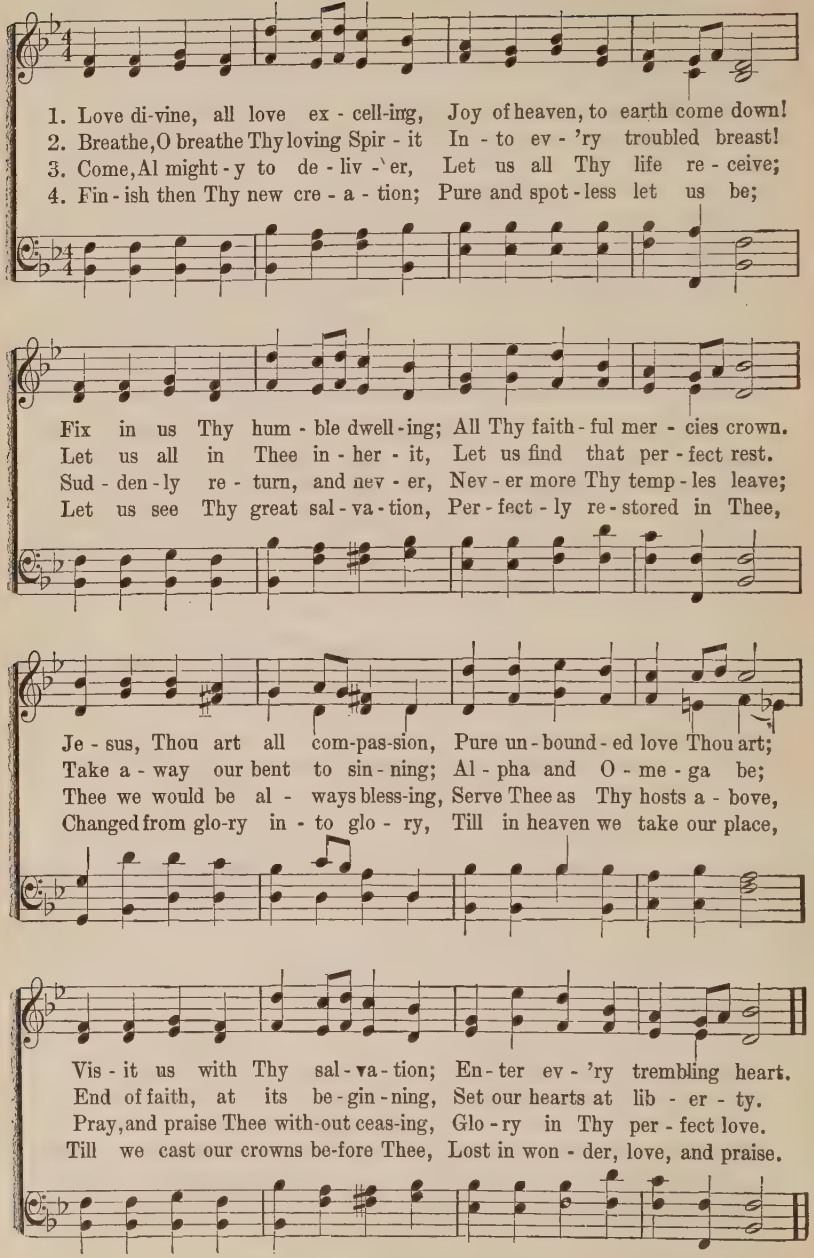
3 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind!

4 Lord, till I reach the peaceful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful, filial prayer to Thee!

Charlotte Elliott.

No. 120. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. John Zundel.



No. 121. Jesus, the Very Thought.

E. Caswall, tr. (ST. AGNES.) John B. Dykes,

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
3. Oh, hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!
4. And those who find Thee, find a bliss Nor tongue nor pen can show;
5. Je - sus! our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweeter far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - ior of man-kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek.
The love of Je - sus, what it is, None but His loved ones know.
Je - sus! be Thou our glo - ry now, And thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 122. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. (PILOT.) J. E. Gould.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pest-uous sea;

D. C.—*Chart and com - pass came from Thee; Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.*

D. C.

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid - ing rocks and treach'rous shoal;

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea;
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar,
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 123. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P. BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and earn - est,
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall con-quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,

Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Kind - hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Our strength will re-new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

No. 124. Keep On Believing.

COPYRIGHT, 1901 BY MAY AGNEW STEPHENS, USED BY PER.

M. D. L. M. B.

Con espress.

1. When you feel weak - est, dan - gers sur - round; Sub - tle temp-ta - tions,
2. If all were ea - sy, if all were bright, Where would the cross be?
3. God is your wis - dom; God is your might; God's ev - er near you
4. Let us press on then; nev - er des - pair; Live a - bove feel - ing,

troub-les a - bound; Noth - ing seems hope - ful, noth - ing seems glad,
where would the fight? But in the hard-ness, God gives to you,
guid - ing you right; He un - der - stands you, knows all you need:
vic - to - ry's there; Je - sus can keep us so near to Him,

CHORUS.

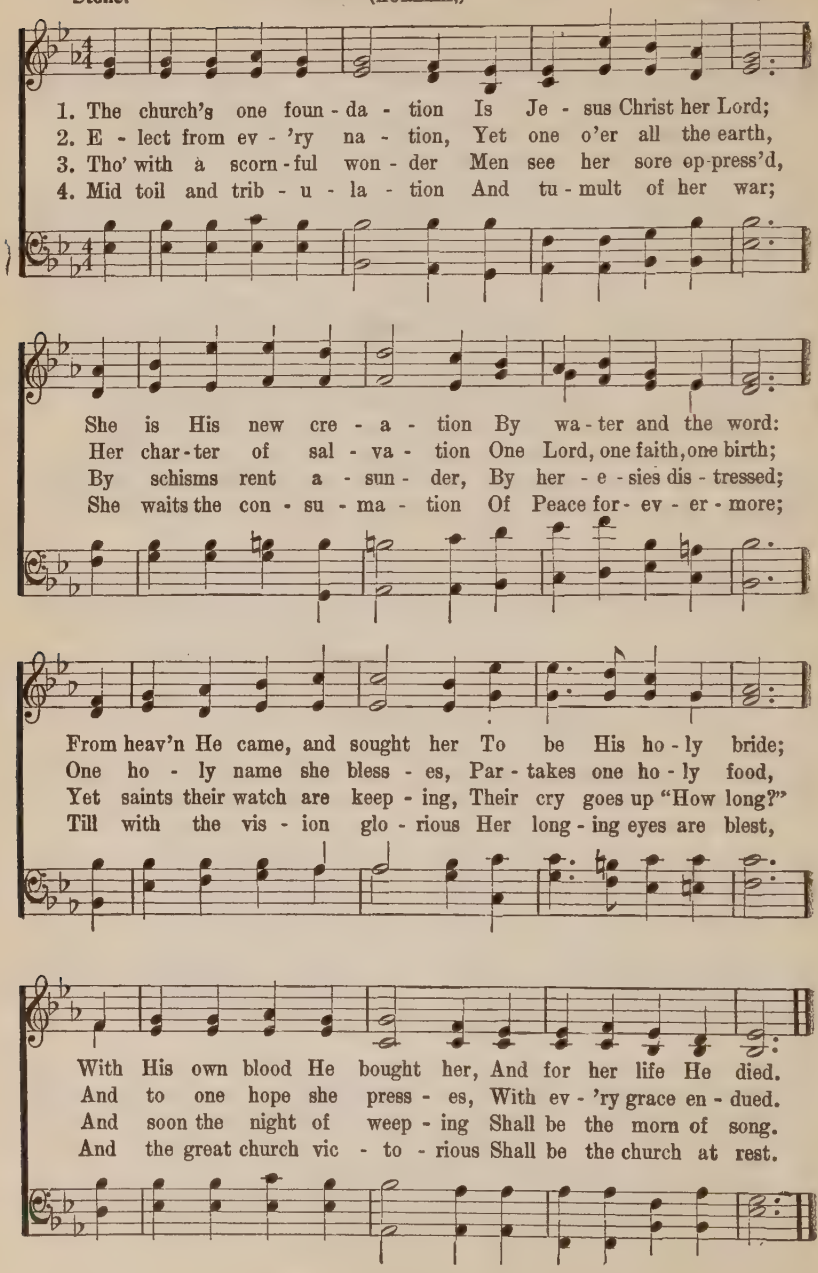
All is des - pair - ing, oft - en times sad. 1. Keep on be - liev - ing,
Chances for prov - ing what He can do.
Trust-ing in Him you'll sure - ly suc - ceed. 2. Keep on *re - joic - ing,*
That nev - er - more our faith shall grow dim.

Je - sus is near, Keep on be - liev - ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be-

liev - ing, this is the way, Faith in the night as well as the day.

No. 125. The Church's One Foundation.

Stone. (AURELIA,) S. S. Wesley.



No. 126. Sun of My Soul.

John Keble, (HURSLEY.) Peter Ritter.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep,
3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out Thee I can - not live;
4. Come near and bless us when we wake, Ere thro' the world our way we take;

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy ser-vant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Sav - ior's breast.
A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
Till, in the o - cean of Thy love, We lose our - selves in heav'n a - bove.

No. 127. In the Cross.

John Bowring. (RATHBUN) Ithimar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'ertake me, Hopes deceive, and fears an - noy, Nev-er shall the

sacred story Gathers round its head sublime.
cross forsake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that thro' all time abide.

No. 128. Lord! In the Morning.

Watts. Ps. 5. (MEAD.) Aaron Williams.

1. Lord! in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice a - scend - ing high;
2. Up to the hills where Christ is gone, To plead for all His saints,
3. Thou art a God be - fore whose sight The wick - ed shall not stand;
4. But to Thy house will I re - sort, To taste Thy mer - cies there;
5. Oh, may Thy Spir - it guide my feet In ways of right-eous - ness!

To Thee will I di - rect my pray'r, To Thee lift up mine eye;
Pre - sent - ing at His Fa - ther's throne Our songs and our com plaints.
Sin - ners shall ne'er be Thy de - light, Nor dwell at Thy right hand.
I will fre qnent Thy ho - ly court, And wor - ship in Thy fear.
Make ev - 'ry path of du - ty straight, And plain be - fore my face.

No. 129. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart And hope to meet a - gain

No. 130. There's a Great Day Coming.

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W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a great day
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a bright day
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a sad day

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
com-ing by and by, But its bright-ness shall on-ly come to
com-ing by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom—"De-

part-ed right and left,—Are you read-y for that day to come!
them that love the Lord,—Are you read-y for that day to come!
part, I know you not,"—Are you read-y for that day to come!

CHORUS.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

judg-ment day? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the judg-ment day?

No. 131. All Hail the Power.

Edward Perronet, Alt. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth - ly ball;
3. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-som'd from the fall,
4. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The worm-wood and the gall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
Now hail the strength of Is-raels's might, And crown Him Lord of all;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
Go, spread your troph-ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spead your troph-ies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 132. Oh, For a Thousand Tongues.

1 Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of His grace!

2 My gracious Master and my God!
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of Thy name.

3 Jesus the name that calms my fears,
That bids my sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

Charles Wesley.

No. 133. Onward, Christian Soldiers!

S. Baring-Gould. A. S. Sullivan.

1. On-ward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore; Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter,
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed, Je - sus Con-stant will re - main; Gates of hell can nev - er
3. Crowns and thrones may per-ish, King-doms rise and wane; But the Church of voic - es In the tri - umph-song; Glo - ry, laud, and hon - or,
4. On - ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our hap - py throng; Blend with ours your

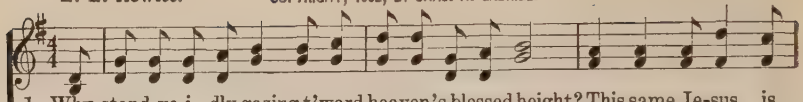
Leads against the foe; Forward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban-ners go!
All one bod - y we; One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail; We have Christ's own promise, Which can nev - er fail.
Un - to Christ the King; This thro' countless a - ges Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

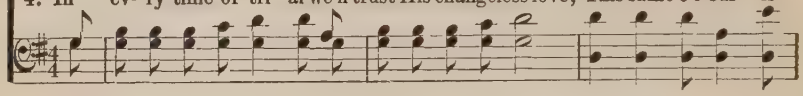
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! Marching as to war,
With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore.

No. 134. This Same Jesus.

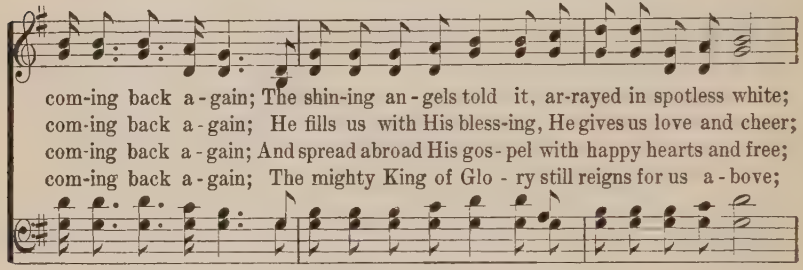
E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. W. A. Post.



1. Why stand ye i - dly gazing t'ward heaven's blessed height? This same Je-sus is
2. Re - ceiving His good Spirit, we'll know His presence near; This same Je-sus is
3. Our low - ly talents doubling, more faithful may we be; This same Je-sus is
4. In ev-'ry time of tri - al we'll trust His changeless love; This same Je-sus is

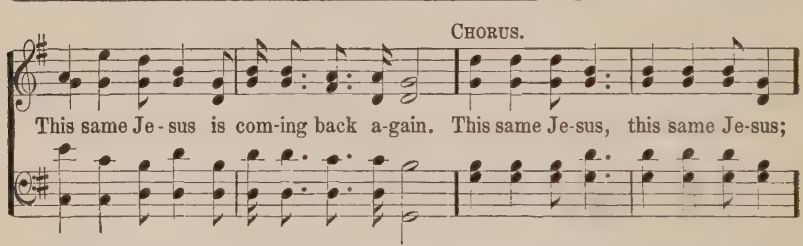


com-ing back a - gain; The shin-ing an - gels told it, ar-rayed in spotless white;
com-ing back a - gain; He fills us with His bless-ing, He gives us love and cheer;
com-ing back a - gain; And spread abroad His gos - pel with happy hearts and free;
com-ing back a - gain; The mighty King of Glo - ry still reigns for us a - bove;

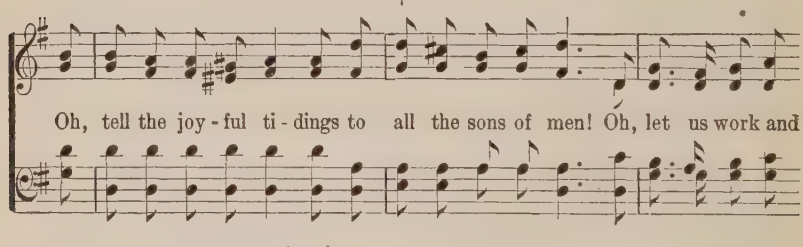


CHORUS.

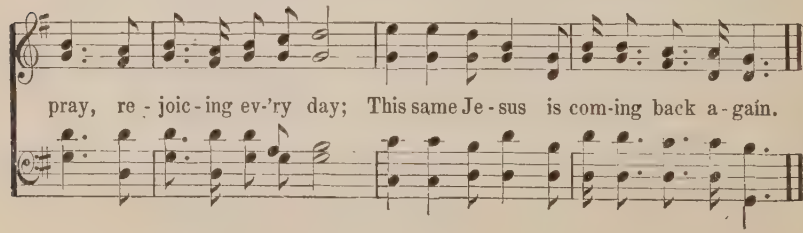
This same Je - sus is com-ing back a-gain. This same Je-sus, this same Je-sus;



Oh, tell the joy - ful ti - dings to all the sons of men! Oh, let us work and



pray, re - joic - ing ev-'ry day; This same Je - sus is com-ing back a - gain.



No. 135. The New Birth and Heaven.

David Z. Herr. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY D. Z. HERR. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Je - sus revealed most solemn truths, When to the rul - er of the Jews
2. Dear Lord, can man be born a - gain When he is old and full of sin?
3. Thy life to me now con - se-crate, The Ho - ly Spir - it then will take

He said: "Ye must be born a - gain," If you a home in heav'n would win;
Be - lieve on me and mar - vel not, But give this truth most ear-nest tho't;
Your will-ing heart and make it new, And of His Spir - it give to you.

And if you would my kingdom view, Your spir - it must be born a - new,
For this new birth, which I do give, Is My Spir - it, and you shall live;
For God so loved the sons of men, His on - ly Son He gave for them:

:8: FINE.

And who - so - ev - er does be - lieve, This spir - it life will now re - ceive.
And who - so - ev - er does be - lieve, This spir - it life will now re - ceive.
That who - so - ev - er does be - lieve, This spir - it life will now re - ceive.

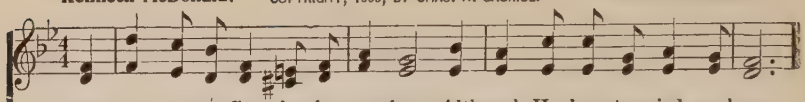
D. S.—*an - gels join in heav-en's song, And that will be sweet heav'n for me.*

CHORUS. *D. S.*

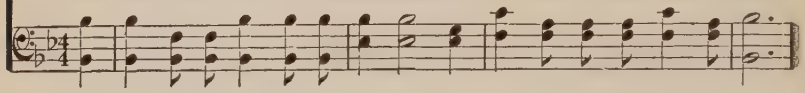
Oh, by and by, this spir - it life Which Je-sus gives and ev - er lives, Will

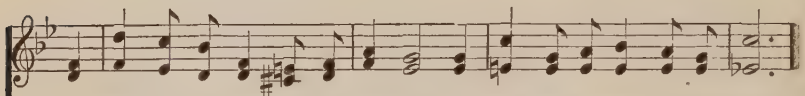
No. 136. My Savior is Coming.

Kenneth McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

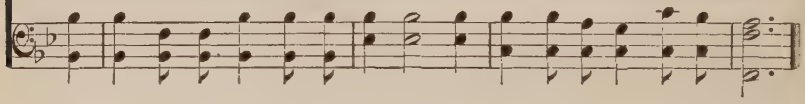


1. Yes, Je - sus my Sav - ior is com-ing, Although He has tar-ried so long;
2. His face I may see in the morning, With glo - ry transcendant and bright,
3. The saints who are wait-ing to greet Him, Will quick-ly re-spond to His cry,
4. I may not be here at His com-ing: My dust may be rest-ing in gloom;
5. For He shall redeem from cor-rup-tion This tem-ple that treasur'd His love,
6. And there we shall dwell in His presence, For - ev - er be-hold-ing His face,

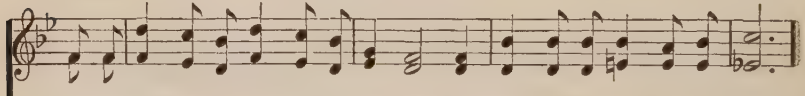




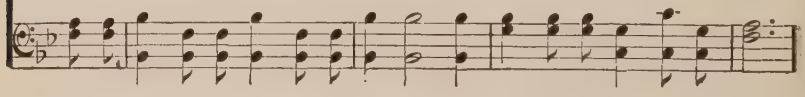
I yearn for the light of His presence To glad-den my spir - it with song.
An es - cort of an - gels be-fore Him, Ar-rayed in their garments of light.
And Je - sus will crown them im-mor-tal, To reign with their Savior on high.
But that which is sown in dis-hon - or, In glo-ry shall burst from the tomb.
And bear it with splen-dor tri-umph-ant, To man-sions of glo - ry a - bove.
With all who have lean'd on His goodness, And tast - ed His won-der-ful grace.

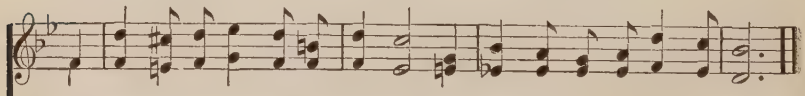


CHORUS.

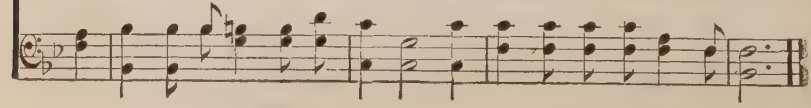


I am wait-ing in hope for His com-ing, Yet ear-nest-ly do - ing His will;





My Mas - ter will nev - er de-ceive me, His word He will sure-ly ful-fill.



No. 137. Rock of Ages.

A. M, Toplady. (TOPLADY.) Thomas Hastings.

FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
D. C.—*Be of sin the doub - le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.*

D. C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd,

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 138. A Charge to Keep.

Charles Wesley. (BOYLSTON.) Lowell Mason.

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy; A nev - er - dy - ing
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil, O may it all my

soul to save And fit it for the sky.
pow'rs engage, To do my Mas - ter's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
And in Thy sight to live;
And oh, Thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray
I shall forever die.

No. 139. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

(*Tune above.*) Dwight.

1 I love Thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of Thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved
With His own precious blood.

2 I love Thy church, O God!
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

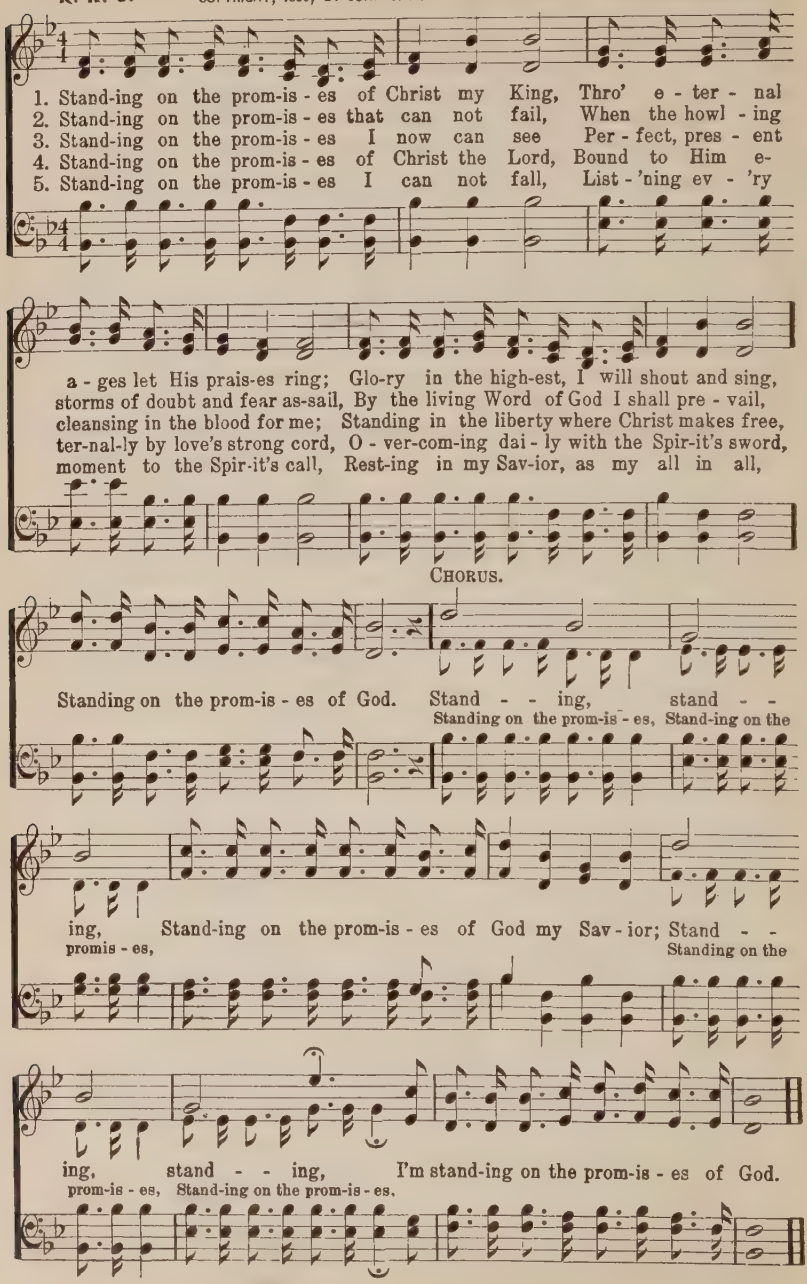
3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

No. 140. Standing On the Promises.

R. K. C. COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER. R. Kelso Carter.



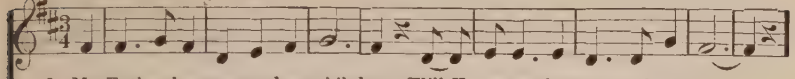
No. 141. He'll Never Forget to Keep Me.

F. A. G.

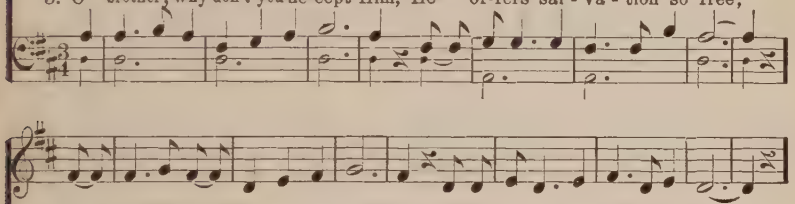
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY F. A. GRAVES.
USED BY PER.

F. A. Graves.

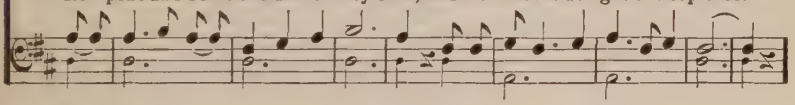
TENOR & ALTO, DUET.



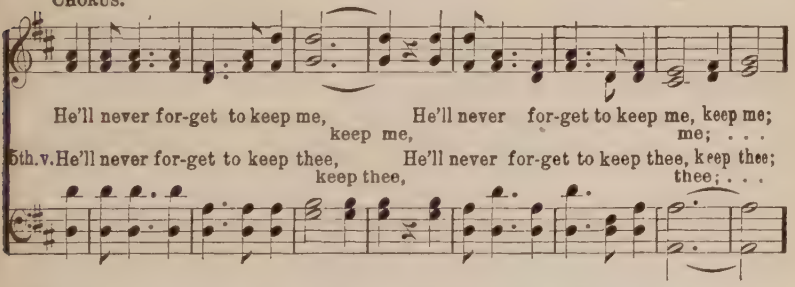
1. My Father has ma-ny dear chil-dren: Will He ev-er forget to keep me?
2. Our Father remembers the spar-rows, Their val-ue and fall He doth see;
3. The words of the Lord are so priceless, How patient and watchful is He;
4. I now will a-bide in His shad-ow, Never rest-less nor fear-ful will be;
5. O brother, why don't you ac-cept Him, He of-fers sal-va-tion so free;



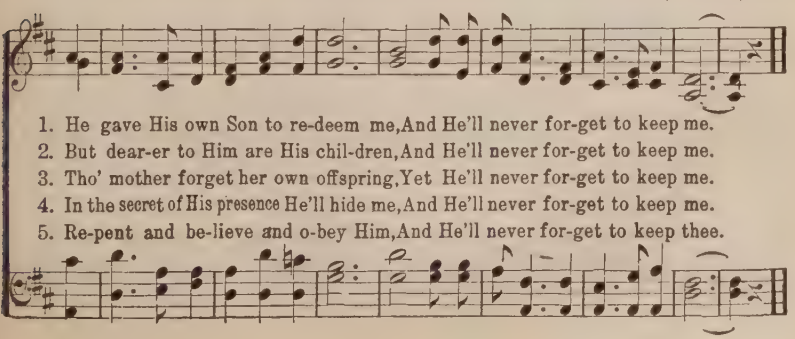
He gave His own Son to re-deem them, And He cannot for-get to keep me.
But dear-er to Him are His chil-dren, And He'll never fer-get to keep me.
Tho' moth-er for-get her own off-spring, Yet He'll never for-get to keep me.
In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
Re-pent and be-lieve and o-bey Him, And He'll never for-got to keep thee.



CHORUS.



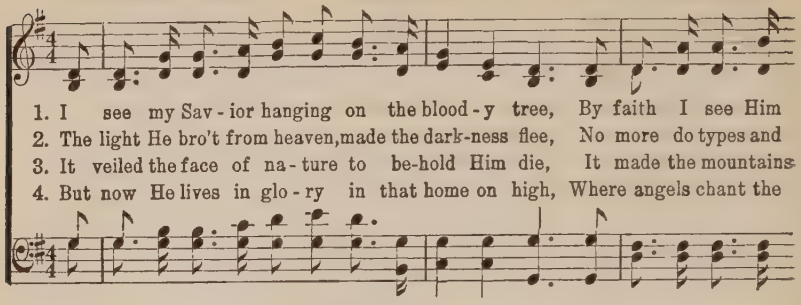
He'll never for-get to keep me, He'll never for-get to keep me, keep me;
keep me, me; . . .
5th. v. He'll never for-get to keep thee, He'll never for-get to keep thee, keep thee;
keep thee, thee; . . .



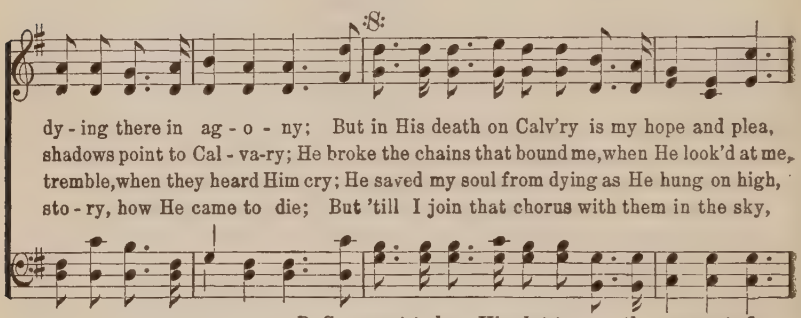
1. He gave His own Son to re-deem me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
2. But dear-er to Him are His chil-dren, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
3. Tho' mother forget her own offspring, Yet He'll never for-get to keep me.
4. In the secret of His presence He'll hide me, And He'll never for-get to keep me.
5. Re-pent and be-lieve and o-bey Him, And He'll never for-get to keep thee.

No. 142. I Want to Love Him Better.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

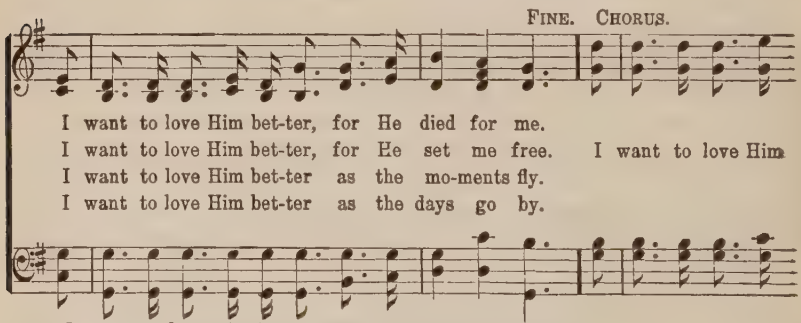


1. I see my Sav - ior hanging on the blood - y tree, By faith I see Him
2. The light He bro't from heaven, made the dark-ness flee, No more do types and
3. It veiled the face of na - ture to be-hold Him die, It made the mountains
4. But now He lives in glo - ry in that home on high, Where angels chant the



dy - ing there in ag - o - ny; But in His death on Calv'ry is my hope and plea,
shadows point to Cal - va-ry; He broke the chains that bound me, when He look'd at me,
tremble, when they heard Him cry; He saved my soul from dying as He hung on high,
sto - ry, how He came to die; But 'till I join that chorus with them in the sky,

D. S.—*want to love Him bet-ter as the mo-ments fly.*

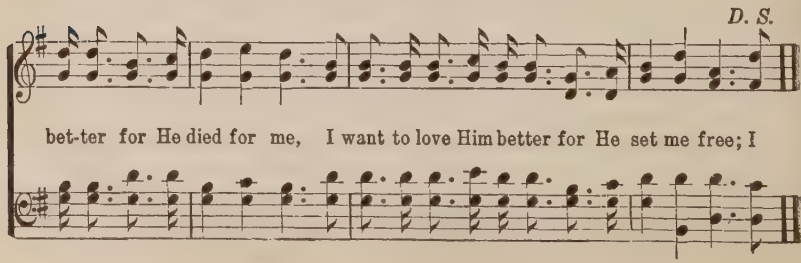


FINE. CHORUS.

I want to love Him bet-ter, for He died for me.
I want to love Him bet-ter, for He set me free. I want to love Him
I want to love Him bet-ter as the mo-ments fly.
I want to love Him bet-ter as the days go by.

I want to love Him bet-ter as the days go by.

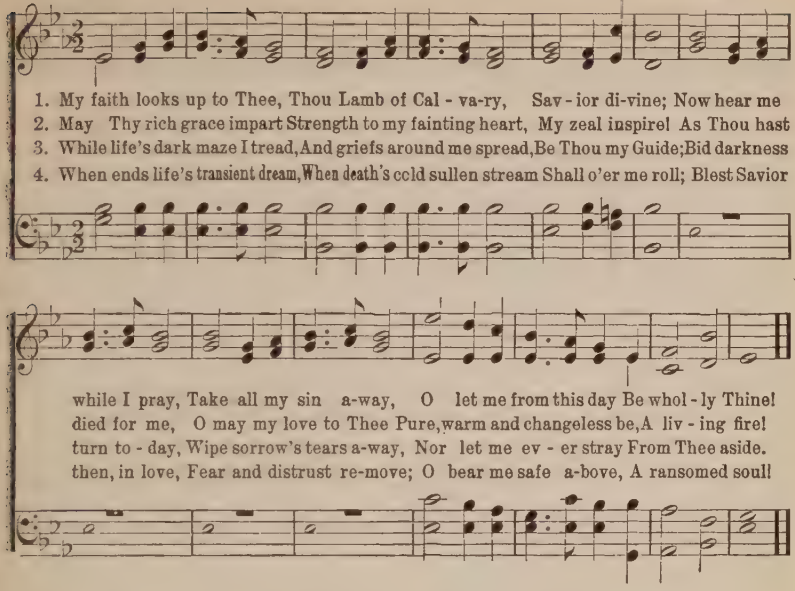
D. S.



bet-ter for He died for me, I want to love Him better for He set me free; I

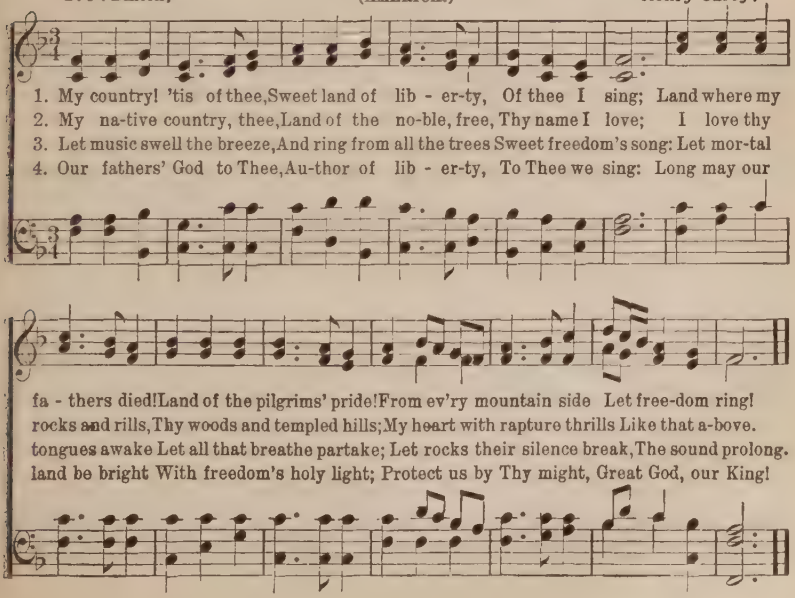
No. 143. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. (OLIVET.) Lowell Mason.



No. 144. My Country! 'Tis of Thee,

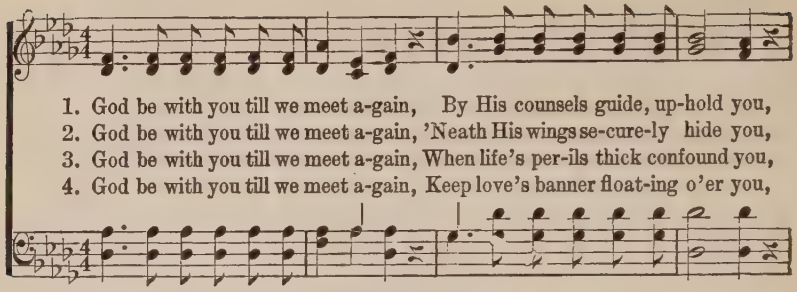
S. F. Smith, (AMERICA.) Henry Carey.



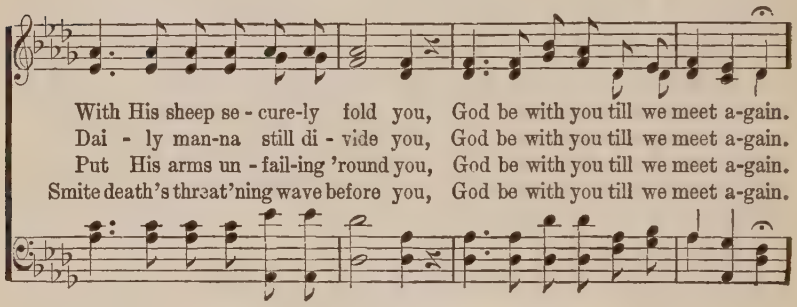
No. 145. God Be With You.

USED BY PER. OF J. E. RANKIN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

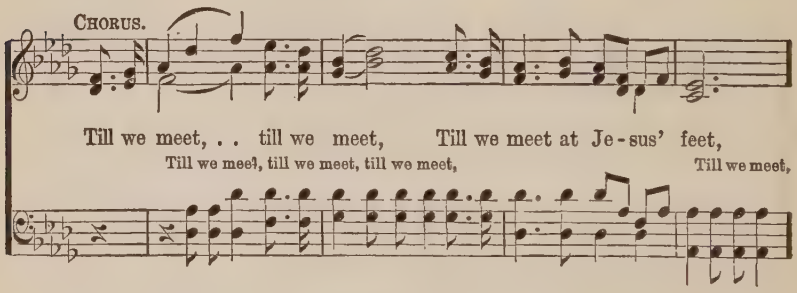
J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.



1. God be with you till we meet a-gain, By His counsels guide, up-hold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath His wings se-cure-ly hide you,
3. God be with you till we meet a-gain, When life's per-ils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet a-gain, Keep love's banner float-ing o'er you,

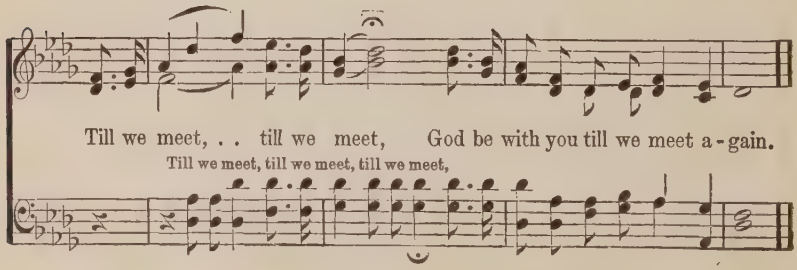


With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Put His arms un - fail-ing 'round you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you, God be with you till we meet a-gain.



CHORUS.

Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet,
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet,



Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

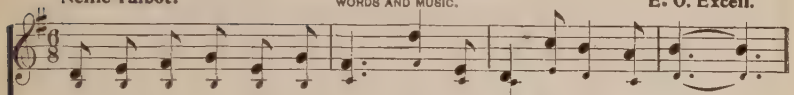
No. 146. I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

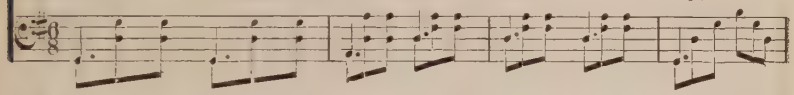
COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

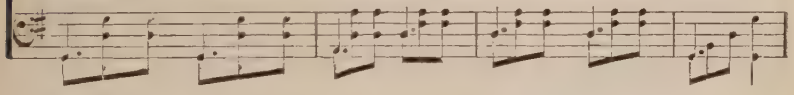
Nellie Talbot. E. O. Excell.



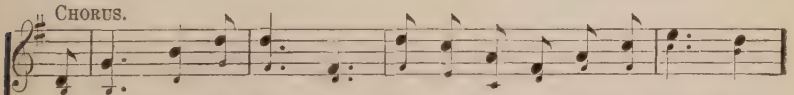
1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;



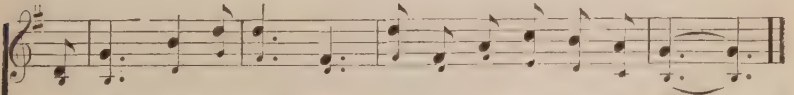
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Showing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect - ing His good - ness, And al - ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo - ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.



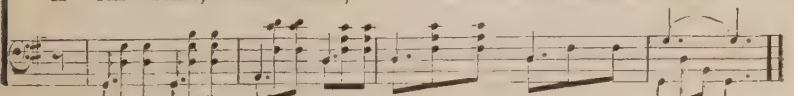
CHORUS.



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;



A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun - beam for Him.



No. 147. Jesus Lives.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. F. MYERS.
USED BY PER. OF HENRY DATE, OWNER.

Rev. John R. Colgan. A. F. Myers.

1. Might-y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
2. Tongues of children light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
3. Je - sus lives, oh, bless-ed words! King of kings, and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a - long, Je - sus lives! Once He died for you and me,
Sing to all on land and sea, Je - sus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See He breaks the pris-on wall,

Bore our sins up on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Je-sus lives!
Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je - sus all may find, Je-sus lives!
Throws a-side the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Je-sus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old - er grow, Ral - ly now and
Wait not, Sing,

Wait not, wait not, Sing for

sing for Je - sus, ev - 'ry-where you go, Lift your joy-ful voic es high,
sing.

Je - sus,

Jesus Lives!

Repeat Chorus pp

f rit.

Ringing clear thro' earth and sky, Let the bless-ed ti-dings fly, Je-sus lives!

No. 148. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

1. Je - sus bids us shine With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle
2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all for Him; Well He sees and
3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a - round, Ma - ny kinds of
4. Je - sus bids us shine, As we work for Him, Bring - ing those that

can - dle Burn-ing in the night; In this world of dark - ness,
knows it If our light is dim; He looks down from heav - en,
dark - ness In this world a - bound, Sin and want and sor - row;
wan - der From the paths of sin; He will ev - er help us,

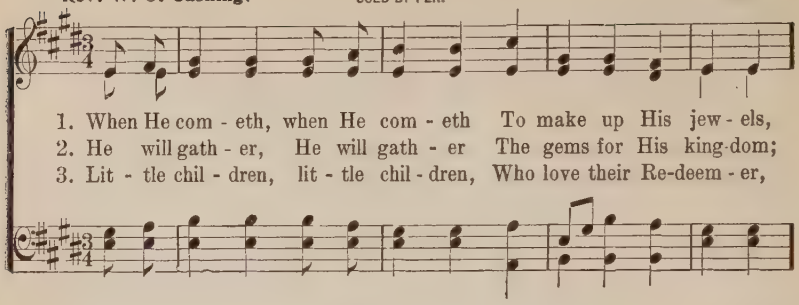
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
Sees us shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
We must shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
If we shine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

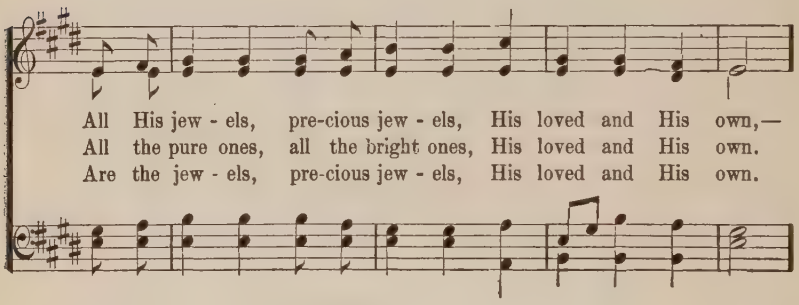
No. 149. Jewels.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

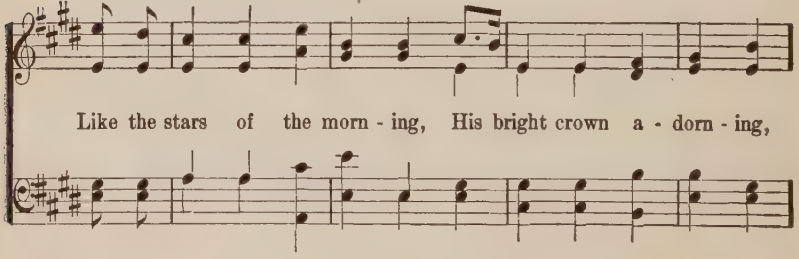
COPYRIGHT, 1902 BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

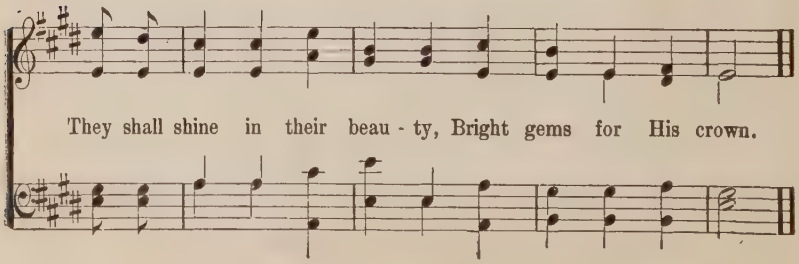
Geo. F. Root.





CHORUS.





No. 150. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. J. R. SWENEY.

Jno R. Sweney.

1. There's sun - shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King,
3. There's spring-time in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near,
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in an - y earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is my light.
And Je - sus list - en - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - shine, Bless - ed sun - - shine,
sun - shine in the soul, sun - shine in the soul,

While the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll; When
hap - py mo - ments roll;

Je - sus shows His smil ing face, There is sun - shine in the soul.

No. 151. Have Courage, My Boy, to Say No!

P. S.

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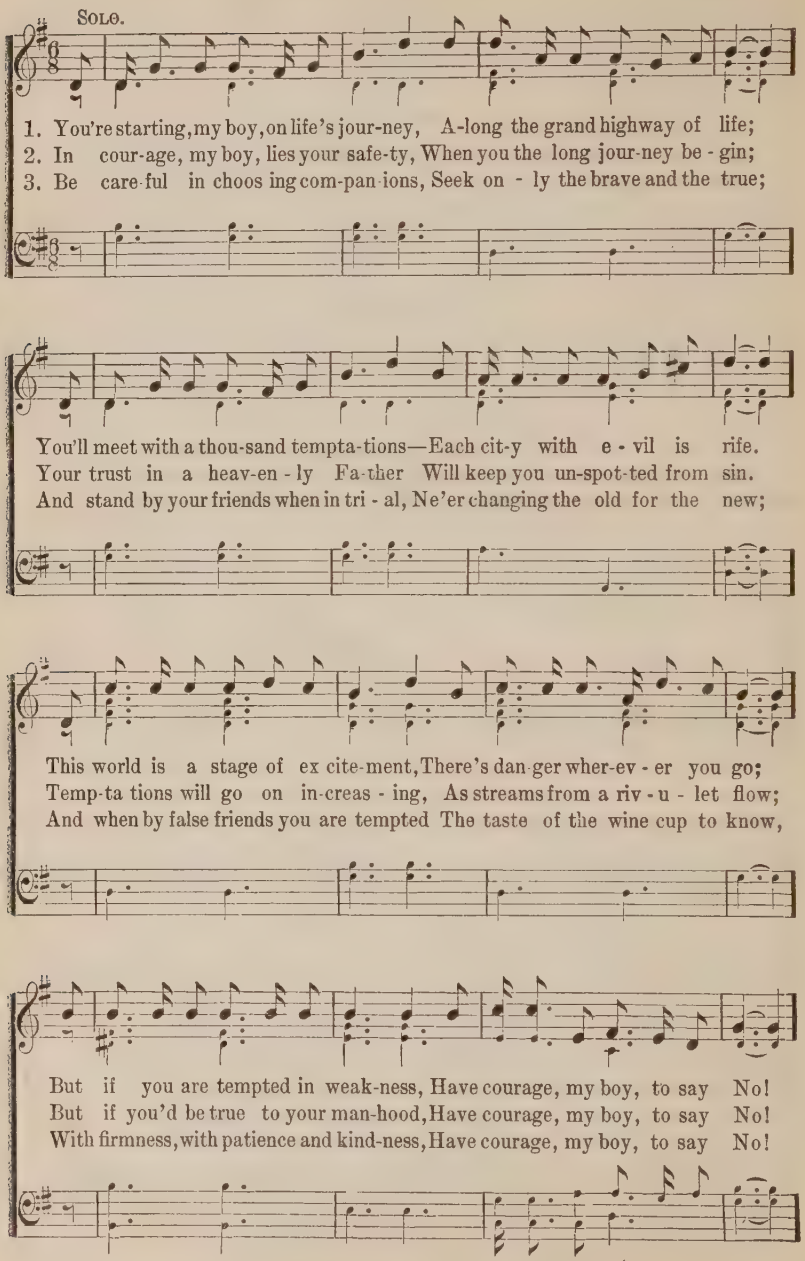
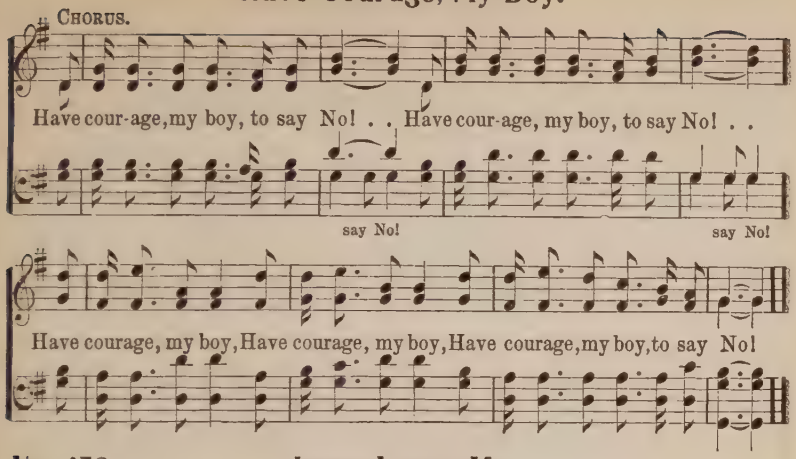
USED BY PER.

H. R. Palmer.

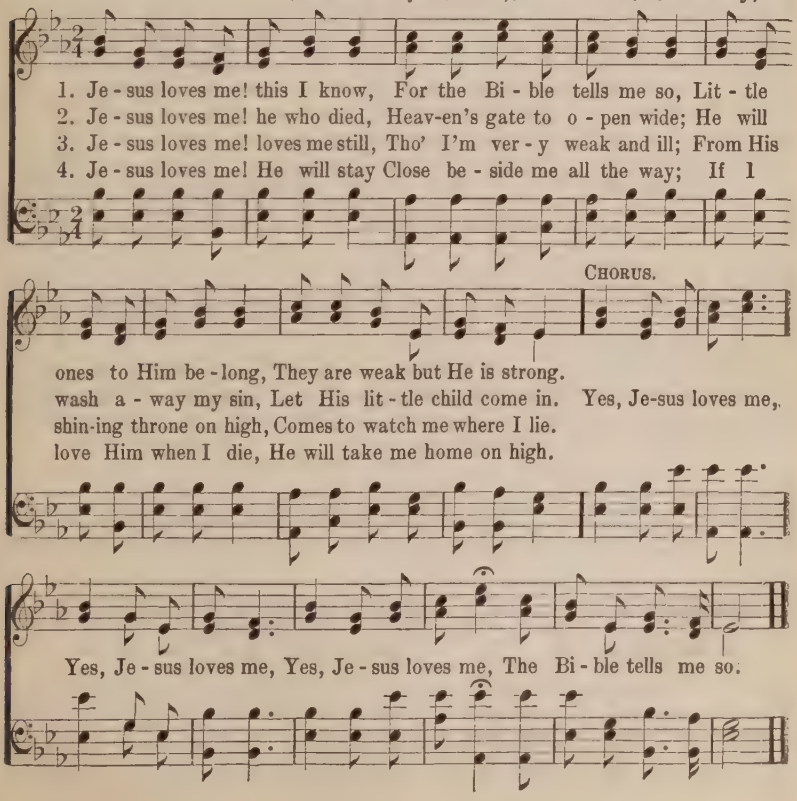


Have Courage, My Boy.



No. 152. Jesus Loves Me.

(The Favorite Hymn of China). Wm. B. Bradbury,



No. 153.

At the Cross.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON.
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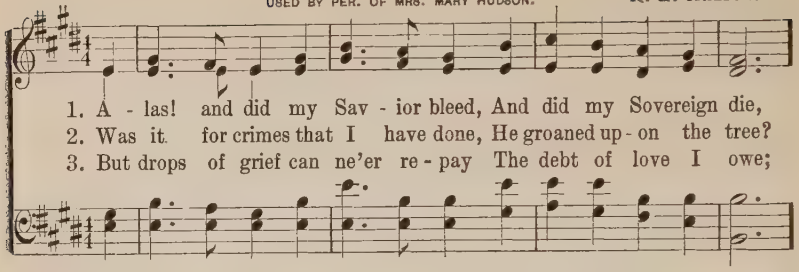
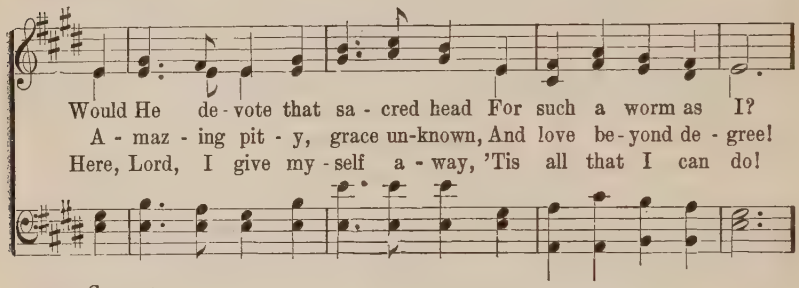
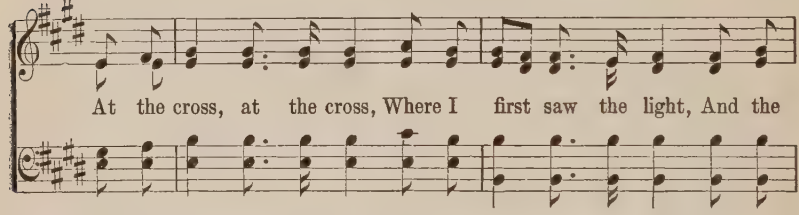
R. E. Hudson.



1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed, And did my Sovereign die,
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

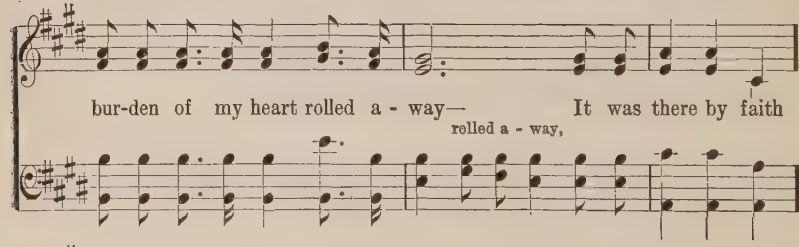


Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y, grace un-known, And love be - yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do!

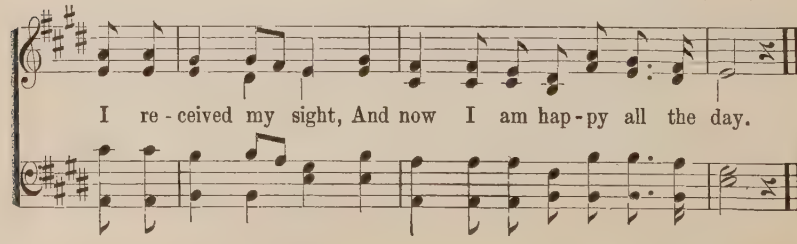


CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the



bur-den of my heart rolled a - way— It was there by faith
rolled a - way,



I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

No. 154.

Be Careful.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit-tle feet, be ver - y care - ful where you go, (where you go;)
2. Lit-tle hands, be ver - y care - ful what you do, (what you do;)
3. Lit-tle ears, be ver - y care - ful what you hear, (what you hear,)
4. Lit-tle hearts, be ver - y care - ful to be true, (to be true;)

As in life you dai - ly trav - el to and fro; (to and fro;)
Wrong or tho't - less ac - tions you will sure - ly rue; (you will rue;)
When the tempt-er whis - pers to you, dan-ger's near; (ver - y near;)
Love the Lord and He will sure - ly care for you; (care for you;)

Nev - er for a mo - ment stray from the straight and nar - row way,
In - to mis - chief nev - er go, for 'tis ver - y wrong you know,
Tho' he prom - ise ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry prom-ise is a sting!
Je - sus will not en - ter in where there is the least of sin,

Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle feet.
Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle hands.
Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle ears.
Oh, be care - ful, be care - ful, lit - tle hearts.

No. 155. The Best Friend is Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1898 BY P. P. BILHORN.
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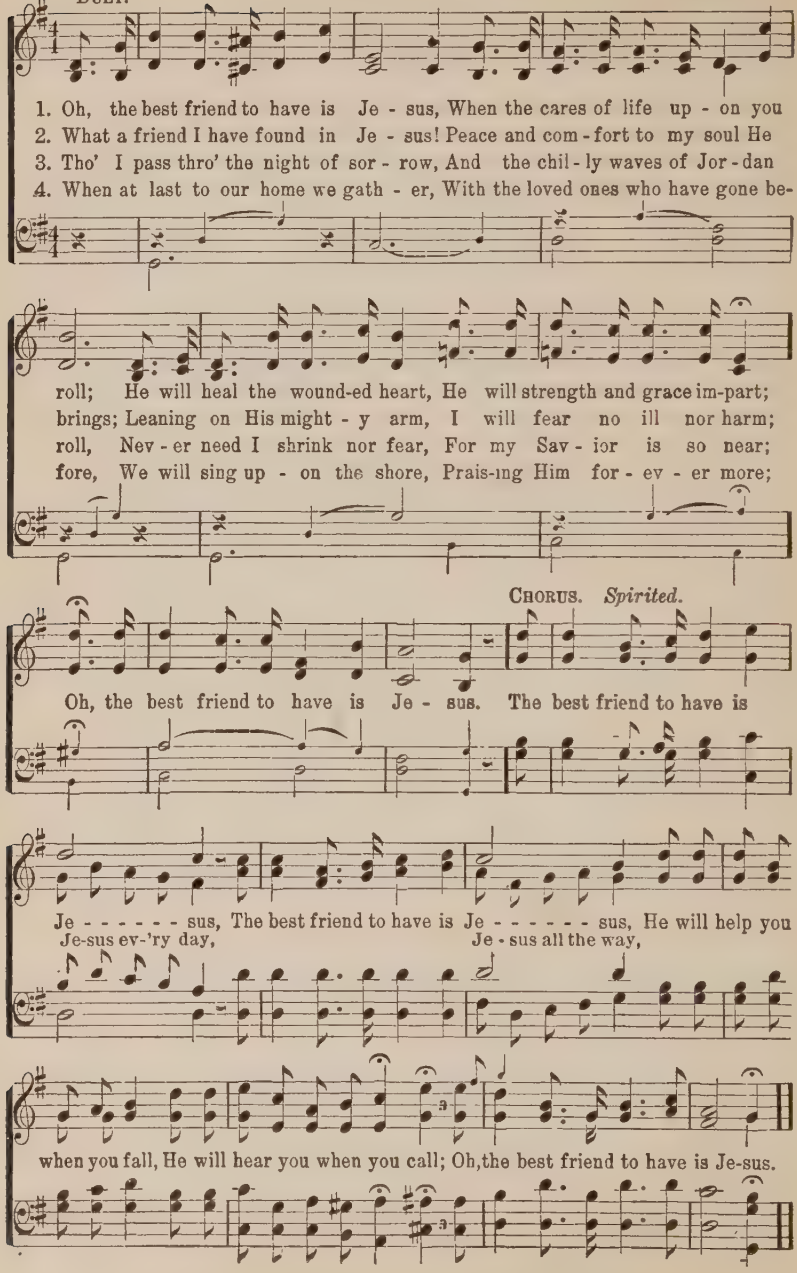
P. P. B.
DUET.

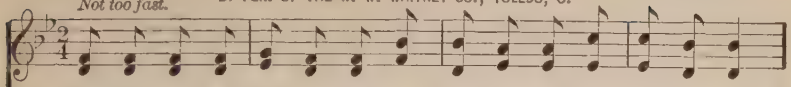
P. P. Bilhorn.



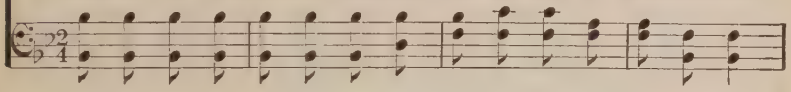
No. 156. Missionary Band.

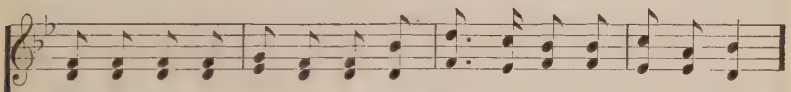
Mary Irene McLean. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY THE W. W. WHITNEY CO.
BY PER. OF THE W. W. WHITNEY CO., TOLEDO, O. A. F. Myers.

Not too fast.

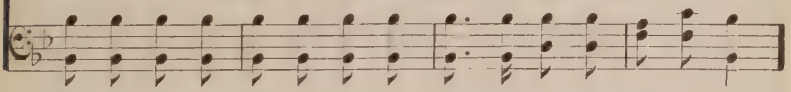


1. We are but a band of chil-dren, We are few and weak and small;
2. There are ma - ny lit - tle chil-dren, Far a - way, a - cross the sea,
3. So we want to send them teachers, Who will teach them how to pray
4. It was Je - sus died to save them, 'Twas for this to earth He came;
5. 'Tis the Bi - ble that will lead them From the dark-ness in - to light,
6. Cheer-ful - ly we give our pen-nies, And we like to give and plan,

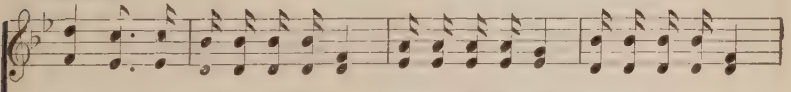




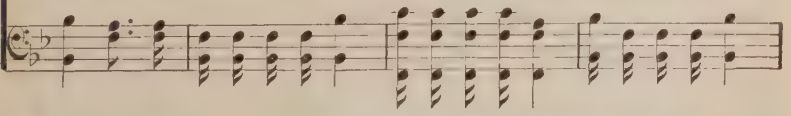
But we want to work for Je - sus, And there's work e-nough for all.
Who have nev - er heard of Je - sus, But to i - dols bend the knee.
To the dear and lov - ing Sav - ior, Who will wash their sins a - way.
He will make them pure and hap - py, When they learn to love His name.
And we all are glad to help them Break a - way from heath-en night.
For we are young mis sion - a - ries, Do - ing all the good we can.

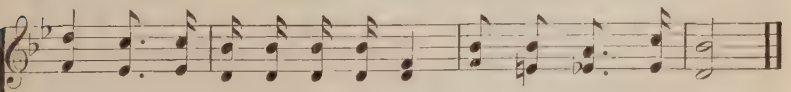


CHORUS.

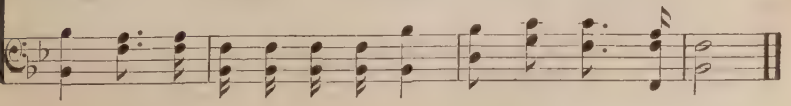


We are a mis-sion-a - ry band, Mis sion-a ry band, mis-sion-a - ry band;





We are a mis-sion - a - ry band, Do - ing all we can.



No. 157. Luther's Cradle Hymn.

Martin Luther. MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY HENRY DATE. USED BY PER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. A - way in a man - ger, No crib for His bed, The lit - tle Lord
2. The cat - tle are low - ing, The poor ba - by wakes, But lit - tle Lord
3. Be near me, Lord Je - sus, I ask Thee to stay Close by me for-

Je - sus Laid down His sweet head; The stars in the sky Looked
Je - sus, No cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, Look
ev - er, And love me, I pray; Bless all the dear chil - dren In

down where He lay, The lit - tle Lord Je - sus A - sleep in the hay.
down from the sky, And stay by my cra - dle To watch, lul - la - by.
Thy ten - der care, And take us to heav - en To live with Thee there.

No. 158. The Sweetest Story Ever Told.

Mrs. Jemima Luke. BY PER. O. DITSON & CO. J. C. Englebrecht.

1. I think when I read that sweet sto-ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong
2. I wish that His hands had been placed on my head, His arms had been thrown around
3. Yet still to His footstool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His
4. In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare, For all who are wash'd and for-

The Sweetest Story Ever Told.

men, How He called lit-tle chil-dren as lambs to His fold, I should
me; And that I might have seen His kind look when He said, "Let the
love; And if I now ear-nest-ly seek Him be-low, I shall
giv'n, And ma-ny dear chil-dren are gath-er-ing there, "For of

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

like to have been with them then. I should like to have been with them then,
lit-tle ones come un-to Me." "Let the lit-tle ones come un-to Me,"
see Him and hear Him a-bove. I shall see Him and hear Him a-bove,
such is the Kingdom of heav'n." "For of such is the King-dom of heav'n,"

No. 159. A Cradle Song.

I asked the editor of the "Advocate" to name the tune, and he answered: "The only tune we know for the "Cradle Song" is "Nettleton". This is the melody, that the mothers of two or three generations of children have crooned to their little ones and it is hard to see how more fitting notes could be wedded to the beautiful words." (NETTLETON,)

FINE. D. C.

[Many mothers lull their little ones with the first verse of the following poem, without knowing that the whole is one of the most beautiful Christmas hymns, and contains a lesson which will last through life, if it be sung repeatedly into the infant ear.—Editor "N. Y. Christian Advocate," Dec. 21. 1905.]

1 Hush! my dear, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

2 Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide,
All without thy care or payment
All thy wants are well supplied.

3 How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended,
And became a child like thee!

4 Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Savior lay;
When His birthplace was a stable,
And His softest bed was hay.

5 See the kindly shepherds 'round Him,
Telling wonders from the sky!
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His Virgin mother by.

6 See the lovely Babe a-dressing;
Lovely Infant how He smiled!
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy Child.

7 Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling! here's no danger!
Here's no ox a-near thy bed!

8 May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell forever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise.

9 I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts.

No. 160. His Yoke is Easy.

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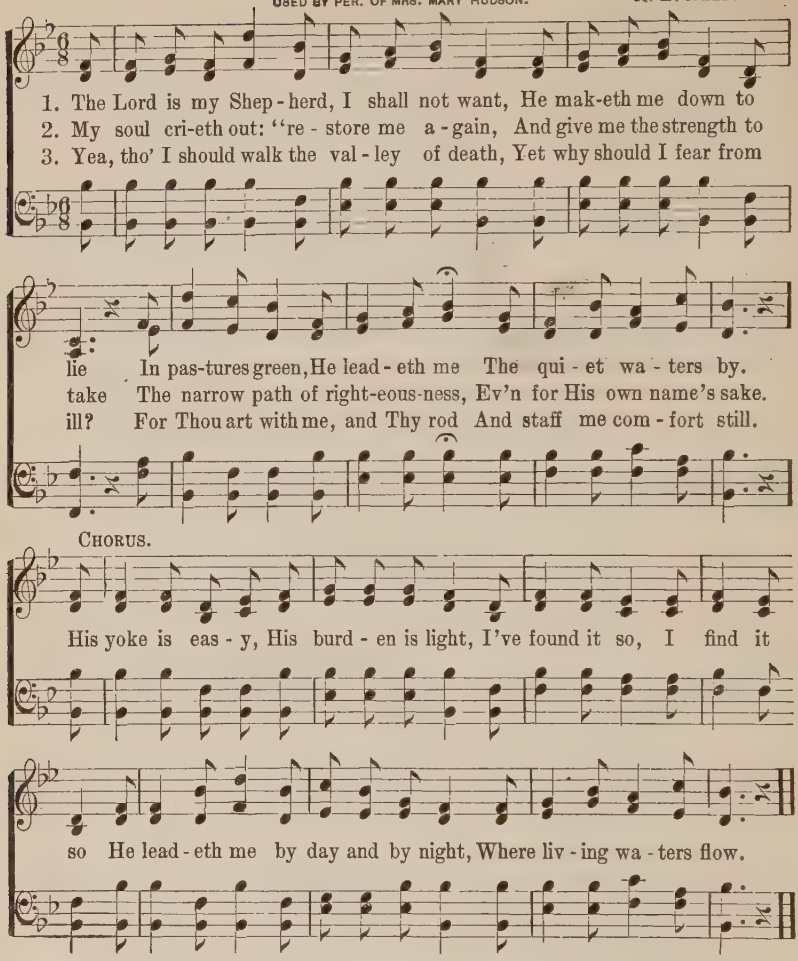
R. E. Hudson.



No. 161. Little Children, Love the Savior.

J. M.

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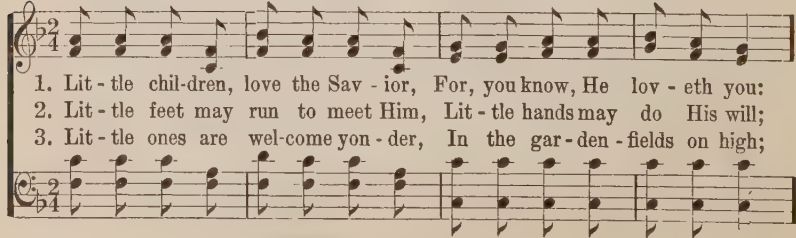
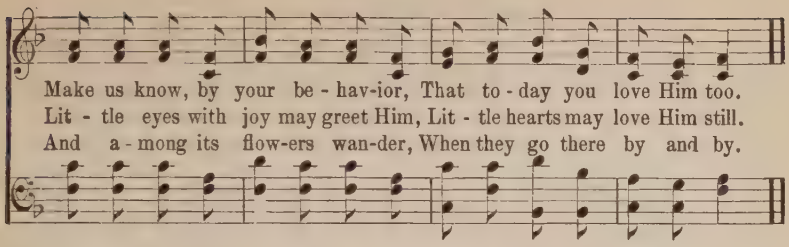
J. M.



Little Children, Love the Savior.



No. 162. Children May Come to the Savior.

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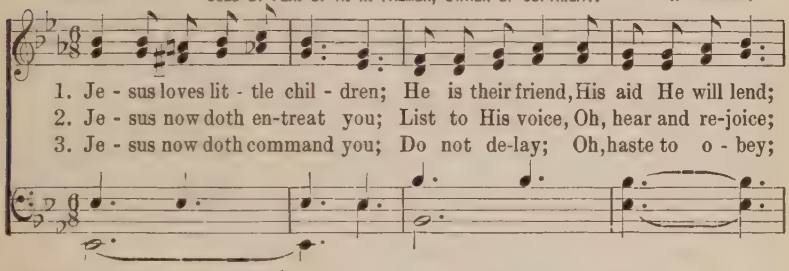
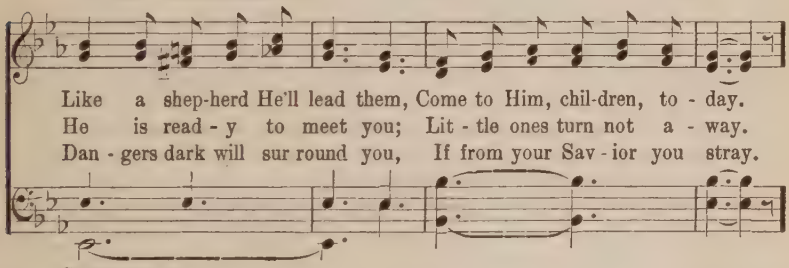
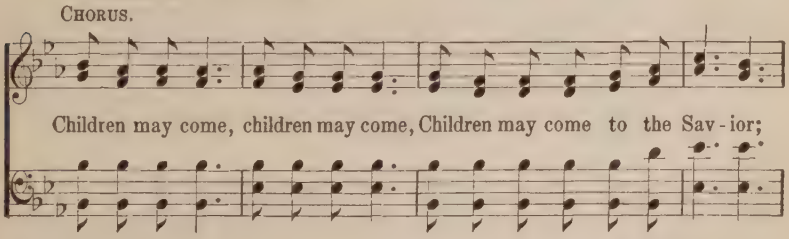
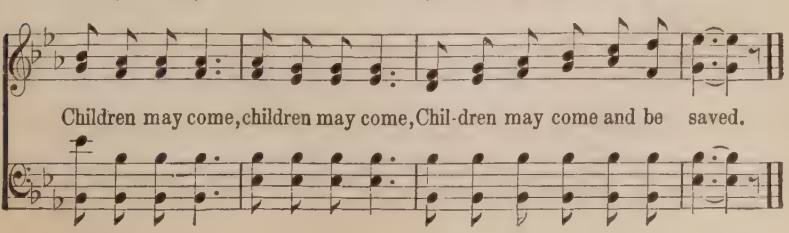




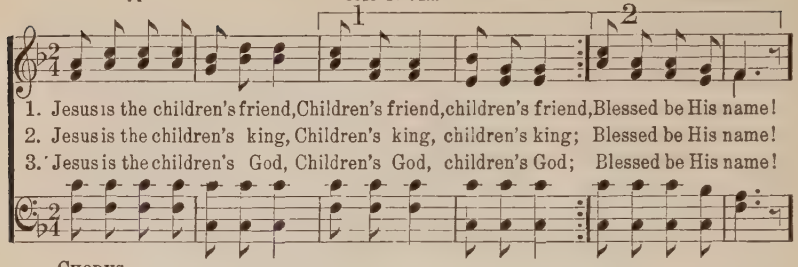
CHORUS.





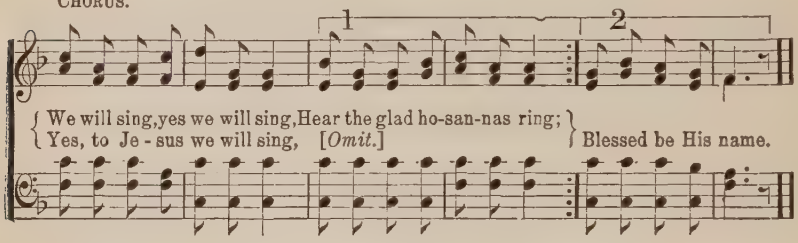
No. 163. The Children's Friend.

Wm. Appel. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY GEO. F. ROSCHE. USED BY PER. Geo. F. Rosche.



1. Jesus is the children's friend, Children's friend, children's friend, Blessed be His name!
2. Jesus is the children's king, Children's king, children's king; Blessed be His name!
3. Jesus is the children's God, Children's God, children's God; Blessed be His name!

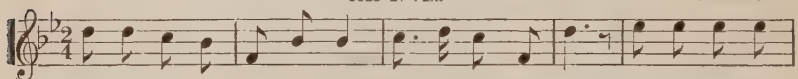
CHORUS.



{ We will sing, yes we will sing, Hear the glad ho-san-nas ring; }
{ Yes, to Je-sus we will sing, [*Omit.*] } Blessed be His name.

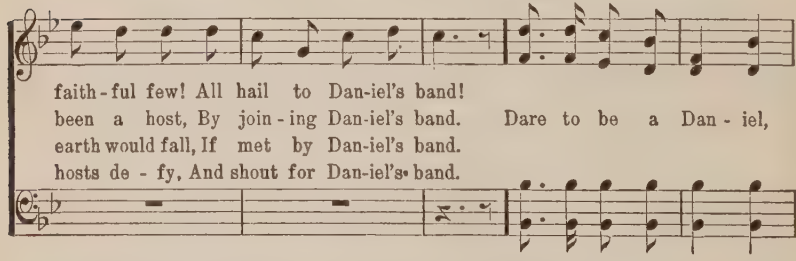
No. 164. Dare to Be a Daniel.

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PER. P. P. Bliss.



1. Standing by a pur-pose true, Heed-ing God's command, Hon-or them, the faith-ful few! All hail to Dan-iel's band!
2. Ma-ny might-y men are lost, Dar-ing not to stand, Who for God had been a host, By join-ing Dan-iel's band.
3. Ma-ny gi-ants, great and tall, Stalk-ing thro' the land, Head-long to the earth would fall, If met by Dan-iel's band.
4. Hold the gos'-pel ban-ner high! On to vic-t'ry grand! Sa-tan and his hosts de-fy, And shout for Dan-iel's band.

CHORUS.

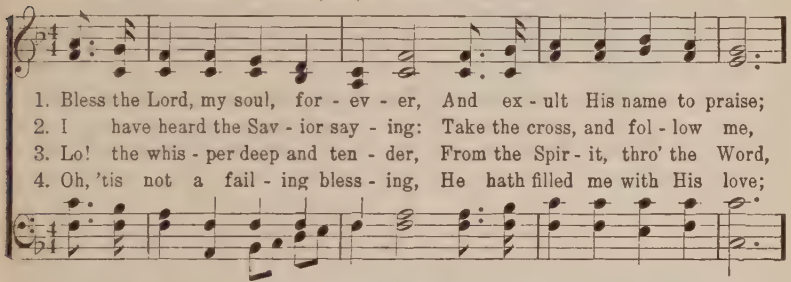


Dare to be a Dan-iel, Dare to stand a-lone! Dare to have a pur-pose firm! Dare to make it known!

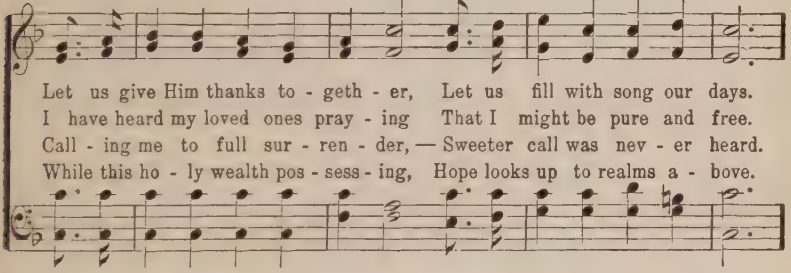
Prayer.

No. 165. Answered Prayer.

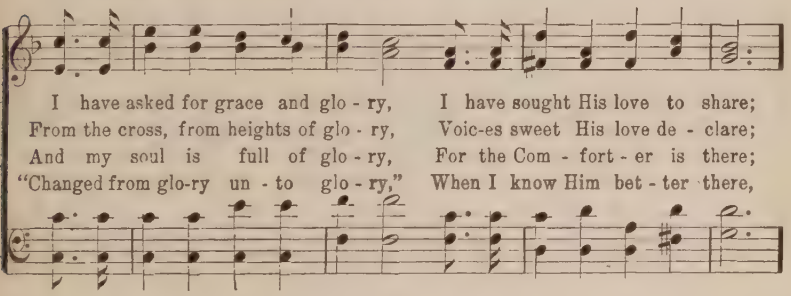
Rev. Henry Ostrom. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY OSTROM & HILLIS. USED BY PER. John P. Hillis.



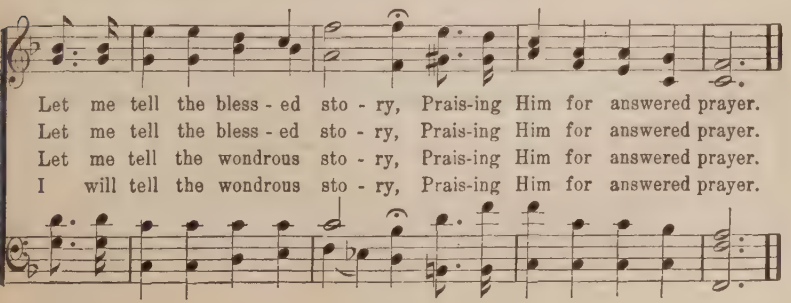
1. Bless the Lord, my soul, for - ev - er, And ex - ult His name to praise;
2. I have heard the Sav - ior say - ing: Take the cross, and fol - low me,
3. Lo! the whis - per deep and ten - der, From the Spir - it, thro' the Word,
4. Oh, 'tis not a fail - ing bless - ing, He hath filled me with His love;



Let us give Him thanks to - geth - er, Let us fill with song our days.
I have heard my loved ones pray - ing That I might be pure and free.
Call - ing me to full sur - ren - der, — Sweeter call was nev - er heard.
While this ho - ly wealth pos - sess - ing, Hope looks up to realms a - bove.



I have asked for grace and glo - ry, I have sought His love to share;
From the cross, from heights of glo - ry, Voic-es sweet His love de - clare;
And my soul is full of glo - ry, For the Com - fort - er is there;
"Changed from glo-ry un - to glo - ry," When I know Him bet - ter there,



Let me tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Prais-ing Him for answered prayer.
Let me tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Prais-ing Him for answered prayer.
Let me tell the wondrous sto - ry, Prais-ing Him for answered prayer.
I will tell the wondrous sto - ry, Prais-ing Him for answered prayer.

No. 166. 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

Fanny J. Crosby.

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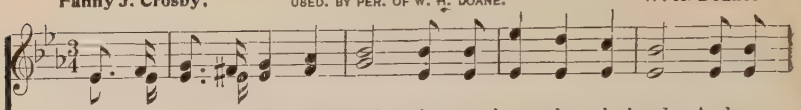
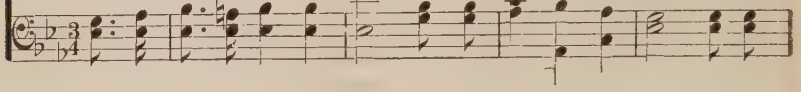
USED. BY PER. OF W. H. DOANE.

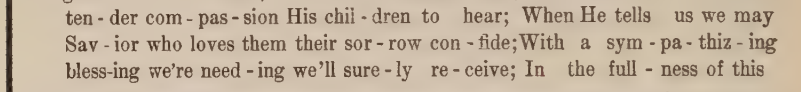
W. H. Doane.



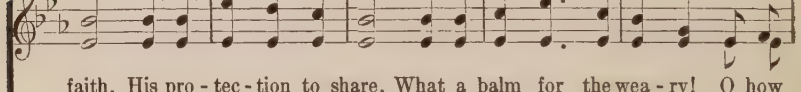
1. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when our hearts low - ly bend, And we
2. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the Sav - ior draws near, With a
3. 'Tis the bless - ed hour of pray'r, when the tempt ed and tried To the
4. At the bless - ed hour of pray'r, trust - ing Him, we be - lieve That the



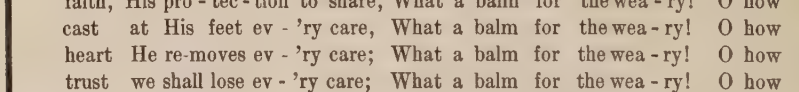
gath - er to Je - sus, our Sav - ior and Friend; If we come to Him in
ten - der com - pas - sion His chil - dren to hear; When He tells us we may
Sav - ior who loves them their sor - row con - fide; With a sym - pa - thiz - ing
bless-ing we're need - ing we'll sure - ly re - ceive; In the full - ness of this



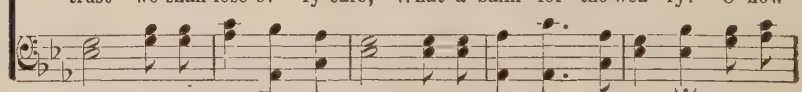
faith, His pro - tec - tion to share, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
cast at His feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
heart He re-moves ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how
trust we shall lose ev - 'ry care; What a balm for the wea - ry! O how



FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

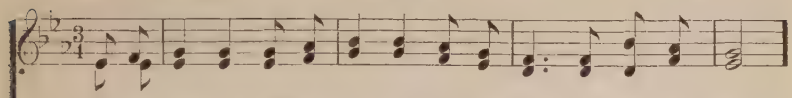


sweet to be there! Bless - ed hour of pray'r, bless - ed hour of pray'r;

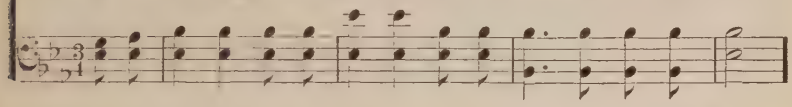


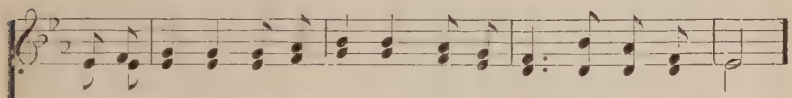
No. 167. Hear and Answer Prayer.

Fanny J, Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY WM. J KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

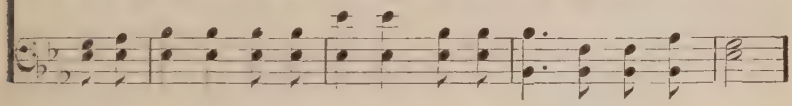


1. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav - ior, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav - ior, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray-ing to be humbled By the pow'r of grace di - vine,
4. I am pray-ing, bless-ed Sav - ior, And my con-stant pray'r shall be,

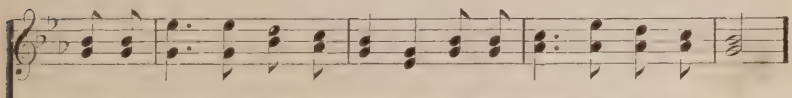




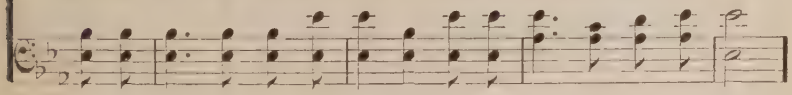
I am pray - ing that Thy Spir - it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see Thy glo - ry Thro' the deep - est, dark - est night.
To be clothed up on with meekness, And to have no will but Thine.
For a per - fect con - se - cra - tion, That shall make me more like Thee.

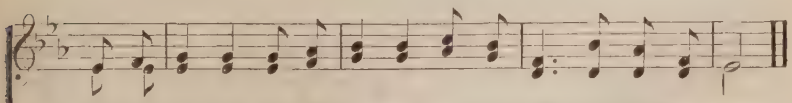


CHORUS.

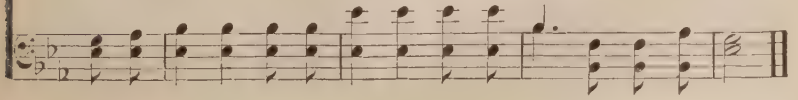


Thou who know - est all my weak-ness, Thou who know-est all my care,





While I plead each precious promise, Hear, oh, hear and an - swer pray'r.



No. 168. More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. J. R. SWENEY.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. More a bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His Word, Hold ing com-munion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;

:S: FINE.

More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.
Spir - it of God, my teach-er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
Hear - ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
More of His kingdom's sure increase; More of His com ing, Prince of peace.

D. S.–*More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

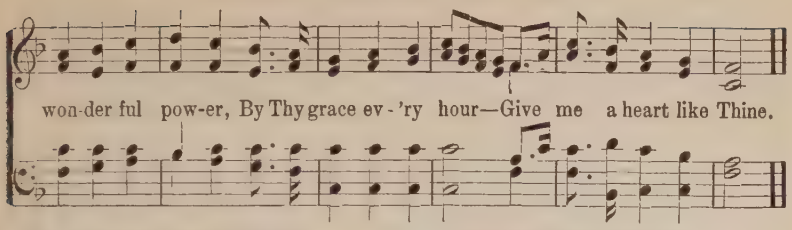
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;

No. 169. Give Me a Heart Like Thine.

Anon. Arranged.

1. Give me a heart like Thine, Give me a heart like Thine, By Thy

Give Me a Heart Like Thine.



2. Give me a love like Thine.
3. Give me a faith like Thine.
4. Give me a peace like Thine.
5. Give me a joy like Thine.

No. 170. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

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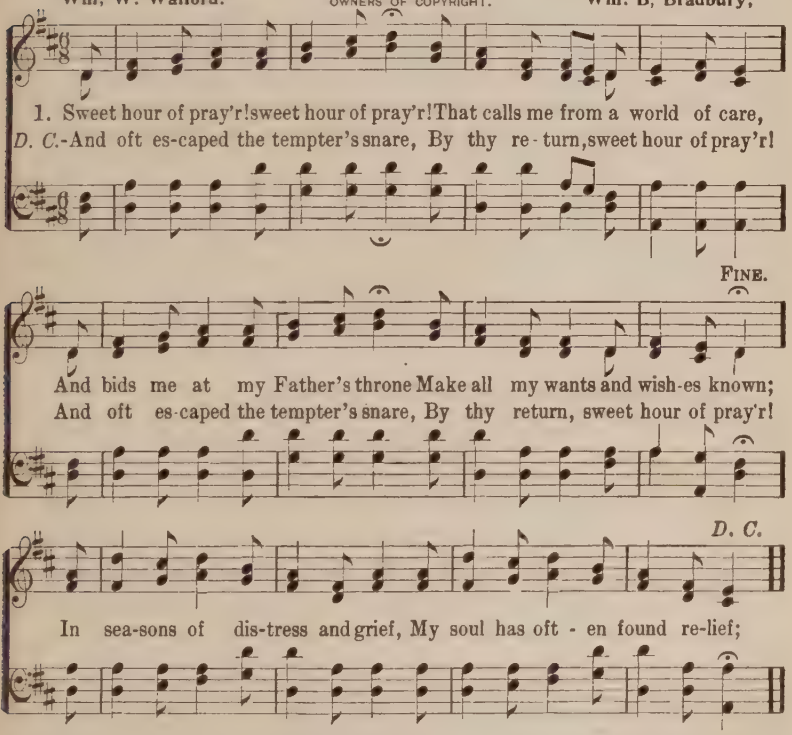
Wm, W: Walford: Wm. B, Bradbury,

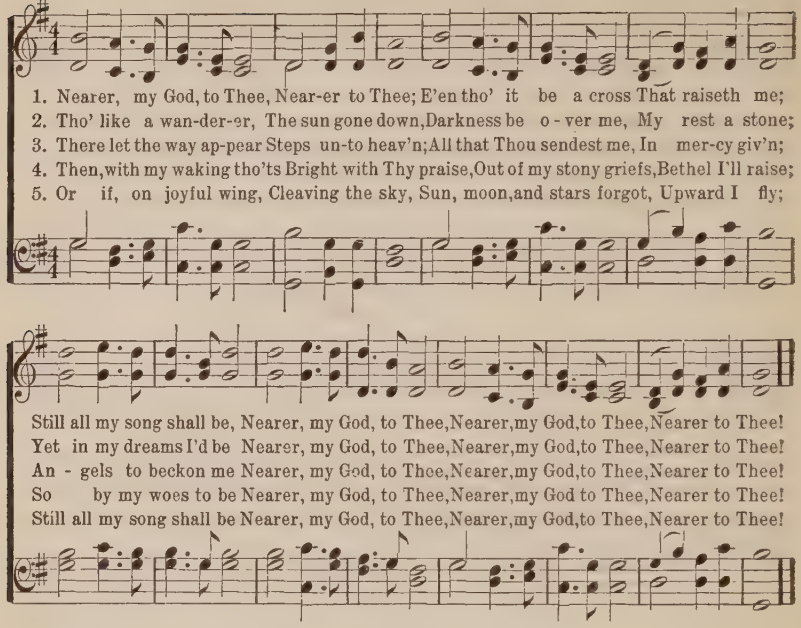


2 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word and trust His grace,
: I'll cast on Him my every care
And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r! :‖

3 Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r!
May I thy consolation share,
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
I view my home and take my flight;
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
‖: And shout, while passing through the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r! :‖

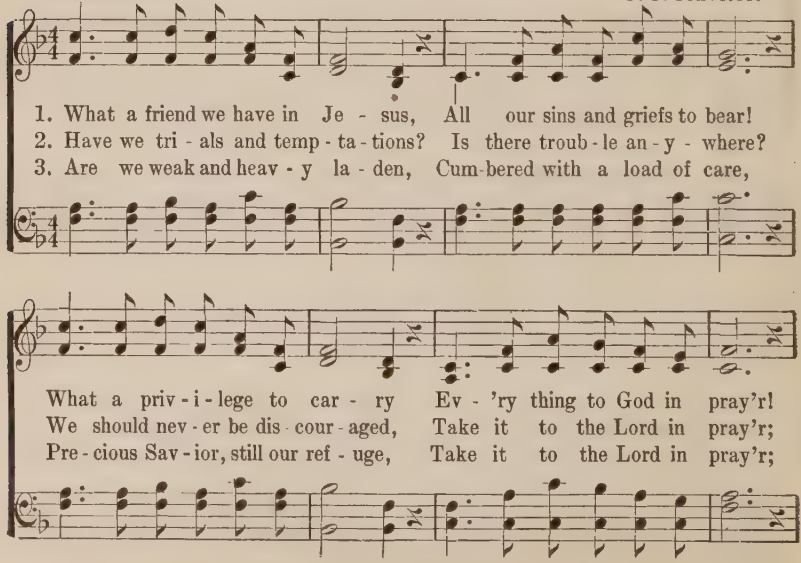
No. 171. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Sarah F. Adams. (BETHANY.) Lowell Mason.

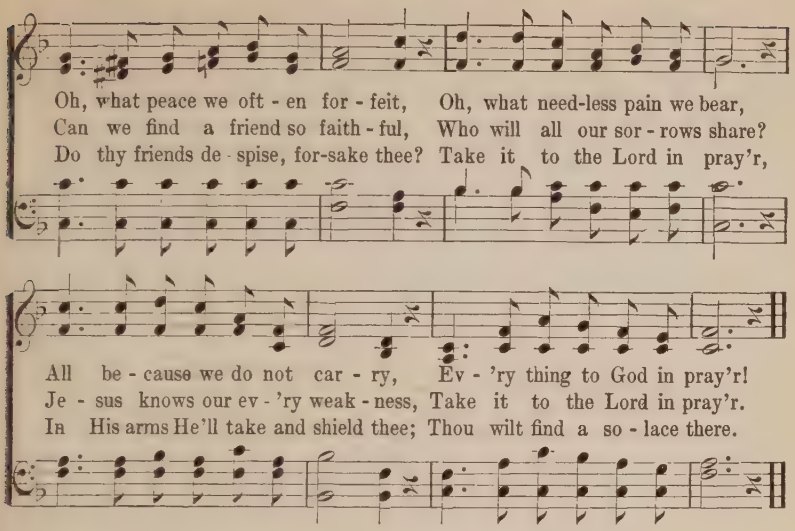


No. 172. What a Friend We Have in Jesus.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.

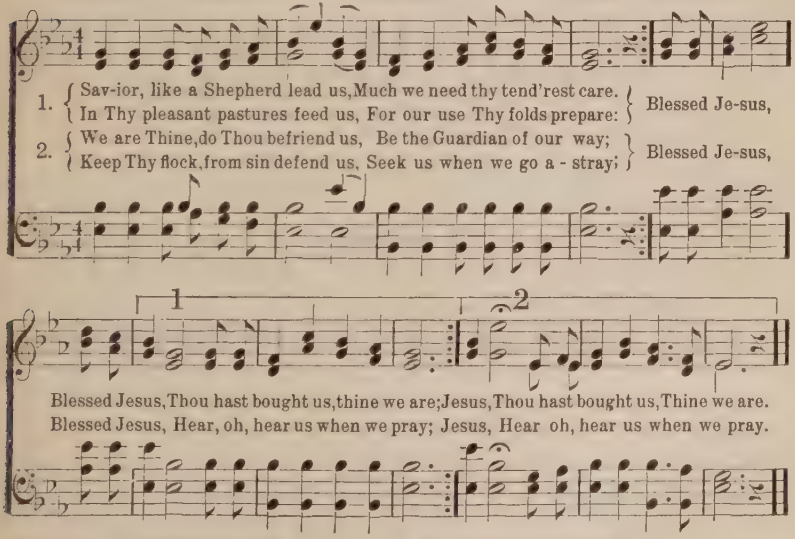


What a Friend We Have in Jesus.



No. 173. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. (RUSSELL.) **William B. Bradbury.**



3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 174. The Answer's on the Way.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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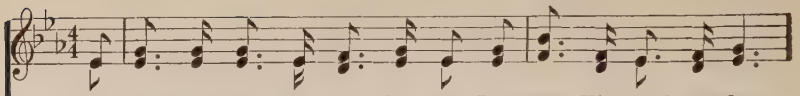
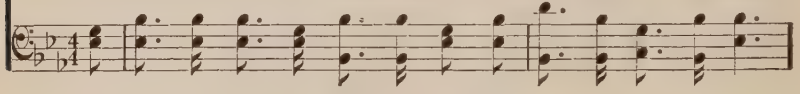
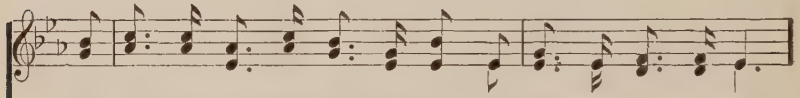
USED BY PER.

Rev. D. W. Myland

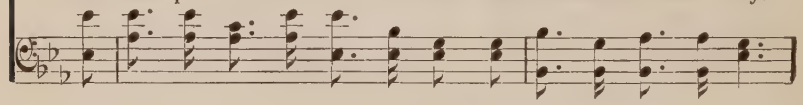


1. No long - er doubt God's prom-ise true, But trust His word to - day,
2. And if our hearts con - demn us not, With con - fi - dence we pray,
3. And as we pray, if we be-lieve, We shall, tho' He de - lay,
4. Then let us with our Fath-er plead For souls that are as - tray,
5. Ac - cord - ing to His bless-ed will If we will al - ways pray,

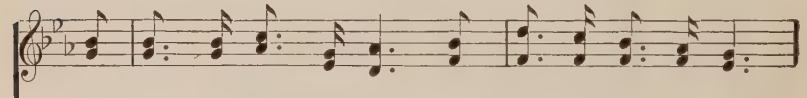




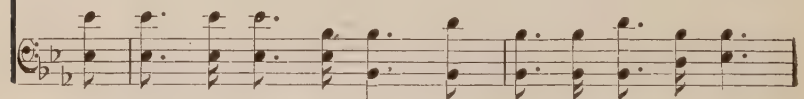
What He hath prom ised He will do, The an-swer's on the way.
How bless - ed our ap - point - ed lot! The an-swer's on the way.
"Ac - cord - ing to our faith" re - ceive; The an-swer's on the way.
And He a - gain these sheep will lead; The an-swer's on the way.
Each true pe - ti - tion to ful - fil The an-swer's on the way.

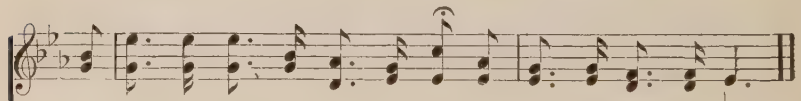


CHORUS.

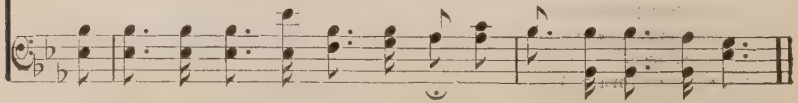


The an-swer's on the way, When in God's will we pray;



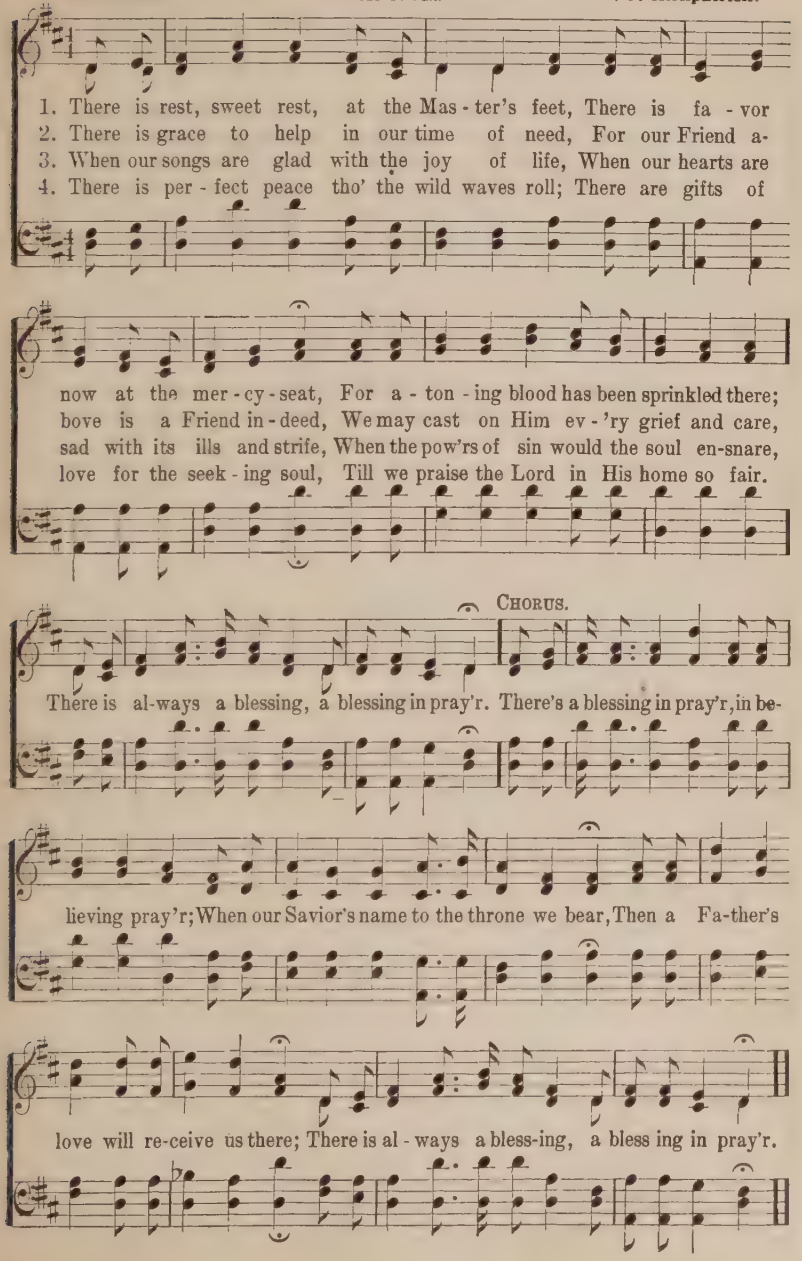


All glo - ry to our faith - ful Lord; The an-swer's on the way.



No. 175. A Blessing in Prayer.

E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



No. 176. Pray On and Trust On.

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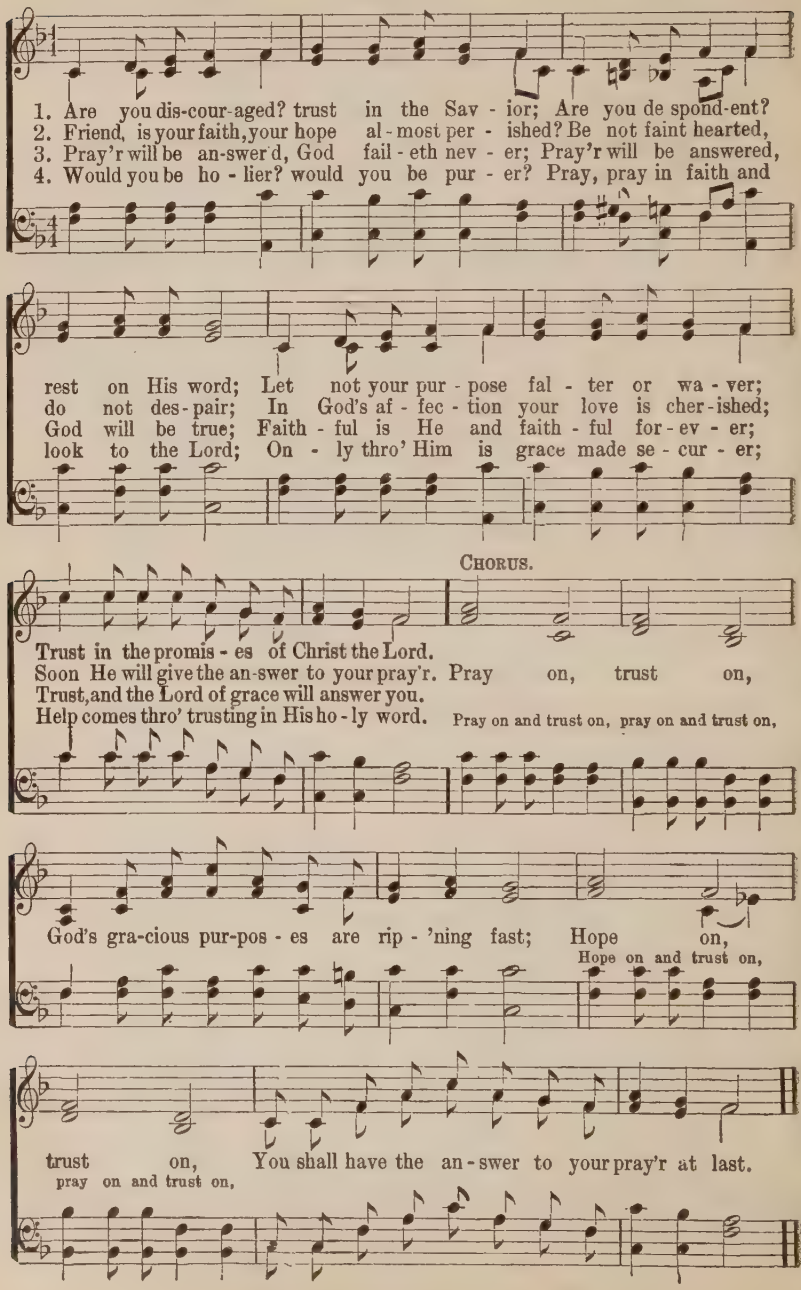
E. A. H. Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



Holy Spirit.

No. 177. The Pentecostal Power.

J. O. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY J. O. STUTSMAN.
USED BY PER.

Rev. J. O. Stutsman.

1. Lord, give us now the sa - cred pow'r They had at Pen - te-cost,
2. We give our-selves in - to Thy care, Our time, our strength, our all;
3. Come now and pu - ri - fy each heart, And strengthen ev - 'ry mind,
4. I feel the Spir - it in my soul, He cleans - es me from sin;
5. I'll do Thy will with heart sin - cere, Thy glo - rious work be - gin;

In-crease our love for Thee this hour, That we may save the lost.
We will be Thine; O hear our prayer And let Thy Spir - it fall.
That ev - 'ry one may do His part In this great work of Thine.
O praise His name! He makes me whole, And gives me peace with - in.
I'll face the world with - out a fear, With Pen - te - cost with - in.

CHORUS.

O sa - cred fire of love di - vine, Con-sume the dross and make us

Thine; Fill ev - 'ry soul, and give us pow'r, The Pen-te - cost - al pow'r.

No. 178. Old Time Power.

As sung by Chas. M. Alexander.

COPYRIGHT BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
USED BY PER.

C. D. T. Charlie D. Tillman, Arr.

1. They were in an up - per cham - ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
2. Yes, this pow'r from heav'n de - scend-ed As the sound of rush - ing wind;
3. Yes, this "old - time" pow'r was giv - en To our fa - thers who were true;

When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
Tongues of fire came down up - on them, As the Lord said He would send.
This is prom-ised to be - liev - ers, And we all may have it too.

CHORUS.

O Lord, send the pow'r just now, O Lord, send the pow'r just now;

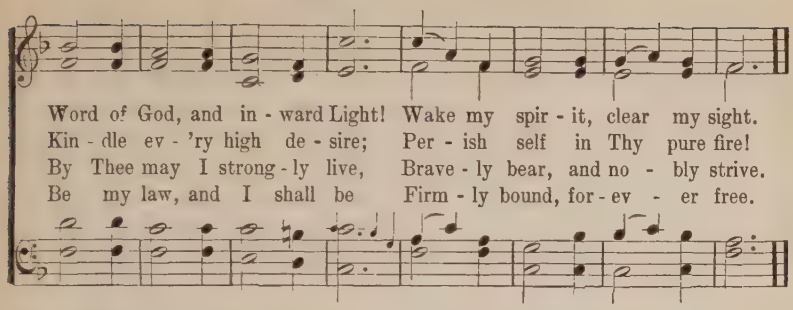
O Lord, send the pow'r just now, And bap - tize ev - 'ry one!

No. 179. Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.

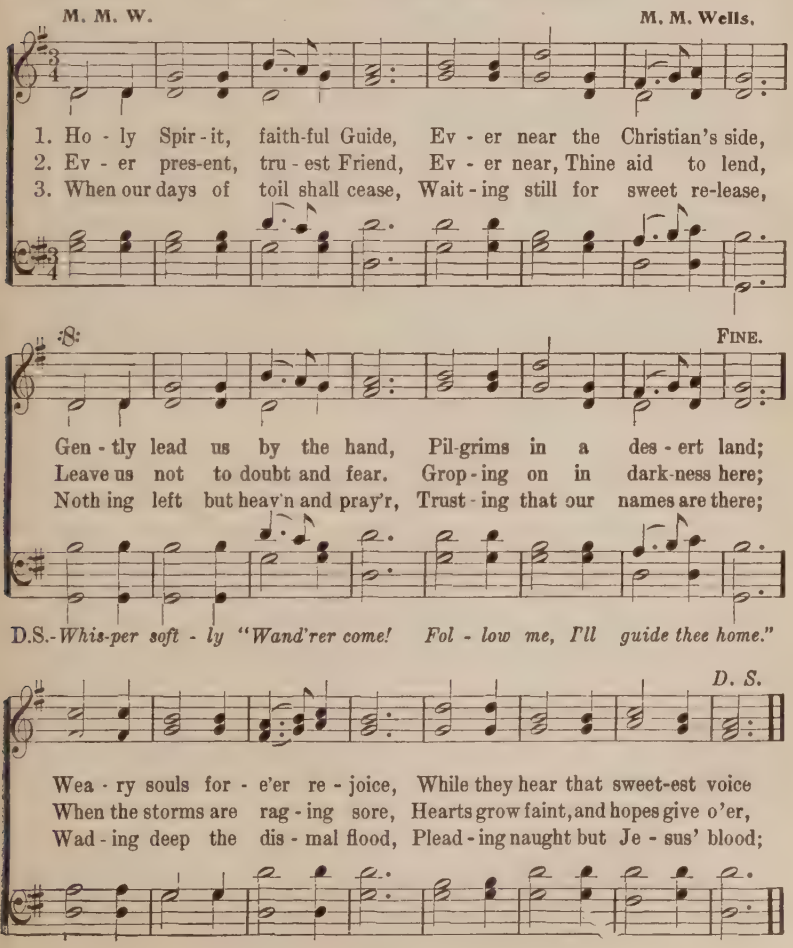
Samuel Longfellow. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine! Dawn up - on this soul of mine;
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine! Glow with - in this heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Pow'r di - vine! Fill and nerve this will of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine! King with - in my conscience reign:

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine.



No. 180. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.



No. 181. It Is for Us All To-day.

L. L. P.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY L. L. PICKETT.
USED BY PER.

L. L. Pickett.

1. Have you ev - er felt the pow - er Of the Pen - te - cos - tal fire
2. Je - sus of - fers this blest cleans-ing Un - to all His chil - dren dear,
3. Some have tho't they could not live it While they dwell on earth be - low,
4. You may now re - ceive the Spir - it As a sanc - ti - fy - ing flame,

Burn - ing up all car - nal na - ture, Cleans - ing out all base de - sire,
Ful - ly, free - ly pu - ri - fy - ing, Ban - ish - ing all doubt and fear;
But in this they were mis - tak - en, For the Bi - ble tells us so;
If with all your heart you seek Him, Hav - ing faith in Je - sus' name;

Go - ing thro' and thro' your spir - it Cleans - ing all its stain a - way?
It will help you, O my broth - er, When you sing and when you pray;
And the Spir - it now is with us, He can keep us all the way;
On the cross He bought this bless - ing, He will nev - er say us Nay;

Oh, I'm glad, so glad to tell you It is for us all to-day.
He is wait - ing now to give it, It is for us all to-day.
Then by faith why not re - ceive it, It is for us all to-day,
He is wait - ing now to give it, Why not claim it, friend, to-day?

CHORUS.

It is for. . . . . us all to - day, ... If we
It is for us all, for us all to-day,

It Is for Us All Today.

trust . . . . . and tru - ly pray; Con-se-crate to Christ your all,
If we trust and pray, if we tru - ly trust and pray;

And up - on the Sav-ior call; Praise God, it is for us all to - day.
to - day.

No. 182. Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes. COPYRIGHT, 1879 BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PER. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it, Bathe my tremb - ling heart and brow;
2. Thou canst fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can not tell Thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness, At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

:S: FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di-vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com-fort-ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D. S. *Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus come and fill me now;

No. 183. Breathe Upon Us.

R. K. C.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
USED BY PER.

R. Kelso Carter.

Slow,

1. Breathe up - on us, Lord, from heaven, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;
2. While the Spir - it hov - ers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts, we pray;
3. From all sin grant us re - demp - tion, Wash us in the cleans-ing flood;
4. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high - er, From the car - nal mind set free;

Prom - ise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.
To Thine im-age, Lord, re - store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.
Let us know the full re-demp-tion Purchased for us by the blood.
Fill us with re - fin - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.

Rit.

Breathe up - on us, Breathe up - on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire;

Breathe up - on us, Breathe up - on us, Lord, bap-tize us now with fire.

No. 184. The Old-Time Power.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY H. L. GILMOUR
USED BY PER.

L. E. Jones.

1. { We come, dear Lord, in faith to Thee, Our hearts of one ac - cord; }
   { We seek an - oth - er Pen - te - cost, Be - liev - ing (*Omit.*) } in Thy word.
2. { We would be fit - ted, Lord, to do Thy serv - ice day by day; }
   { To be a mes-sen-ger of Thine To souls in (*Omit.*) } sin a - stray.

The Old Time Power.

CHORUS.

1 2

{ The old time pow'r is here this hour, Promised at the Pen-te-cost;
{ The old time pow'r is here this hour, "Receive ye the *Omit.* } Holy Ghost."

3 O send the Holy Ghost divine
To cleanse our hearts from sin;
And give us pow'r, that we may go
The lost of earth to win.

4 Our Savior in the upper room
Breathed on His chosen few,
Saying, "Receive the Holy Ghost,
And pow'r will come to you."

No. 185. Holy Spirit, Dwell in Me.

E. S. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.
USED BY PER.

Effie S. Black.

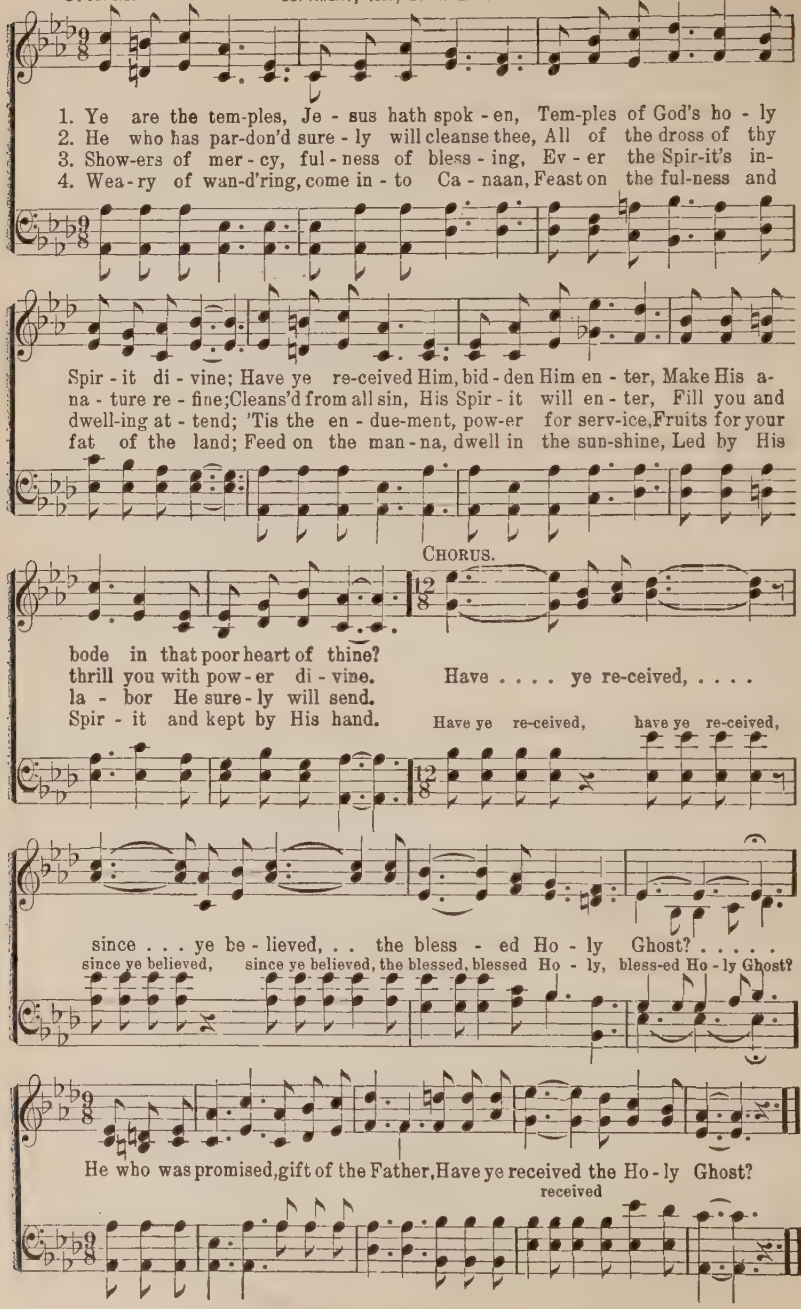
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Teach mine err - ing feet the way; As I
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Fill my heart with Thy rich grace; Let me
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, dwell in me, Till life's night has passed a - way, When with

jour - ney here be - low, Guide me ev - 'ry day; Show me what I ought to do,
all the beau - ty see In my Sav - ior's face, Till at last His life shall be,
rapt - ure I shall wake In e - ter - nal day; I shall dwell with Christ my Lord,

Help me shun the wrong; In this va - ried chain of life Make the weak link strong.
Mir rored in mine own, And the likeness God can see To His own dear Son.
In our heav'n-ly home, And He will present me then Fault - less at the throne.

No. 186. Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. L. GILMOUR. Mrs. C. H. Morris.



No. 187. How the Fire Fell.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
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Miriam E. Oatman.

1. O I love to tell the bless - ed sto - ry, Since the Lord
2. All my doubts and fears are gone for - ev - er, Since the Lord
3. To the world no more my heart is turn - ing, Since the Lord
4. There's a crown a - wait - ing me in heav - en, Since the Lord

sanc - ti - fied me; For my soul re - ceived a flood of glo - ry,
sanc - ti - fied me; For His peace flow'd o'er me like a riv - er,
sanc - ti - fied me; For on me His Spir - it fell with burn - ing,
sanc - ti - fied me; For a heart made clean to me was giv - en,

CHORUS.

When the Lord sanc - ti - fied me. O I nev - er can for - get how the

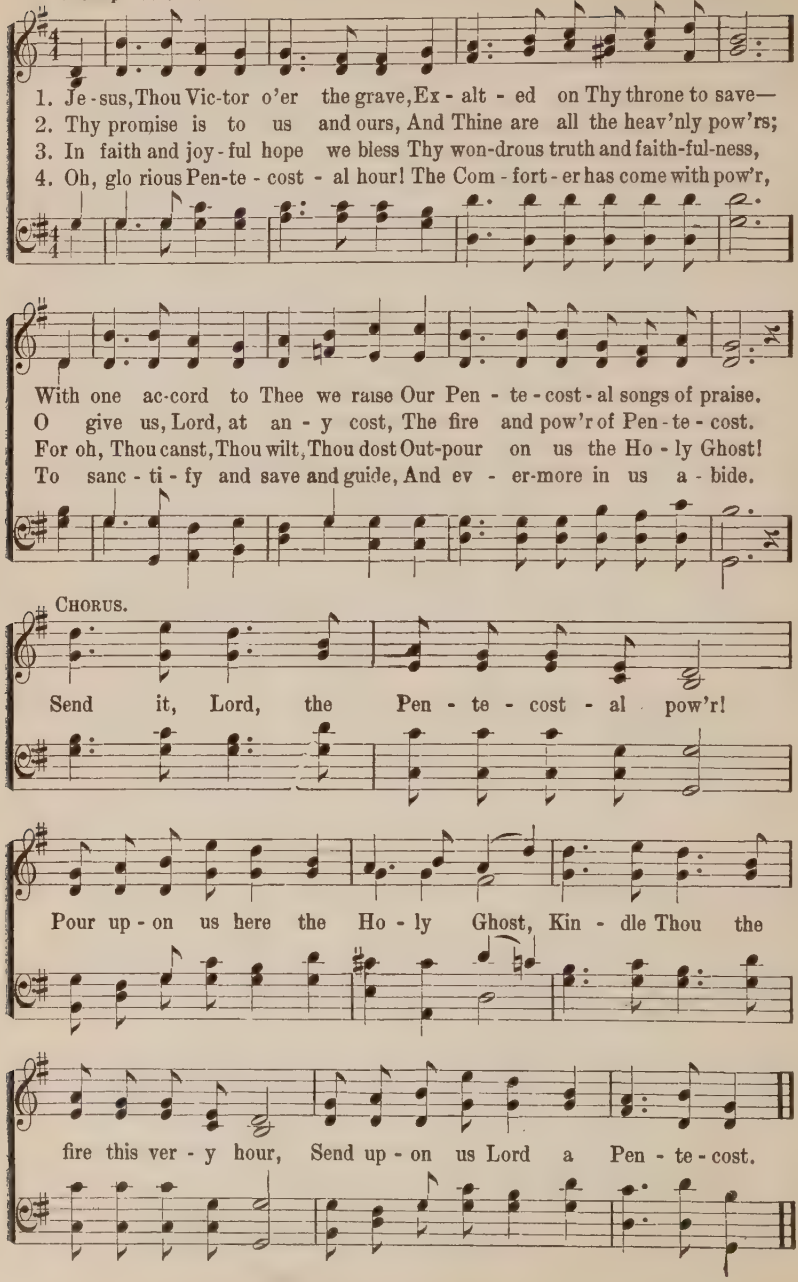
fire fell, How the fire fell, how the fire fell, O I

nev - er can for - get how the fire fell, When the Lord sanc - ti - fied me.

No. 188. Our Pentecost.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY W. ELMER BAILEY.

Bishop H. B. Hartzler. Chas. H. Gabriel.



No. 189. Let the Holy Ghost Come In.

(Companion to "Let a Little Sunshine In.")

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY C. E. ROWLEY.
USED BY PER.

R. F. Reynolds. C. E. Rowley.

Rather slow.

1. Would you be re-deem'd from ev - 'ry in - born sin, Have the Ho - ly Spir - it
2. Would you have the Spir - it in your heart to cheer? Would you be re-lieved from
3. Do you want the "fire of God" to fill your soul, Burn up all the dross, and
4. Do you want the "pow'r" to make you true and brave, So that you can res - cue

con - stant - ly with - in? Make the con - se-cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
ev - 'ry doubt and fear? Make the con - se cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
sanc - ti - fy the whole? Make the con - se-cra - tion, trust in God, and then,
those that Christ would save? Make the con - se-cra - tion, trust in God, and then,

REFRAIN.

Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in. Let the Ho - ly Ghost come
come in.

in, Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in; Make the con - se-
come in, come in;

cra - tion, trust in God, and then, Let the Ho - ly Ghost come in.
come in.

No. 190. The Comforter Has Come.

F. Bottome.

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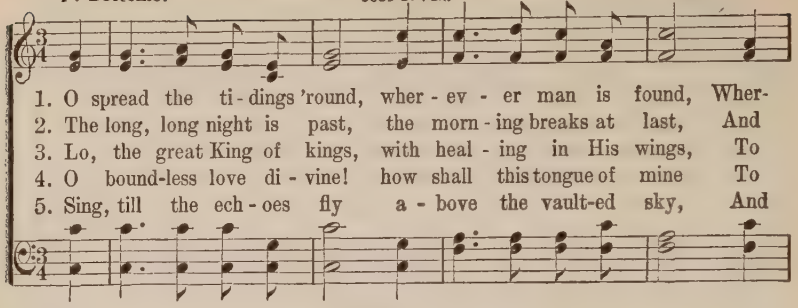
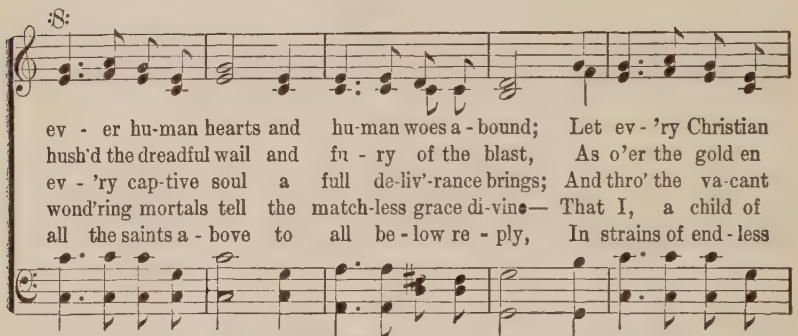
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



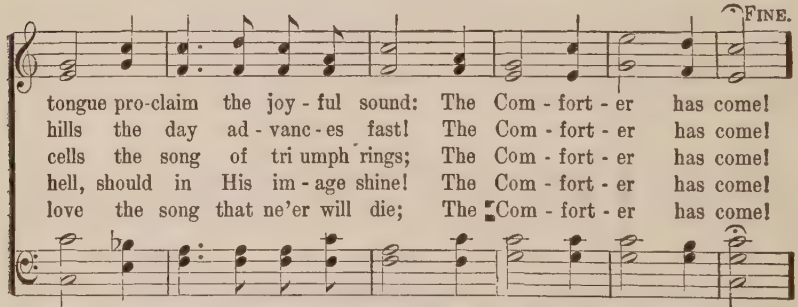
1. O spread the ti - dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



:S:

ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold en
ev - 'ry cap-tive soul a full de-liv'-rance brings; And thro' the va-cant
wond'ring mortals tell the match-less grace di-vine— That I, a child of
all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less

D.S.-*Ho-ly Ghost from heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; O spread the tidings*

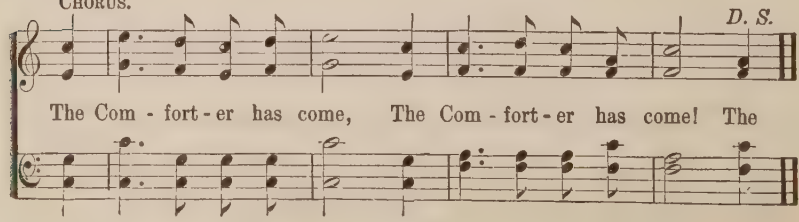


FINE.

tongue pro-claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
cells the song of tri umph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
love the song that ne'er will die; The Com - fort - er has come!

'round, Wher - ev - er man is found— The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.



D. S.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

No. 191. Savior, More than Life.

Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

W. H. Doane.

1. Sav-ior, more than life to me, I am cling ing, cling-ing close to Thee;
2. Thro' this chang ing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

Let Thy pre cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, bright-er world a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleans - ing
Ev - 'ry day and hour, ev - 'ry day and hour,

pow'r; May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

No. 192. There is Power in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

L. E. J, L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from your bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your pas-sion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit - er, much whit-er than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans ing to cal - va - ry's tide,
pow'r in the blood; Sins stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow,
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is pow'r,

Wonder - working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
in the blood of the Lamb,

pow'r, pow'r, wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 193. The Blood is All My Plea.

Rev. F. C. Baker. COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. F. Miller.

1. I knew that God in His Word had spoken, The pow'r of sin can all be bro - ken, The heart held cap - tive yet be free
2. Must I go on in sin and sorrow, To - day in sun - shine, clouds to - mor - row? First I'm sin - ning, then re - pent - ing,
3. With an-guish wrung, I cried, my Lord, Is there not pow'r in Je - sus' blood To make in me a per - fect cure?
4. Oh, yes, my love will take you in, The blood will cleanse you from all sin, Will wash a - way your guilt - y stains,
5. And there I stand this ver - y hour, Kept by Al-might - y keep - ing pow'r, Temp - ta - tions come, the blood's my plea,

CHORUS.

Lord, is this bless - ing not for me?
Now I'm stub-born, then re - lent-ing.
To cleanse my heart and keep it pure? The blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lu - jah! it cleans - eth me; The
And cleanse till not one spot re - mains.
The precious blood now cleans-es me.
blood, the blood is all my plea, Hal - le - lu - jah! it cleans-eth me.

No. 194. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. BY PERMISSION. Wm. G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for-
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
3. Lord Je - sus, for this, I must hum - bly en-treat, I wait, bless-ed

ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what-
Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleans-ing, I

out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
ev - er I know, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.
see Thy blood flow, Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

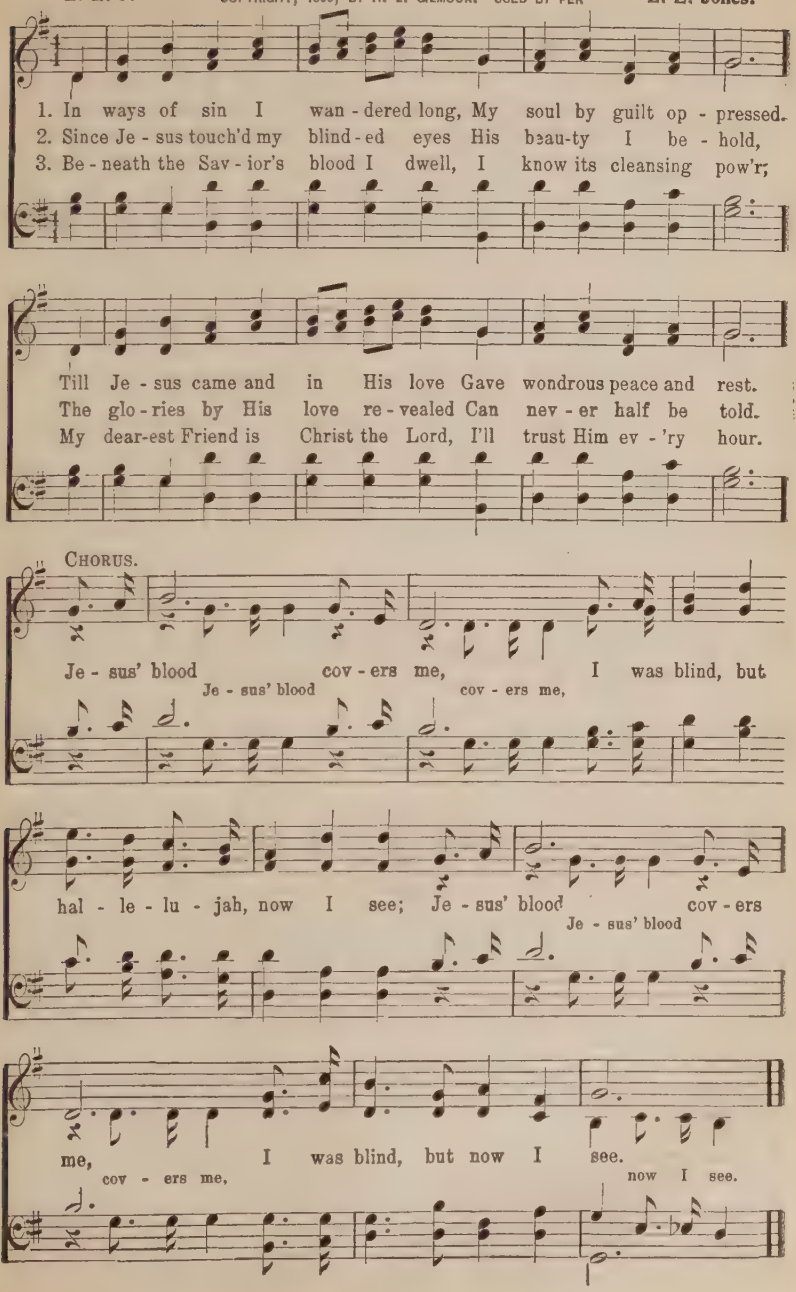
CHORUS.

Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now

wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

No. 195. Jesus' Blood Covers Me.

L. E. J. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR. USED BY PER L. E. Jones.



No. 196. The Hallowed Cross.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. The cross! the cross! the blood stain'd cross! The hal-lowed cross I see!
2. That cross! the cross! the heav - y cross, My Sav - ior bore for me;
3. How light! how light! this pre - cious cross, Pre - sent - ed to my view;
4. The crown! the crown! the glo - rious crown! The crown of vic - to - ry!
5. My tears, un - bid - den, seem to flow For love, un-bound-ed love,

Re - mind - ing me of pre - cious blood, That once was shed for me.
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief, On sad Mount Cal - va - ry.
And while, with care, I take it up, Be - hold the crown my due.
The crown of life! it shall be mine, When I shall Je - sus see.
Which guides me thro' this world of woe, And points to joys a - bove.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blood! the pre - cious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,

ritard.

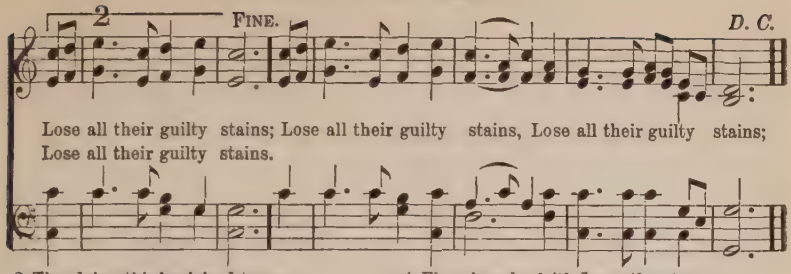
Up - on the cross in crim - son flood, Just now by faith I see,

No. 197. There is a Fountain.

William Cowper, Unknown.

1. { There is a fount-ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man-uel's veins,
And sin - ners, plung'd be - neath that flood, ... }
D. C.-And sin - ners, plung'd be - neath that flood, ...

There is a Fountain.



2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue,
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 198. There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

Hope Tryaway.

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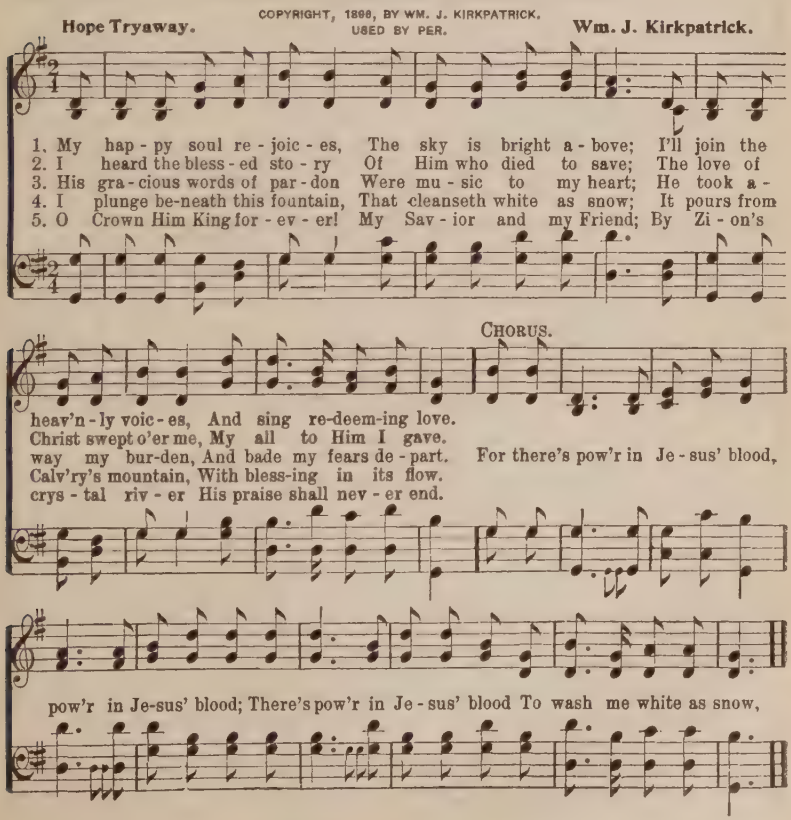
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



No. 199. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L. — COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL. USED BY PER. — R. Lowry.

:8: FINE.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth ing but the blood of Je - sus;
   What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
   For my cleans ing, this my plea—Noth ing but the blood of Je - sus;

D. S.—*Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No other Fount I know,

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
Naught of good that I have done,
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
This is all my righteousness—
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

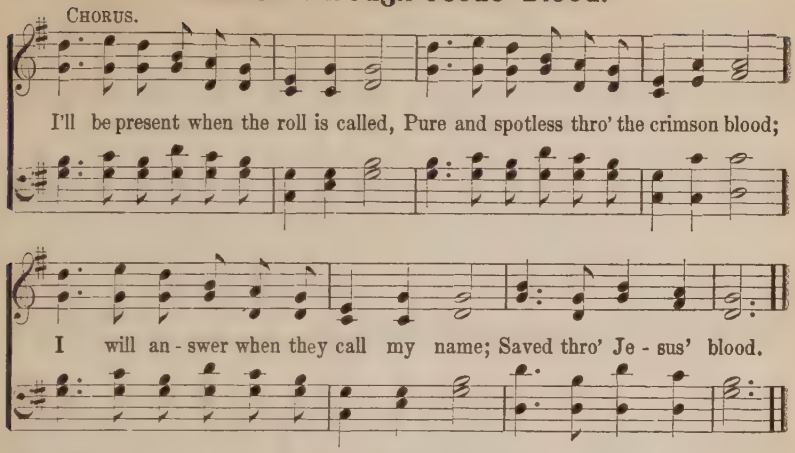
No. 200. Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V. — COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY HALL-MACK CO. USED BY PER. — J. W. VanDeVenter.

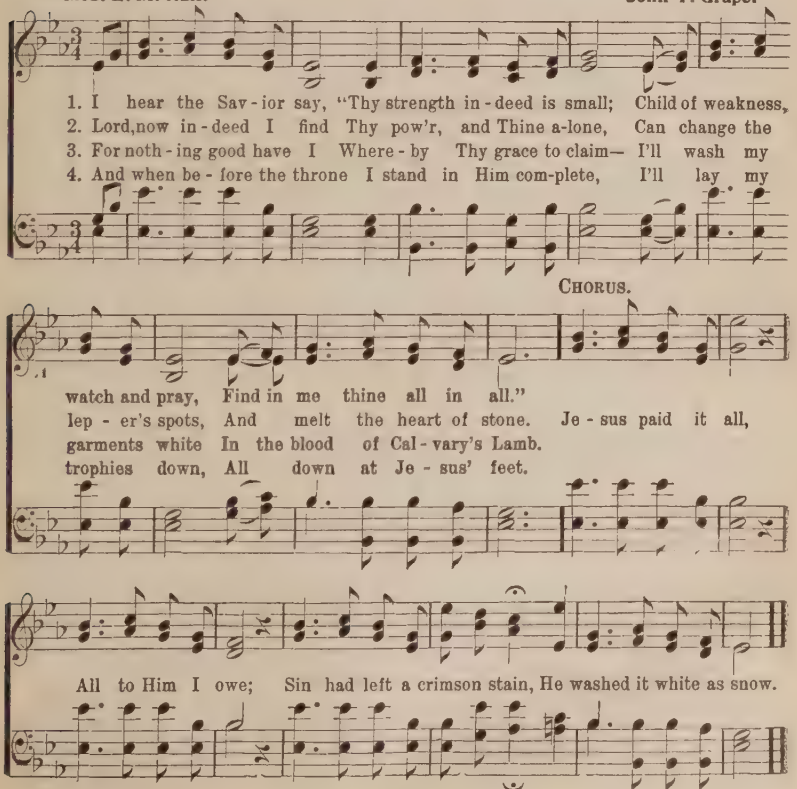
1. Sometime we'll stand before the judg-ment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re-ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.
And when I've been with Him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
We'll lay our bur-dens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er - more.

Saved Through Jesus' Blood.



No. 201. Jesus Paid It All.



No. 202. I've Been Washed in the Blood.

W. T. Dale. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY D. E. DORTCH. USED BY PER. D. E. Dortch.

1. I have been to Je-sus who has cleans'd my soul, I've been wash'd in the
2. I am dai - ly trust-ing Je - sus at my side, I've been wash'd in the
3. I am work-ing in the vine-yard of the Lord, I've been wash'd in the
4. I am list-'ning now to hear the Bridegroom's voice, I've been wash'd in the
5. I am watch-ing for the com-ing of my Lord, I've been wash'd in the

:S:

blood of the Lamb; By the blood of Je - sus I have been made whole,
blood of the Lamb; I am sweet-ly rest-ing in the Cru - ci - fied,
blood of the Lamb; I am trust-ing in the prom-ise of His word,
blood of the Lamb; How His com-ing will each faithful heart re - joice,
blood or the Lamb; He will come ac - cord-ing to His faith-ful word,

D. S.—*And my robe is spot-less, it is white as snow,*

FINE. CHORUS.

I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb. I've been washed, I've been
in the blood,

I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.

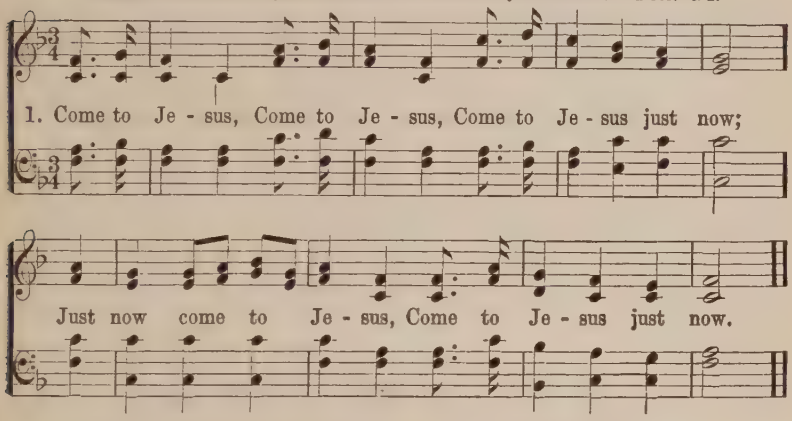
D. S.

washed, I've been wash'd in the blood of the Lamb,
in the blood, of the Lamb,

Invitation.

No. 203. Come to Jesus.

"Behold, now is the accepted time, behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi. 2.



1. Come to Jesus, just now, etc.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—*Matt.* 11:28.

2. He will save you, just now, etc.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—*Acts* 16:31.

3. O believe Him, just now, etc.

"God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—*John* 3:16.

4. He is able.

"He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—*Heb.* 7:25.

5. He is willing.

"The Lord is long suffering to usward, not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."—2 *Pet.* 3:9.

6. He'll receive you.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—*John* 6:37.

7. Then flee to Jesus.

"Flee from the wrath to come."—*Matt.* 3:7.

8. Call unto Him.

"Whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved."—*Acts* 2:21.

9. "Mercy on me."

"Jesus thou son of David, have mercy on me."—*Mark* 10:47.

10. He will hear you.

"And Jesus said unto him, go thy way, thy faith hath made thee whole."—*Mark* 10:52.

11. He'll forgive you.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins."—1 *John* 1:9.

12. He will cleanse you.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 *John* 1:7.

13. He'll renew you.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."—2 *Cor.* 5:17.

14. He will clothe you.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment."—*Rev.* 3:5.

15. Jesus loves you.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—*John* 15:13.

16. Don't reject Him.

"He is despised and rejected of men.—*Isa.* 53:3.

17. Only trust Him.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—1 *John* 5:12.

E. P. H.

No. 204. "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B.

BY PER. OF THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
COPYRIGHT, 1902.

P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
2. "Al - most per-suad - ed," Come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con-ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lingering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear, O wanderer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—but lost!"

No. 205. I Will Arise.

J. Hart,

American Spiritual,
Arranged for this book.

1. Come, ye sin ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound ed, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
3. Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream;
4. Come, ye wea-ry, heav - y la - den, Bruis'd and mangled by the fall;

CHO.—*I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will embrace me in His arms;*

I Will Arise.

Charus. D. C.

Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth Is to feel your need of Him.
If you tar - ry till you're bet-ter, You will nev - er come at all.

In the arms of my dear Sav-ior, Oh, there are ten thou-sand charms.

No. 206. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. (TRUST.) J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now in - to the
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in Him with-
4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glory go, To dwell in that ce-

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trusting in His word. On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
crimson flood, That washes white as snow. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus,
out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest. Don't re - ject Him, don't re-ject Him,
les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow. I will trust Him, I will trust Him,

On - ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
Come to Je - sus now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
Don't reject Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
I will trust Him now; He will save me, He will save me, He will save me now.

No. 207. I Will Go.

Martha J. Lankton. COPYRIGHT. 1888, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PER. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for strength of
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-day I'll
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will rise at
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Jesus' blood will
5. I o - bey the Savior's call, Now to Him I yield my all, At His feet, where

CHORUS.

faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
try a - gain, Je - sus, help Thou me.
once and go, Je - sus died for me. Can it be, O can it be
make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.

rit.

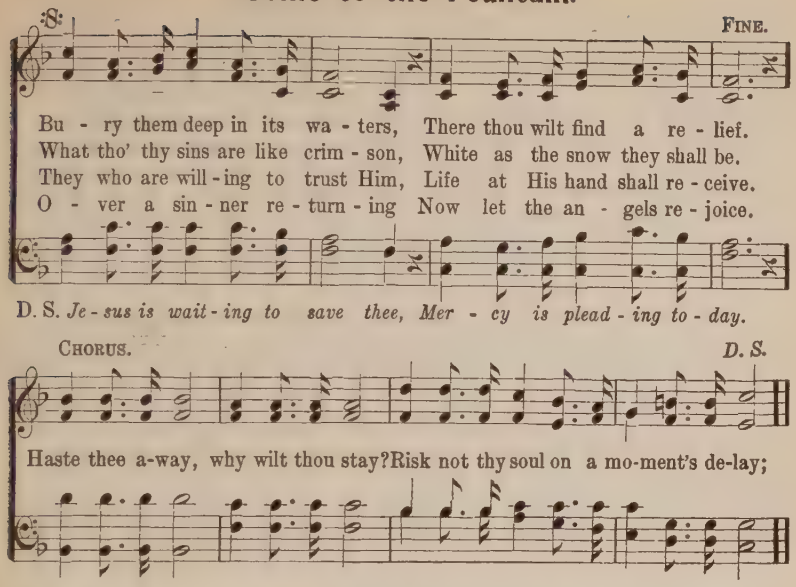
There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Jesus died for me.

No. 208. Come to the Fountain.

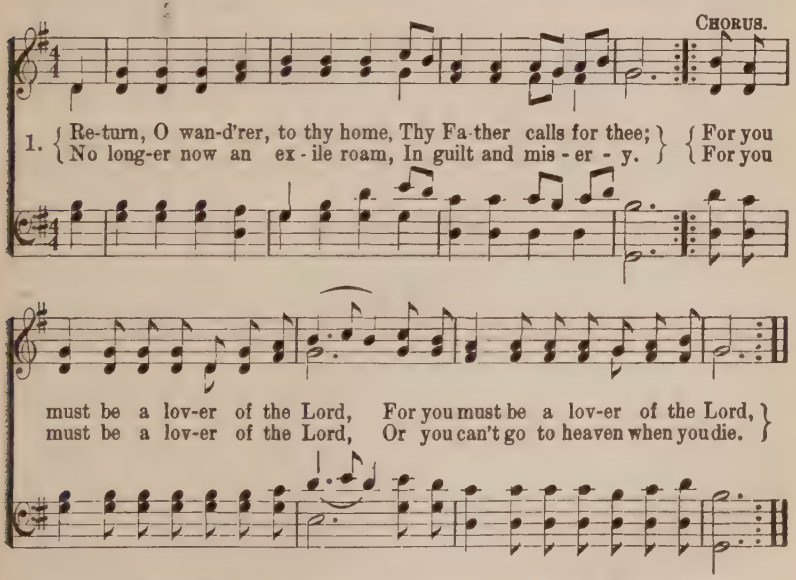
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT 1883, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. USED BY PER. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Come with thy sins to the fount - ain, Come with thy bur - den of grief;
2. Come as thou art to the fount - ain, Je - sus is wait - ing for thee;
3. These are the words of the Sav - ior; They who re - pent and be - lieve,
4. Come and be heal'd at the fount - ain, List to the peace-speaking voice;

Come to the Fountain.



No. 209. You Must Be a Lover of the Lord.



2 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis Jesus calls for thee:
The Spirit and the Bride say come;
Oh! now for refuge flee.

3 Return, O wand'rer, to thy home,
'Tis madness to delay;
There are no pardons in the tomb,
And brief is mercy's day.

No. 210. Come, Sinner, Come.

W. E. Witter. BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sin-ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - lad - en? Come, sin-ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der pleading, Come, sin-ner, come! Come and re-

pray - ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin-ner, come! Jesus will not de - cieve you,
ceive the blessing, Come, sin-ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

No. 211. Will You Go.

FINE.

1. { We're trav'ling home to heav'n a - bove, Will you go? will you go?
   { To sing the Sav - ior's dy - ing love, Will you go? will you go?
D. C.–And millions more are on the road, Will you go? will you go?

2. { We're go-ing to see the bleed-ing Lamb, Will you go? will you go?
   { In rapturous strains to praise His name, Will you go? will you go?
D. C.–And all the joys of heav'n we'll share, Will you go? will you go?

3. { We're go-ing to join the heav'n-ly choir, Will you go? will you go?
   { To raise our voice and tune the lyre, Will you go? will you go?
D. C.–And make the heav'nly arch - es ring, Will you go? will you go?

Will You Go.

D. C.

Mill-ions have reach'd that blest a-bode, A- noint ed kings and priests to God,
The crown of life we there shall wear, The conqu'ror's palm our hands shall bear,
There saints and an-gels glad-ly sing Ho-san-na to their God and King,

No. 212. Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER OF MESSRS. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., CHIGAGO, ILL. & EAST LIVERPOOL, O.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

pp *Very slow.* *pp.* *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tar ry when Je-sus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me.
Shadows are gathering, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS. *cres.*

m

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea ry, come home,

pp *ppp* *rit.* *pp*

Ear-nest-ly, ten der ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 213. The Very Same Jesus.

L. H. Edmunds.

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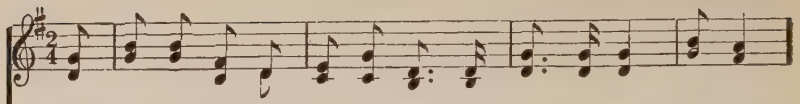
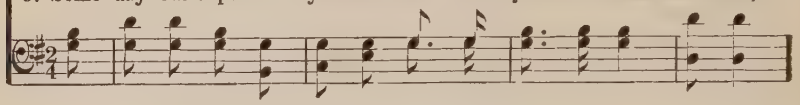
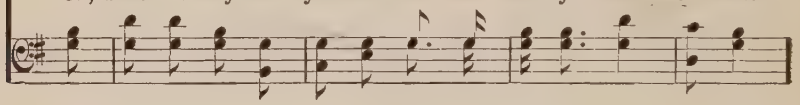
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



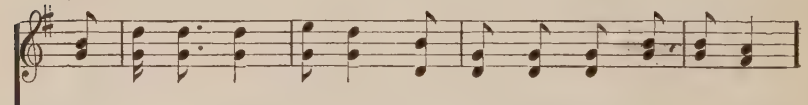
1. Come, sin - ners to the Liv - ing One, He's just the same Je - sus
2. Come, feast up - on the "liv - ing bread," He's just the same Je - sus
3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus
4. Come un - to Him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus
5. Calm 'midst the waves of troub - le be, He's just the same Je - sus
6. Some day our rapt-ured eyes shall see He's just the same Je - sus;



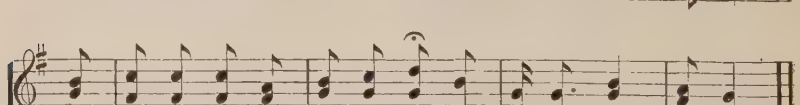
As when He raised the wid - ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when the mul - ti - tudes He fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when He shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when He hush'd the rag - ing sea, The ver - y same Je - sus.
Oh, bless - ed day for you and me! The ver - y same Je - sus.



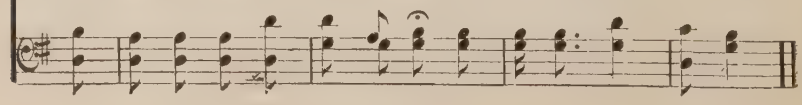
CHORUS.



The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work - ing Je - sus;



Oh, praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.



No. 214. That Grand Word, Whosoever.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK
USED BY PER.

E. E. Hewitt.

1. That grand word "who-so-ev-er" is ring - ing thro' my soul, Who - so - ev - er
2. When-ev - er this sweet mes sage in God's own Word I see, Who - so - ev - er
3. I heard the lov - ing mes-sage, and now to oth - ers say, Who - so - ev - er
4. To God be all the glo - ry! His on - ly Son He gave, Who - so - ev - er

will may come; In riv - ers of sal - va - tion the liv - ing wa - ters roll,
will may come; I know 'tis meant for sin - ners, I know 'tis meant for me,
will may come; Seek now the pre-cious Sav-ior, and He'll be yours to - day,
will may come; And those who come be-liev-ing, He'll to the ut - most save,

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev er will may come. O that "who - - - - - so-
Who - so - ev - er will,

ev - - - - er"! Who - so - ev - er will may come; The Sav - ior's in - vi-
who - so - ev - er will,

ta - tion is free - ly sound-ing still, Who - so - ev - er will may come.

No. 215. Where Will You Spend Eternity?

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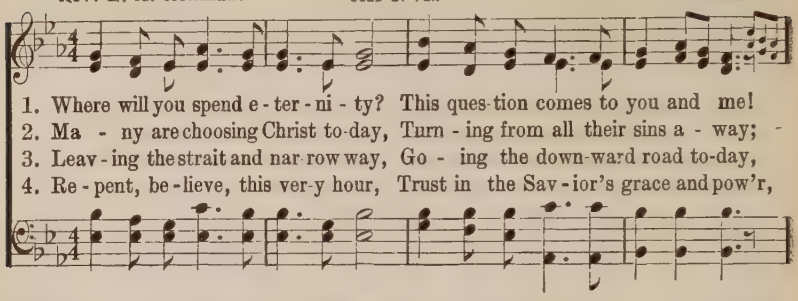
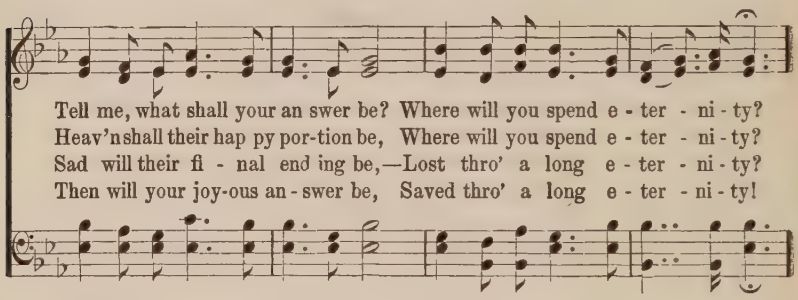
Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.

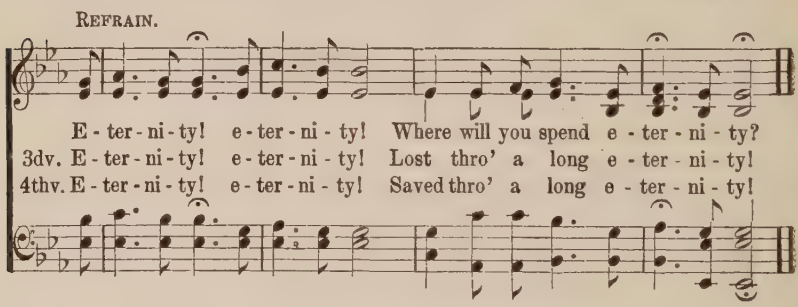


1. Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty? This ques-tion comes to you and me!
2. Ma - ny are choosing Christ to-day, Turn - ing from all their sins a - way;
3. Leav - ing the strait and nar-row way, Go - ing the down-ward road to-day,
4. Re - pent, be - lieve, this ver-y hour, Trust in the Sav - ior's grace and pow'r,



Tell me, what shall your an swer be? Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Heav'n shall their hap py por-tion be, Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end ing be,—Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty?
Then will your joy-ous an - swer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

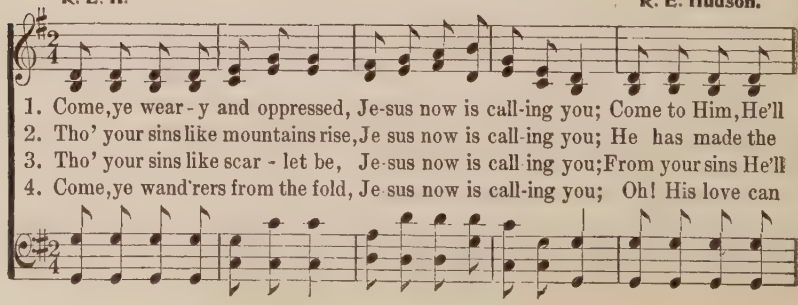
REFRAIN.



E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend e - ter - ni - ty?
3dv. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4thv. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

No. 216. Jesus Now is Calling.

R. E. H. R. E. Hudson.



1. Come, ye wear - y and oppressed, Je-sus now is call-ing you; Come to Him, He'll
2. Tho' your sins like mountains rise, Je sus now is call-ing you; He has made the
3. Tho' your sins like scar - let be, Je-sus now is call ing you; From your sins He'll
4. Come, ye wand'rers from the fold, Je sus now is call-ing you; Oh! His love can

Jesus Now is Calling.

REFRAIN.

give you rest—Still He bids you come.
sac - ri - fice—Still He bids you come. Jesus now is calling, Calling,
set you free—Still He bids you come.
ne'er be told—Still He bids you come.

calling, calling,

calling; Je - sus now is call-ing you— Call - ing you to come.

calling;

No. 217. Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy.

Joseph Hart, **Anon.**

FINE.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; }
{ Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }

2. { Now, ye need - y, come and welcome, God's free bount - y glo - ri - fy; }
{ True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }

3. { Let not conscience make you lin - ger, Or of fit - ness fond - ly dream; }
{ All the fit - ness He re - quir-eth, Is to feel your need of Him. }

4. { Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Bruised and man - gled by the fall, }
{ If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all. }

D.C.—*Glo-ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.*

CHORUS. *D.C.*

Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

No. 218. God's Time Now.

Joseph Cook. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY IRA D. SANKEY. USED BY PER. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Choose I must, and soon must choose Hol - i - ness, or heav - en lose;
2. End - less sin means end - less woe; In - to end - less sin I go,
3. As the stream its chan - nels grooves, And with - in that chan - nel moves,

While what heav - en loves I hate, Shut from me is heav - en's gate.
If my soul, from rea - son rent, Takes from sin its fi - nal bent.
So doth hab - its deep - est tide Groove its bed, and there a - bide.

4 Light obeyed increaseth light,
Light resisted bringeth night;
Who shall give me will to choose,
If the love of light I lose?

5 Speed, my soul; this instant yield;
Let the Light its sceptre wield;
While thy God prolongeth grace,
Haste thee toward His holy face!

No. 219. Why do You Wait?

G. F. R. COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PER. Geo. F. Root.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a fur - ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His spir - it now striv - ing with in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har- vest is pass - ing a - way,

Your Sav - ior is wait - ing to give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
Oh, why not ac - cept His sal va - tion, And throw off thy burd - en of sin?
Your Sav - ior is long - ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay?

Why Do You Wait?

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

No. 220. Oh, Why Not Tonight?

BY PER. OF J. H. HALL, OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT. **J. Calvin Bushey.**

1. Oh, do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes a gainst the
2. To - mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long - de-lud - ed
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-
4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u-

light; Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, oh, to-night.
sight; This is the time, oh, then, be wise, Be saved, oh, to-night.
quite? Re-nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, oh, to-night.
nite; Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, oh, to-night.

CHORUS.

Oh, why not to-night? Oh, why not to-
Oh, why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

night? Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to-night?
why not tonight? Wilt thou be saved? wilt thou be saved? Then why not, oh, why not to-night?

No. 221. The Stranger at the Door.

USED BY PER. OF T. C. O'KANE.

T. C. O'Kane.

With feeling.

1. Be - hold a Strang-er at the door; He gen-tly knocks—has knock'd before;
2. O love - ly at - ti-tude—He stands With melting heart and laden hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will—the ver - y friend you need;
4. Rise, touch'd with grat-i - tude di-vine: Turn out His en - e - my and thine;
5. Ad - mit Him, ere His an - ger burn—His feet, de-part - ed, ne'er re-turn;

Has wait - ed long, is wait-ing still: You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
O match-less kind-ness—and He shows This matchless kind-ness to His foes.
The Friend of sin-ners? yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
That soul - de - stroy-ing monster, sin, And let the heav'n ly strang-er in.
Ad - mit Him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at His door re - ject - ed stand.

REFRAIN.

O let the dear Savior come in, He'll cleanse thy heart from sin;
come in, from sin;

O, keep Him no more out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in.
come in.

No. 222.

Jesus Will Help You.

Wm. Stevenson.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PER.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin - ner— Urg - ing you now to draw
2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, O why will you
3. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, wan-d'rer— Points you to man-sions on
4. There's dan - ger in lon - ger de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the moments pass

nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him; Je - sus will
die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior; Je - sus will
high; Re - turn to the path that leads homeward; Je - sus will
by; If now you will come, there is mer-cy; Je - sus will

REFRAIN.

help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will help you,

Help you with grace from on high; The weak - est and poor - est the

Sav - ior is call - ing; Je - sus will help if you try.

No. 223. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans-ing are flow - ing near by,
3. If there's a tempest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your doubt - ings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 224.

Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Strang-er at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov - ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad - mit the heav'n-ly Guest Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

He has been there oft be - fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de - part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;

Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;

Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One,
Let Him in, He is your friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
He will speak your sins for - giv'n, And when earth ties all are riv'n,

Je - sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a - dore, Let Him in
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.

Let the Sav-ior in, let the Sav-ior in;

No. 225. Jesus is Calling Today.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. Dr. L. O. Emerson.

1. Je - sus is call - ing! O hear Him to - day, Call-ing for you,
2. Je - sus is call - ing! Your serv - ice He needs, Call-ing for you,
3. Je - sus is call - ing! He stands at the door, Call-ing for you,

Call - ing for you; Will you not quick - ly the sum-mons o - bey?
Call - ing for you; Ten - der - ly, pa - tient - ly with you He pleads,
Call - ing for you; O - pen your heart and His mer - cy im-plore,

CHORUS.

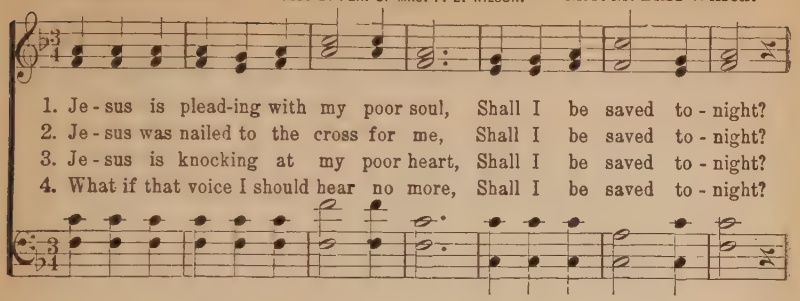
Je - sus is cal-ling for you! . . . Call - - ing for you, ...
for you! Je - sus is call-ing, is call-ing for you,

Call - - - ing for you, ... Hear Him to - day—do not
Je - sus is call-ing, is call-ing for you,

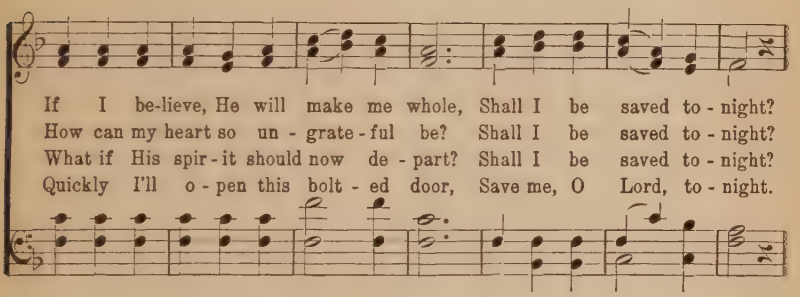
turn Him a - way, Je - sus is call - ing for you. . . . .
for you,

No. 226. Shall I Be Saved To-night?

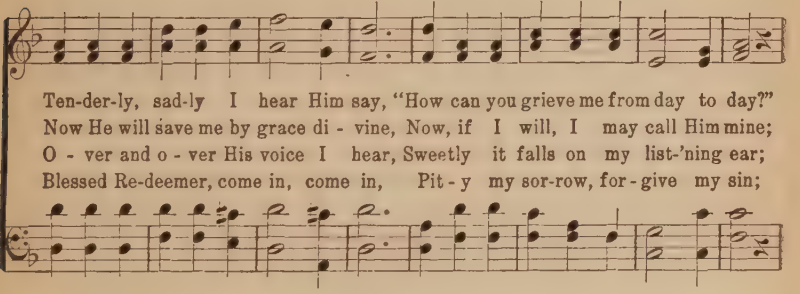
Fanny J. Crosby. USED BY PER. OF MRS. F. E. WILSON. Mrs. M. Bliss Wilson.



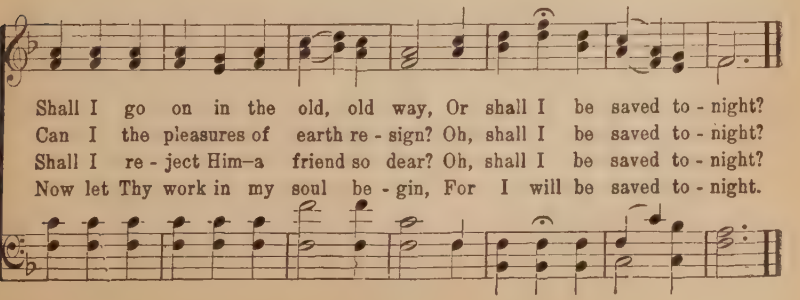
1. Je - sus is plead-ing with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to - night?
2. Je - sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to - night?
3. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to - night?
4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to - night?



If I be-lieve, He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to - night?
How can my heart so un - grate - ful be? Shall I be saved to - night?
What if His spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to - night?
Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me, O Lord, to - night.



Ten-der-ly, sad-ly I hear Him say, "How can you grieve me from day to day?"
Now He will save me by grace di - vine, Now, if I will, I may call Him mine;
O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list-'ning ear;
Blessed Re-deemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sor-row, for - give my sin;



Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to - night?
Can I the pleasures of earth re - sign? Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
Shall I re - ject Him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to - night?
Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to - night.

No. 227. I Am Praying For You.

S. O'Maley Cluff.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY IRA D. SANKEY. RENEWAL, USED BY PER.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. I have a Sav-ior, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear lov-ing Sav-
2. I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-ter-
3. I have a robe: 'tis re-splend-ent in whiteness, A-wait-ing in glo-
4. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv-er—A peace that the friends
5. When Jesus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing Sav-

ior tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in ten-der-ness
ni-ty, bless-ed and true; And soon will He call me to meet Him in
ry my won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all shin-ing in
of this world nev-er knew; My Sav-ior a-lone is its Au-thor and
ior is your Sav-ior too; Then pray that your Sav-ior may bring them to

CHORUS.

f

o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-ior were your Sav-ior too.
heav-en, But oh, that He'd let me bring you with me too!
brightness, Dear friends, could I see you re-ceiv-ing one too! For you I am
Giv-er, And oh, could I know it was giv-en to you!
glo-ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

p *f* *pp* *rall*

praying, For you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray-ing for you.

Consecration.

No. 228. All for Jesus.

Rev. J. B. Atchison. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
2. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
3. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
4. All, yes all I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;

All my heart I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my voice I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my love I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;
All my life I give to Je - sus, It be-longs to Him;

Ev - er-more to be His dwell-ing, Ev - er-more His prais-es swell-ing,
Pleading for the young and hoar - y, Tell - ing of His pow'r and glo - ry,
Lov - ing Him for love un - ceas-ing, For His mer - cy e'er in - creas-ing,
Hour by hour I'll live for Je - sus, Day by day I'll work for Je - sus,

Ev - er-more His good - ness tell - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Sing - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, It be-longs to Him.
For His watch-care nev - er ceas - ing, It be-longs to Him.
Ev - er-more I'll hon - or Je - sus, It be-longs to Him.

No. 229.

Doing His Will.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on His word, Just to feel I am
2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for

His ev - 'ry day; Just to walk by His side with His Spir-it to guide, Just to
Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to His will, just to trust and be still, Just to
my dear-est friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to ob-tain, True and

CHORUS.

fol - low where He leads the way.
lean on His bo - som and rest. Just to say what He wants me to
faith - ful He'll be to the end.

what He

pp

say, And be still when He whispers to me; . . . Just to
wants me to say, when He whis-pers to me:

go where He wants me to go, ... Just to be what He wants me to be.
where He wants me to go,

No. 230. Draw Me Nearer.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. Doane.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it
2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be-
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I

told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I

REFRAIN.

arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
Thee, my God, I com-mune as friend with friend.
may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

near-er, near-er,

near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died: Draw me

near - er, near - er, near-er, blessed Lord, To Thy pre-cious bleed - ing side.

No. 231. I Surrender All.

J. W. Van De Venter.

COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY WEEDEN & VAN DE VENTER.
USED BY PER.

W. S. Weeden.

1. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to Him I free - ly give;
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres-ence dai - ly live.

2. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow;
World-ly pleas-ures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.

3. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-ior, whol - ly thine;
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine.

4. All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;
O the joy of full sal-va - tion, Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name.

CHORUS.

I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all;
I sur - ren-der all, I sur-ren - der all;
All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

No. 232. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson.

COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON,
USED BY PER. OF MRS. MARY HUDSON.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love, I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free;

CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap - py then my life shall be,*

I'll Live for Him.

D. C. for Cho.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

No. 233. My Body, Soul, and Spirit.

Mrs. Mary D. James. BY PER. OF MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. Jos, F. Knapp.

1. My bod - y, soul, and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to thee, A con - se-
2. O Je - sus, might - y Sav - ior, I trust in Thy great name, I look for
3. Oh, let the fire, de scend - ing Just now up - on my soul, Consume my
4. I'm Thine, O bless-ed Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy pre-cious blood, Now seal me

REFRAIN.

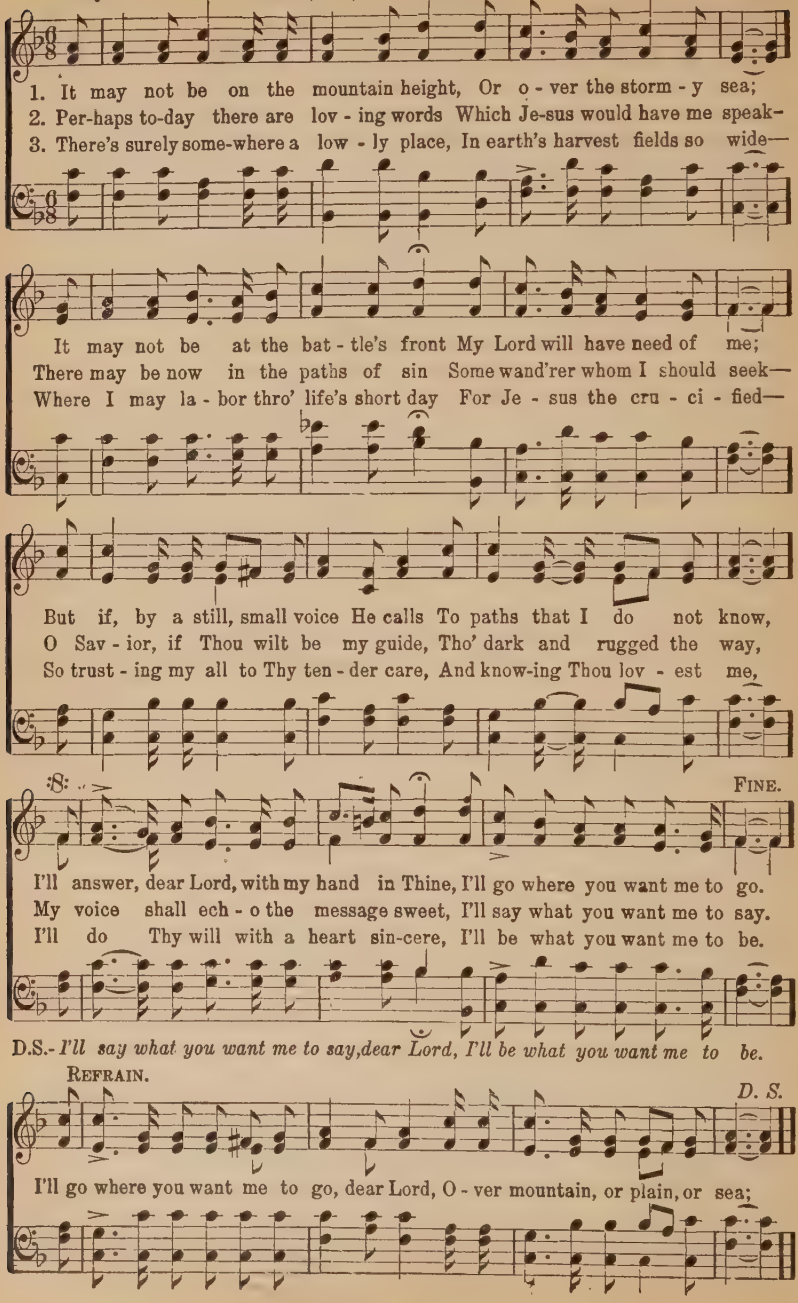
crat-ed of-f'ring, Thine ev-er-more to be.
Thy sal-va - tion, Thy promise now I claim. My all is on the al - tar, I'm
humble off'ring And cleanse and make me whole.
by Thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

Rit.

wait-ing for the fire; Waiting, waiting, waiting, I'm waiting for the fire.

No. 234. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. Carrie E. Rounsefell.

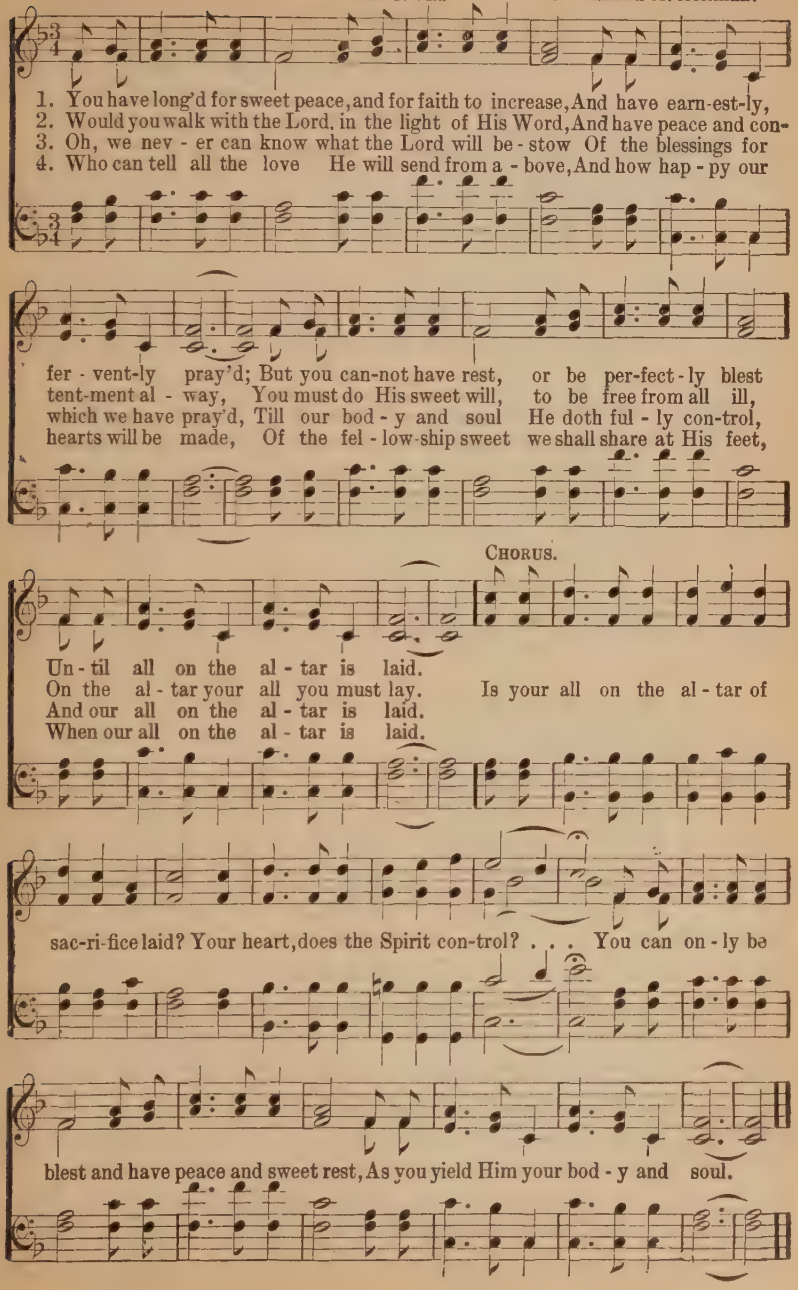


No. 235. Is Your All On the Altar.

E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. A. HOFFMAN, USED BY PER.

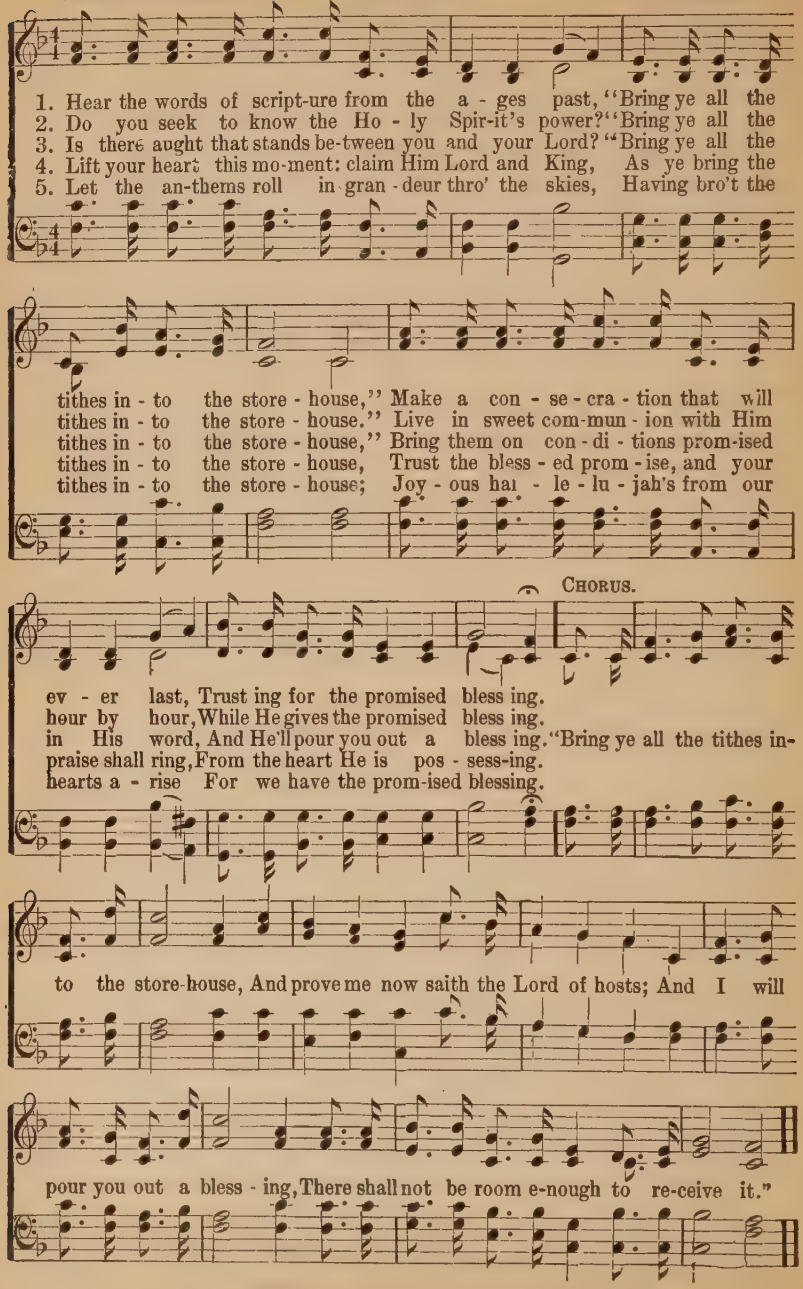
Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.



No. 236. "Bring Ye All the Tithes."

COPYRIGHT 1899 BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

Helen E. Rasmussen. H. L. Gilmour.



No. 237. The Way of the Cross.

E. W. Blandly. Arranged.

1. I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
1. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D. C.–*Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,*

ad lib. D. C.

I can hear my Sav - ior call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol - low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 238. Take My Life and Let It Be.

Handel.

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se - crat-ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands, and
2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau-ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice, and
3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes-sag-es for Thee; Take my sil - ver
4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in end-less praise; Take my in - tel-

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
let me sing, Always, on - ly for my King, Al-ways on - ly for my King.
and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev-'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

5 Take my will, and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart, it is Thine own,
It shall be Thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
At Thy feet its treasured store;
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

No. 239.

Launch Out.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY A. B. SIMPSON AND R. K. CARTER.
USED BY PER.

A. B. Simpson — R. Kelso. Carter.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A
2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore, And
3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where the

bound - less and fath - om - less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a-
gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven-tured its
lin - ger so near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that beat
floods of sal - va - tion o'er - flow; Oh, let us be lost in the

way the shore - line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
depths to ex - plore, Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
o - ver the strand, Dash o'er them in floods ev - er - more.
mer - cy of God, Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

CHORUS.

Launch out . . . . . in - to the deep, Oh, let the shore - line
Oh, launch out in the deep,

go; Launch out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.

No. 240. Lord, I Come.

Charlotte G. Homer. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. W. S Martin.

1. All my hu - man weak-ness feel-ing, In Thy bless - ed name ap-
2. Noth-ing of my own pos - sess-ing, Sin and sel - fish - ness con-
3. Tho' I oft - en have de - nied Thee,'Twas my sin that cru - ci-
4. Kin - dle now the sa - cred fire In my soul for Thee, and
5. From death's dark mys-ter - ious riv - er Thou wilt my poor soul de-
6. Hold Thou still the cross be - fore me; Watch in ten - der mer - cy

peal - ing, Now for more of Thy re - veal - ing, Lord, I come!
fess - ing, For an un - de - serv - ed bless - ing, Lord, I come!
fied Thee! Yet for-give me love me, guide me—Lord, I come!
high - er Lift me; for this one de - sire Lord, I come!
liv - er; To be Thine, yea Thine for - ev - er, Lord, I come!
o'er me Till I see Thy face in glo - ry; Lord, I come!

CHORUS.

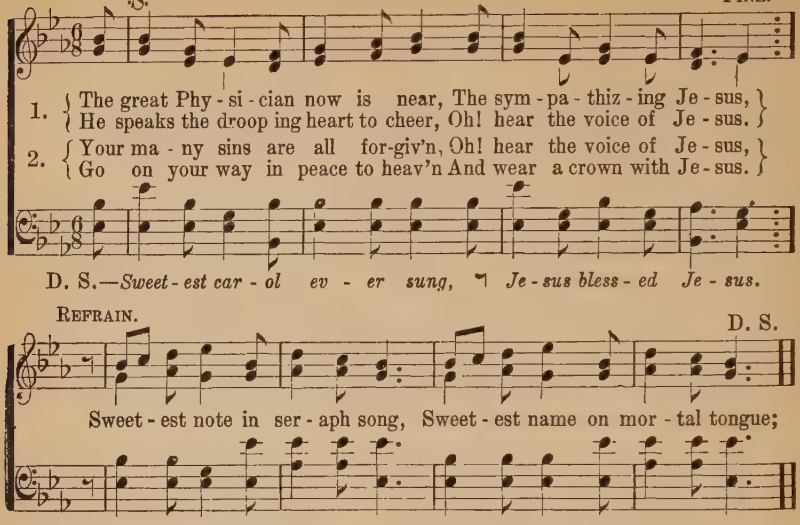
All up - on Thine al - tar leav - ing, Ev - 'ry-thing from Thee re-

ceiv - ing, Un - to Thee in faith be - liev - ing Lord, I come.

I come,

No. 241. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter. USED BY PER. OF J. J. HOOD. Arr. by J. H. Stockton.

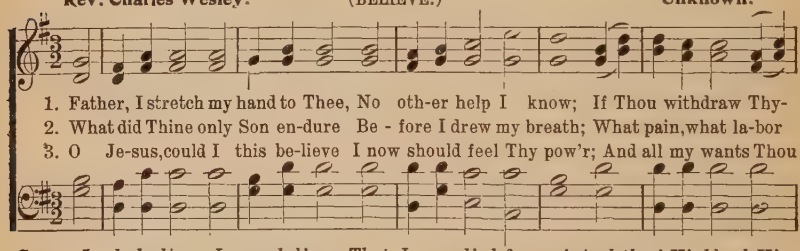


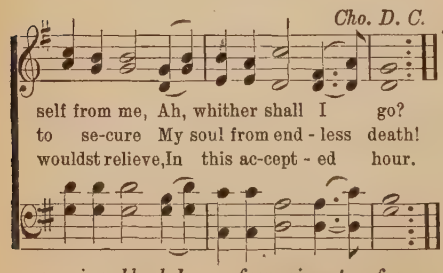
3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 242. I Do Believe.

Rev. Charles Wesley. (BELIEVE.) Unknown.





4 Author of faith, to Thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift;
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely Thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak, and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till Thou Thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see Thy face;
Now let me hear Thy quick'ning voice,
And taste Thy pard'ning grace.

No. 243. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

FINE.

D. S.— *O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com ing home.*

CHORUS.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

D. S.

3 I'm tired of sin and straying, Lord,
Now I'm coming home;
I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word,
Lord, I'm coming home.

4 My soul is sick, my heart is sore,
Now I'm coming home;
My strength renew, my hope restore,
Lord, I'm coming home.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood, I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 244. I Believe Jesus Saves.

Tune: Sweet Bye and Bye. No. 296.

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest, such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

CHORUS.

I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.
I believe Jesus saves,
And His blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore.
To be washed and made whiter than snow.

3 To Jesus, I give up my all,
Every treasure and Idol I know;
For His fullness of blessing I call,
Till His blood washes whiter than snow.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now His salvation to know;
And His blood doth so fully atone,
I am washed and make whiter than snow.

5 My heart is in raptures of love,
Love such as the ransomed ones know;
I am strengthened with might from above
I am washed and made whiter than snow.

REV. WM. MCDONALD, Sec.

No. 245. Pass Me Not.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.
USED BY PER.

Fanny J. Crosby, W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me, at Thy throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - its, Would I seek Thy face;
4. Thou, the spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me—

:S: FINE.

While on oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wound-ed, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

D. S.—*While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

Sav - ior, Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry;

No. 246. There are Angels Hovering Round.

1. There are an - gels hov-'ring round, There are an - gels hov'ring

round, There are an - gels, an - gels, hov - 'ring round.

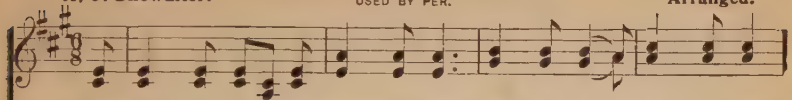
2 To carry the tidings home.
3 To the New Jerusalem.
4 Poor sinners are coming home.
5 And Jesus bids them come.
6 Let him that heareth come.
7 We're on our journey home.

No. 247. Dear Savior, I Would Come to Thee.

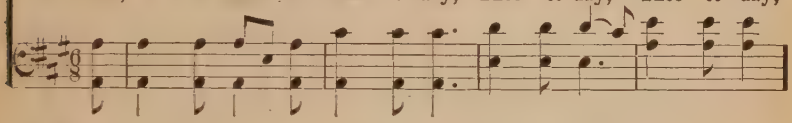
A. J. Showalter.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY A. J. SHOWALTER.
USED BY PER.

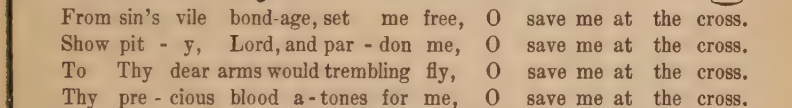
Arranged.



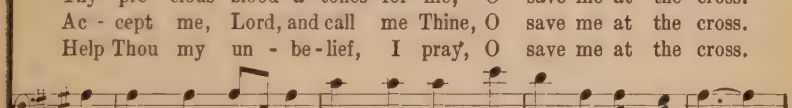
1. Dear Sav - ior, I would come to Thee, come to Thee, come to Thee;
2. Tho' long I've wan-dered far from Thee, far from Thee, far from Thee;
3. To Thee for mer - cy now I cry, now I cry, now I cry,
4. Al - though my sins as scar - let be, scar - let be, scar - let be;
5. O wash me in that stream di-vine, stream di - vine, stream di - vine;
6. Lord, I be - lieve in Thee to-day, Thee to-day, Thee to - day;



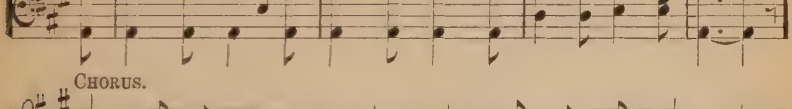
From sin's vile bond-age, set me free, O save me at the cross.
Show pit - y, Lord, and par - don me, O save me at the cross.
To Thy dear arms would trembling fly, O save me at the cross.
Thy pre - cious blood a - tones for me, O save me at the cross.
Ac - cept me, Lord, and call me Thine, O save me at the cross.
Help Thou my un - be - lief, I pray, O save me at the cross.

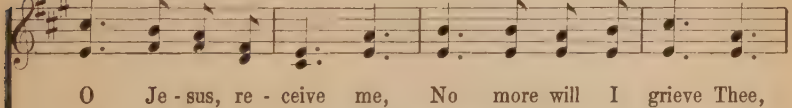


CHORUS.

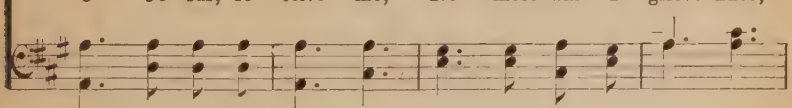


O Je - sus, re - ceive me, No more will I grieve Thee,





Thou pre - cious Re - deem - er, O save me at the cross.



No. 248. There is Life for a Look.

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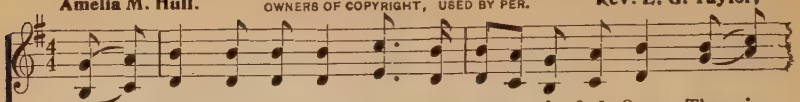
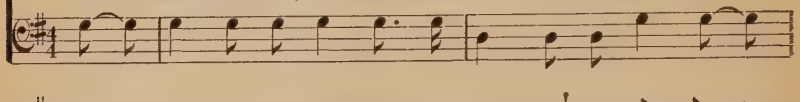
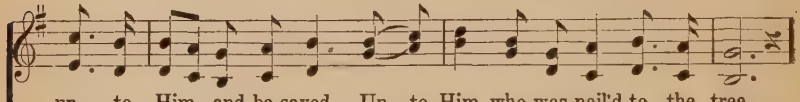
Amelia M. Hull. Rev. E. G. Taylor.



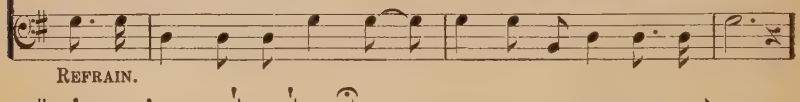
1. There is life for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, There is
2. Oh, why was He there as the Bear - er of sin, If on
3. It is not thy tears of re - pent - ance, and pray'rs, But the
4. Then doubt not thy wel - come, since God has de - clared There re -
5. Then take with re - joic - ing from Je - sus at once The



life at this mo - ment for thee; Then look, sin - ner, look
Je - sus Thy guilt was not laid? Oh why from His side
blood, that a - tones for the soul; On Him, then, who shed
main - eth no more to be done; That once in the end
life ev - er - last - ing He gives; And know with as - sur-



un - to Him and be saved, Un - to Him who was nail'd to the tree.
flow'd the sin cleans-ing blood, If His dy - ing thy debt has not paid?
it, thou may - est at once Thy weight of in - iq - ui - ties roll.
of the world He ap-pear'd, And com-plet - ed the work He be - gun.
ance thou nev - er canst die, Since Je - sus thy right - eous-ness, lives.



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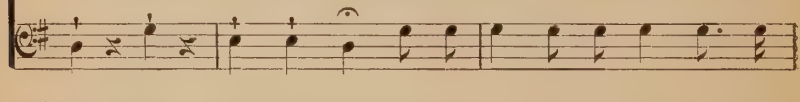
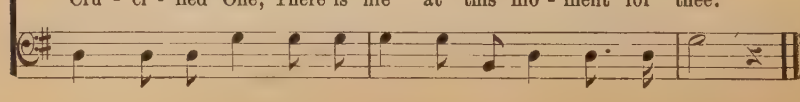


Look! look! look and live! There is life for a look at the



Cru - ci - fied One, There is life at this mo - ment for thee.

No. 249. Save, O Save.

Arr. by M. M. Snyder.

1. { Je - sus, my all, to heav'n is gone,—Save, my dear Sav - ior;
His track I see, and I'll pur - sue, Save, my dear Sav - ior;
2. { The way the ho - ly proph - ets went,—Save, my dear Sav - ior;
The King's high-way of ho - li - ness, Save, my dear Sav - ior;

1 2

He, whom I fix my hopes up - on; Save, my dear Lord; }
The nar - row way, till Him I view Save, my dear (*Omit*) } Lord.
The road that leads from ban - ish - ment, Save, my dear Lord; }
I'll go for all His paths are peace. Save, my dear (*Omit.*) } Lord.

CHORUS.

Save, O Save, Save, my dear Sav - ior, And

send con - vert - ing pow - er down; Save, my dear Lord.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
Save, my dear Savior;
And mourned because I found it not;
Save, my dear Lord;
My grief a burden long has been,
Save, my dear Savior;
Because I was not saved from sin;
Save, my dear Lord.

4 The more I strove against its power.
Save, my dear Savior;
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Save, my dear Lord;
Till late I heard my Savior say,—
Save, my dear Savior;
Come hither, soul, I am the Way,
Save, my dear Lord.

5 Lo, glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Save, my dear Savior;
Shalt take me to Thee, as I am;
Save, my dear Lord;
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Save, my dear Savior;
Nothing but love shall I receive,
Save, my dear Lord.

6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
Save, my dear Savior;
What a dear Savior I have found;
Save, my dear Lord;
I'll point to Thy redeeming blood,
Save, my dear Savior;
And say,—Behold the way to God
Save, my dear Lord.

No. 250. Look and Live.

COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.

W. A. O. WORDS AND MUSIC. W. A. Ogden.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un to you I'll give,
2. I've a message full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you,
3. Life is of-fer'd un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole:

:S: FINE.

D.S.-'Tis recorded in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
'Tis a message from a-bove, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
If you'll only look to Him, Hal-le lu-jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.
'Twas believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed and He sav'd my soul.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

"Look and live," . . . my brother, live, Look to Je-sus now and live,
"Look and live," my brother, live, "Look and live."

No. 251. Let the Dear Savior Come In.

Jennie Morton. COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY HALL-MACK CO. Maurice A. Clifton.

1. Je-sus is soft-ly knock-ing, Let Him come in, let Him come in;
2. Are you too heav-y lad-en? Let Him come in, let Him come in;
3. Are you so wea-ry weep-ing? Let Him come in, let Him come in;
4. O-pen to Him the por-tal, Let Him come in, let Him come in;

Let the Dear Savior Come In.

List to His ten - der plead - ing, Let the dear Sav - ior in.
Je - sus will bear your bur - den, Let the dear Sav - ior in.
Je - sus will bear your sor - row, Let the dear Sav - ior in.
You will re - ceive His bless - ing, Let the dear Sav - ior in.

CHORUS.

Just now throw o - pen the door, Let Him come in, let Him come in;
4th v. Just now I o - pen the door, Sav - ior come in, Sav - ior come in;

Just now He waits to for - give, Let the dear Sav - ior in. . . .
Just now I know He for - gives, Je - sus has en - tered in. . . .
just now.

No. 252. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliot, (WOODWORTH.) Wm. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my - soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,

And that thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fightings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

No. 253. I Am Trusting Lord in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends and time and earth - ly store;

CHO. *I am trust - ing, Lord in Thee; Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - more.

Humb-ly at Thy cross I bow, Save me Je - sus, save me now.

4 In Thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!
Perfected in Him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

No. 254. The Cleansing Wave.

Phoebe Palmer. USED BY PER. OF MRS. J. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

CHORUS.

1 O now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to His wounded side.

CHO.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and O it cleanseth me!
O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin,
With heart made pure and garments white,
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'Tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

No. 255. Send It Now.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY H. L. GILMOUR. USED BY PER. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Send sal - va tion, Lord, send Thy full sal - vation, Lord, Send it now,
2. Send Thy pardon, Lord, send Thy gracious pardon, Lord, Send it now,
3. Send, O send the fire, send the all - re - fin - ing fire, Send it now,

Send it now,

send it now; Lost with-out Thy grace, show Thy re - con - cil - ed face,
send it now; Come in sav - ing grace, sweep these altars, fill this place,
send it now; Oh, con-sume our sin, sanc - ti - fy and make us clean,

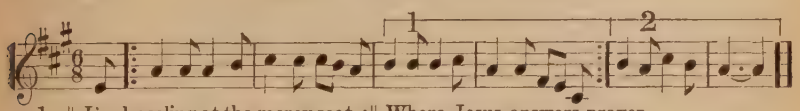
send it now,

Send sal - va - tion, send it now, Send sal - va - tion, send it now.
Send Thy par - don, send it now, Send Thy par - don, send it now.
Send the fire, O send it now, Send the fire, O send it now.

4 Send, O send the power, send the Pentecostal power,
Send it now, send it now;
Blessed Holy Ghost, breathe upon this waiting host,
Send the power, O send it now,
Send the power, O send it now.

5 For He comes, He comes, lo, the blessed Spirit comes,
Fills me now, fills me now;
Fully saved I am, glory, glory to the Lamb,
For He comes and fills me now,
For He comes and fills me now.

No. 256. I Can, I Will, I Do Believe.



1. ||:I'm kneeling at the mercy seat,:|| Where Jesus answers prayer.
CHO.—||:I can, I will, I do believe,:|| That Jesus saves me now.

1 Jesus, thine all victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad;
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

2 O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.

3 O that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume;
Come, Holy Ghost, to Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life thro' every part,
And sanctify the whole.

No. 257. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

USED BY PER THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.
OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vile-ness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per-fect faith and love, To per-fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con-firms The bless-ed work with-in, By add - ing grace to
5. And He the wit-ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That ev - 'ry prom-ise
6. All hail, a - ton - ing blood! All hail, re-deem-ing grace! All hail, the gift of

CHORUS.

precious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove. I am com-ing, Lord! Com-ing
welcomed grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin.
is ful-filled, If faith but brings the plea.
Christ, our Lord, Our strength and righteousness.

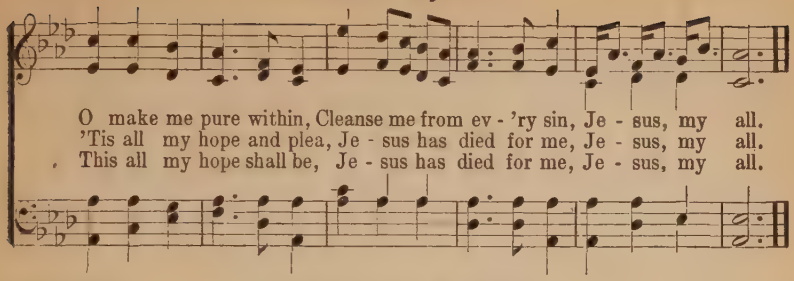
now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry!

No. 258. Jesus, My All.

Fanny Crosby. Scotch Air.

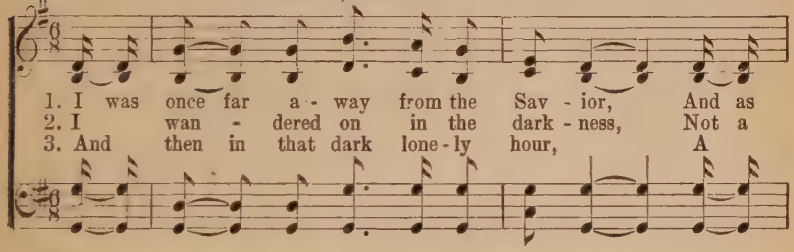
1. { Lord at Thy mercy-seat Humbly I fall, / Pleading Thy promise sweet; Lord, hear me call, } Now let Thy work begin,
2. { Tears of re-pent-ant grief Si - lent - ly fall; / Help Thou my un-be-lief, Hear Thou my call; } Oh! how I pine for Thee?
3. { Still at the mer - cy-seat, Humbly I fall, / Pleading Thy promise sweet, Heard is my Call; } Faith wings my soul to Thee.

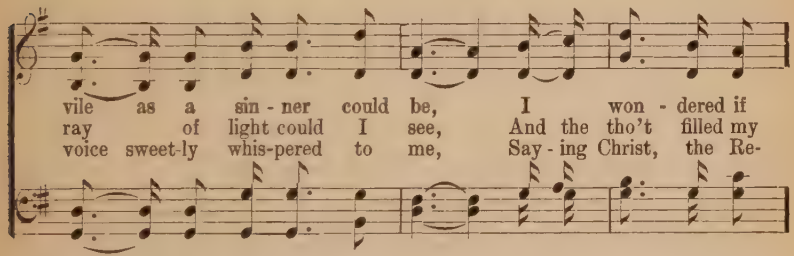
Jesus, My All.

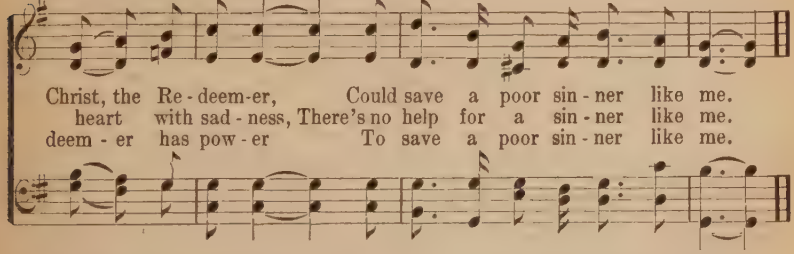


No. 259. A Sinner Like Me.

C. J. B. COPYRIGHT, BY JOHN J. HOOD. BY PER. C. J. Butler.







4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Savior
That was speaking so kindly to me;
I cried, I'm the chief of sinners,
Oh, save a poor sinner like me.

5 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me:
My heart was filled with His praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

6 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How He saved a poor sinner like me.

7 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Savior shall see:
I'll praise Him forever and ever.
For saving a sinner like me.

No. 260. Take Me As I Am.

1. Je - sus my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un-less Thou help me, I must die;
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet Thy blood for me was spilt:
3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break;
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;

:S: FINE.

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, But take me as I am.
Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
But since to Thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am.

D. S.—*Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.*

REFRAIN. *D. S.*

Take me as I am, . . . Take me as I am, . .
Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am,

5 Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

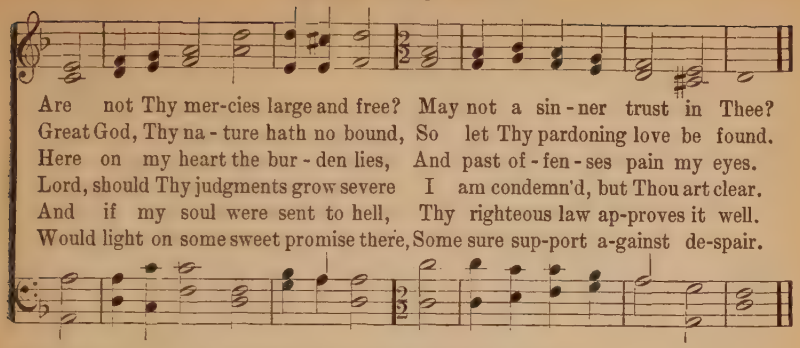
6 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!

No, 261. Show Pity Lord.

Isaac Watts. (WINDHAM.) **Daniel Read, 1785.**

1. Show pit - y, Lord, O Lord, forgive; Let a re - pent - ing reb - el live;
2. My crimes are great, but don't sur-pass The pow'r and glo - ry of Thy grace;
3. O wash my soul from ev - 'ry sin, And make my guilt - y conscience clean;
4. My lips with shame my sins con-fess, A - gainst Thy law, a - gainst Thy grace;
5. Should sudden vengeance seize my breath, I must pronounce Thee just, in death,
6. Yet save a trem-bling sinner, Lord, Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word;

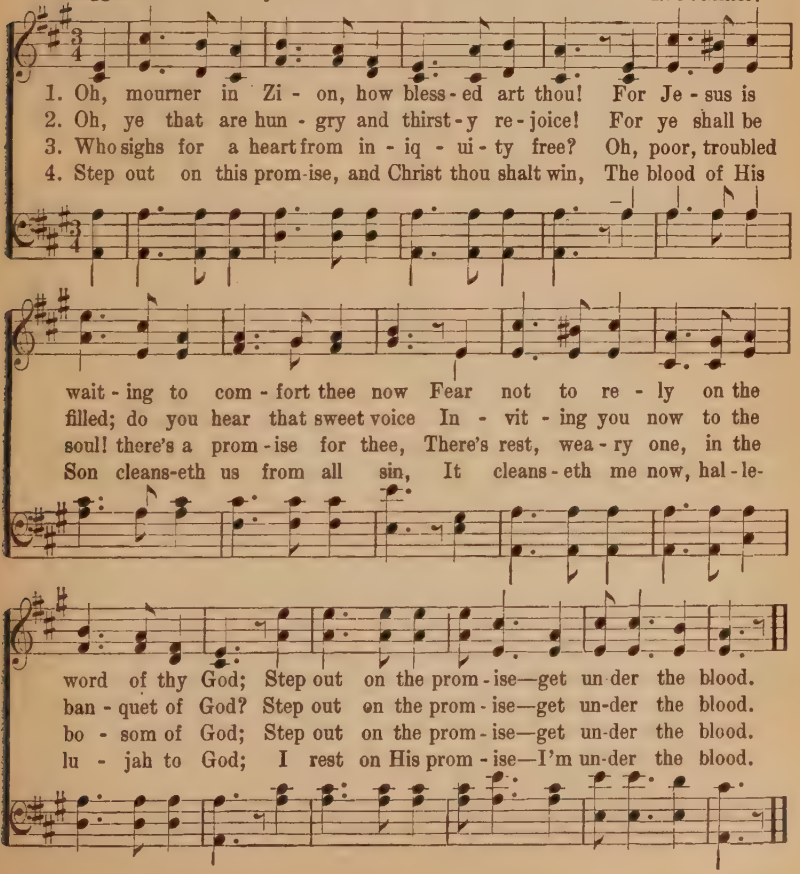
Show Pity Lord.



No. 262. Step Out On the Promise.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. F. MILLER. USED BY PER.

Maggie Potter. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. Miller.



No. 263.

Tell it to Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1888, BY E. S. LORENZ.
USED BY PER.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

E. S. Lorenz

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y - heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath-'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to men's eyes are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's com - ing King - dom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

Praise.

No. 264. On the Glory Side.

D. W. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY D. W. MYLAND.
USED BY PER.

Rev. D. Wesley Myland.

1. If, while you live 'mid sin be-low, You would in Christ a - bide;
2. Oft-times life's sky is hung with shrouds, Which Jesus' face would hide;
3. The ris - ing fogs of doubt and fear, The mists of hu - man pride
4. This Age is dark, storm-clouds o'er-cast The sky, my sun to hide;

Thro' faith, this se - cret you should know: Live on the Glo - ry Side.
Then push your head a - bove the clouds, Get on the Glo - ry Side.
Would oft ob - scure, when Christ is near; I need the Glo - ry Side.
I climb the heights of hope at last, And reach the Glo - ry Side.

CHORUS.

I'm on . . . the Glo - ry Side, . . With Christ once cru - ci - fied,
I'm liv - ing on the Glo - ry, Glo - ry Side,

By faith I rise 'bove cloud-y skies, I'm on . . . the Glo - ry Side. . .
o - ver on the Glo - ry, Glo - ry Side.

No. 265. Happy On the Way.

COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PER.

R. E. Hudson.

1. { Oh, good old way, how sweet thou art, May none of us from Thee de - part; } Bless the Lord, I'm
2. { But may our ac - tions al - ways say, We're marching in the good old way, } Bless the Lord, I'm
3. { This note a - bove the rest shall swell, That Je - sus do - eth all things well, } Bless the Lord, I'm

1 2 FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

hap - py on the way; way. Hap - py on the way, Hap - py on the way,

No. 266. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain,
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love,

For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - ior And scat - tered our night.
Who has borne all our sins And has cleans'd ev - 'ry stain.
May each soul be re - kin - dled With fire from a - bove.

CHORUS. 1 2

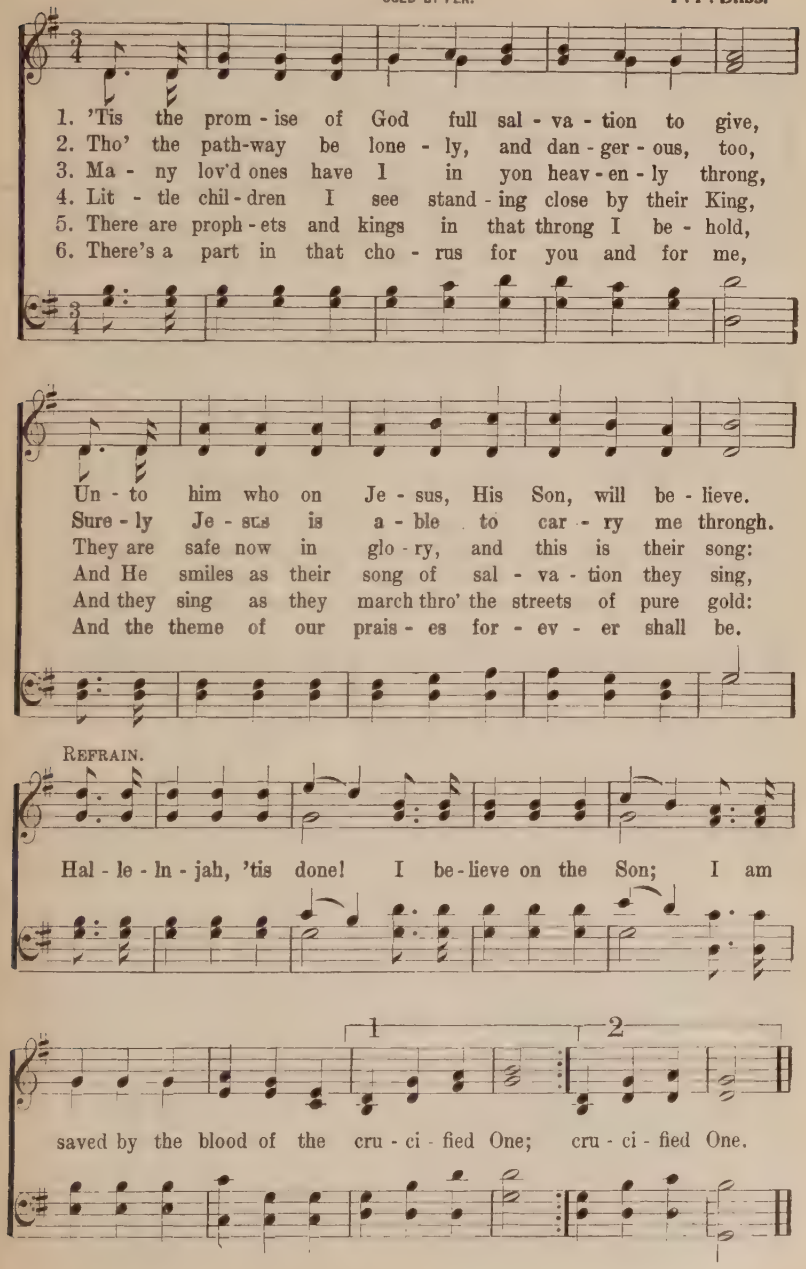
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo-ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 267. Hallelujah, 'Tis Done!

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PER.

P. P. Bliss.



No. 268. My Heart Sings Hallelujah!

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Ada Blenkhorn. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. For grace that saved this soul of mine, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
2. For peace His pres-ence doth af - ford, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
3. For love that burns with in my soul My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
4. For joy that He a - lone can give, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!

For heal-ing streams of love di - vine, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
For rest I find with - in His word, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
For Him who all my steps con-trol. My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!
For faith that I with Him shall live, My heart sings hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

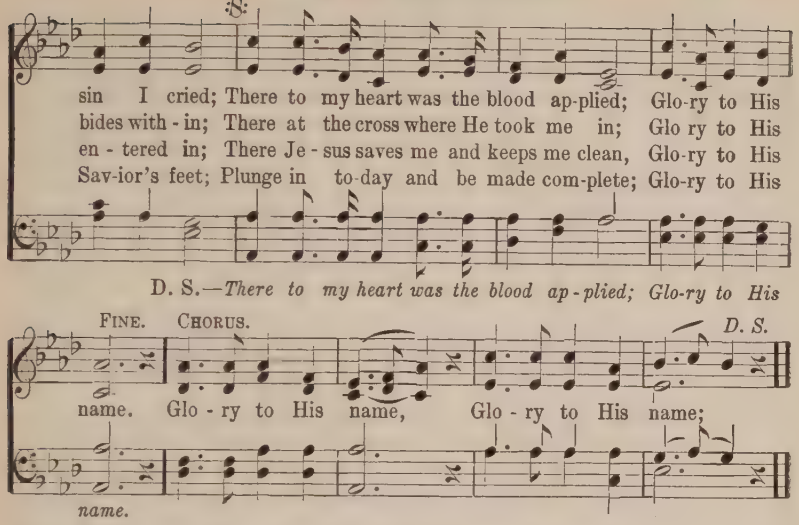
Hal-le-lu-jah! hallelujah! My heart sings hallelujah! hal-le-lu-jah!
My heart is singing, My heart is singing,

No. 269. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. USED BY PER. OF ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

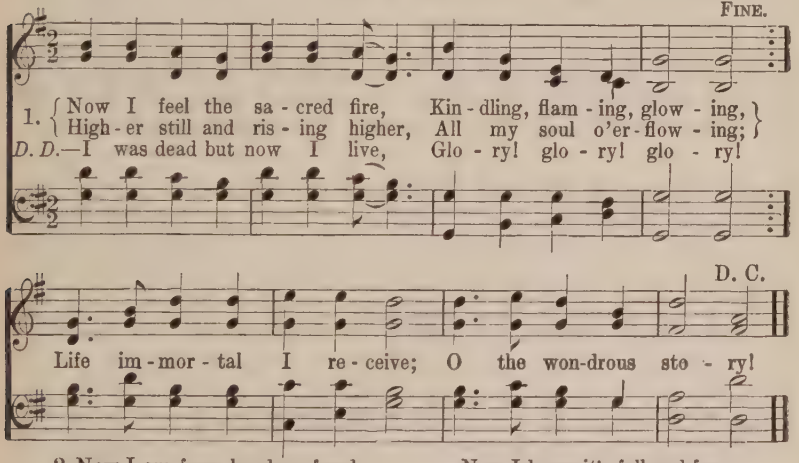
1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous - ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a-
3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

Glory to His Name.



No. 270. Now I Feel the Sacred Fire.

USED BY PER. Arr. by R. K. Carter.



2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven:
'Tis a glorious liberty:
O the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll thro' every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation,
Now I know it's full and free;
O the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us,
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 271. There is Glory in My Soul.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Grace Weiser Davis. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Since I lost my sins, and I found my Sav - ior, There is Glo - ry
2. Since He cleans'd my heart, gave me sight for blind-ness, There is glo - ry
3. Since with God I've walk'd, hav - ing sweet com-mun - ion, There is glo - ry
4. Since I en - ter'd Ca - naan on my way to heav'n, There is glo - ry

in my soul! Since by faith I sought and ob tain'd God's fav - or, There is
in my soul! Since He touch'd and heal'd me in lov - ing kind - ness, There is
in my soul! Brighter grows each day in this heav'n - ly un - ion, There is
in my soul! Since the day my life to the Lord was giv - en, There is

CHORUS.

glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry, glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my

soul! Ev'ry day brighter grows, And I con-quer all my foes; There is glo - ry,

glo - ry, there is glo - ry in my soul! There is glo - ry in my soul!
glo - ry in my soul!

No. 272. I'm Glad Salvation's Free.

(DUNBAR.) **American Spiritual.**

1. How vast, how full, how free The mer - cy of our God!
CHO.—*I'm glad sal - va - tion's free! I'm glad sal - va - tion's free!*

D. C. Chorus.

Pro - claim the bless-ed news a-round, And spread it all a-broad.
Sal - va - tion's free for you and me, I'm glad sal - va - tion's free!

2 How vast! "whoever will"
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation now to him.

3 How full! it doth remove
The stain of every sin;
And makes the soul as white and pure,
As though no sin had been.

4 Poor trembling sinner, come!
God waits to comfort thee;
Come, cast thyself upon His love,
So vast, so full, so free.

No. 273. Oh, How I Love Jesus!

John Newton.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

CHO.—‖: Oh, how I love Jesus! :‖
Because He first loved me;
‖: How can I forget thee? :‖
Dear Lord, remember me.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 I would Thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of Thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never-failing-treasure, fill'd
With boundless stores of grace.

No. 274. We're Marching to Zion.

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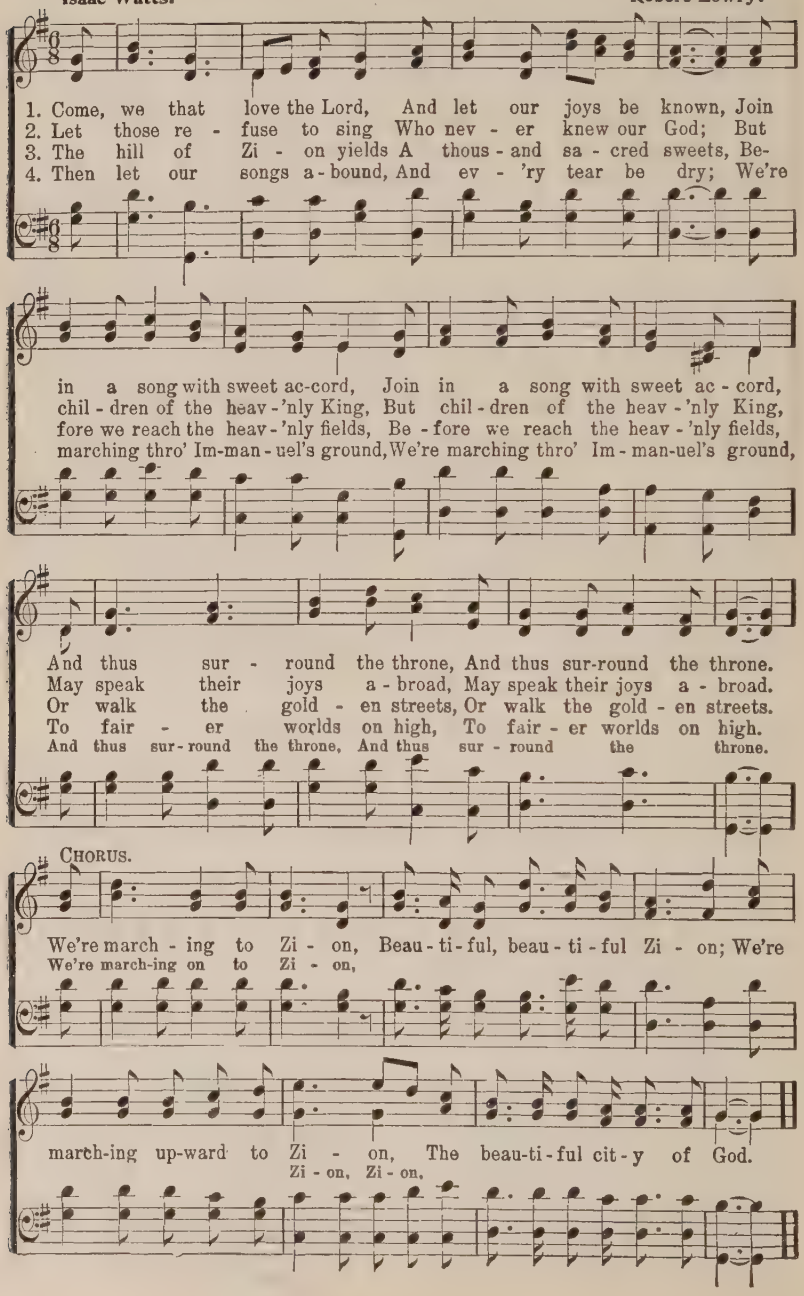
Isaac Watts. Robert Lowry.



Missionary.

No. 275. The Whole Wide World for Jesus.

1. { The whole wide world for Je - sus! Once more be - fore we part,
Ring out the joy - ful watch - word (*Omit.*). . . . . }

From ev - 'ry grateful heart; The whole wide world for Je - sus! Be this our

bat - tle cry; The Cru - ci - fied shall con - quer, And vic - to - ry is nigh.

2 The whole wide world for Jesus!
From out the Golden Gate,
Through all the South Sea Islands,
To China's princely state;
From India's vales and mountains,
Through Persia's land of bloom,
To storied Palestina,
And Afric's desert gloom.

3 The whole wide world for Jesus!
Its hearts and homes and thrones;
Ring out again the watchword
In loud and joyous tones:
The whole wide world for Jesus!
With prayer the song we'll wing,
And spend the prayer with labor,
Till earth shall crown Him King.

No. 276. [*Tune above.*] Heber.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain, with lavish kindness,
The gifts of God are strown:
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft—waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 277. Go Ye Unto All the World.

COPYRIGHT, 1880, BY JAMES McGRANAHAN.
USED BY PER.

G. M. J. James McGranahan.

1. Far, far a-way in heathen darkness dwell-ing, Mill-ions of souls for
2. See o'er the world the o - pen doors in - vit - ing, Sol - diers of Christ, a-
3. "Why will ye die?" the voice of God is call - ing, "Why will ye die?" re-
4. God speed the day when those of ev - 'ry na - tion, "Glo - ry to God" tri-

ev - er may be lost; Who, who will go sal - va-tion's sto - ry tell - ing,
rise and en - ter in! Breth'ren, a-wake! our forc - es all u - nit - ing,
ech - o in His name; Je - sus hath died to save from death ap-pall - ing,
umphant-ly shall sing; Ransom'd, redeem'd, re - joic - ing in sal-va - tion,

CHORUS.

Look - ing to Je - sus, heed-ing not the cost?
Send forth the gos-pel, break the chains of sin. "All pow'r is giv-en un-to me,
Life and sal-va-tion therefore go pro-claim.
Shout "hal - le - lu - jah for the Lord is King."

All pow'r is giv - en un - to me, Go ye in - to all the world and

preach the gos - pel, And lo, I am with you al - way."

No. 278.

Speed Away.

Fannie J. Crosby.

WORDS AND HAR. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY IRA D. SANKEY. USED BY PER.

I. B. Woodbury, Arr.

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
To the souls by the temp - ter in bond - age op-pressed; For the

Mas - ter's com - mand; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful
wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
Sav - ior has purchased their ran-som from sin, And the ban - quet is

Gos - pel of Je - sus pro-claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res cue make haste, there's no

work while 'tis day,
mo - ment's de - lay, Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
time for de - lay,

No. 279. Send the Light.

COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
GEO. F. ROSCHE OWNER. USED BY PER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. There's a call comes ring-ing o'er the rest-less wave, "Send the light!
2. We have heard the Mac-e-do-nian call to-day, "Send the light!
3. Let us pray that grace may ev-'ry where abound; Send the light,
4. Let us not grow wea-ry in the work of love; Send the light,

Send the light!

Send the light!" There are souls to res-cue, there are souls to save,
Send the light!" And a gold-en of-f'ring at the cross we lay,
Send the light! And a Christ-like spir-it ev-'ry where be found,
Send the light! Let us gath-er jew-els for a crown a-bove,

Send the light!

REFRAIN.

Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . Send the light! . . . the

Send the light! Send the light! Send the light!

1

bless-ed gos-pel light; Let it shine from shore to

the bless-ed gos-pel light: Let it shine

2

shore! . . . . . Shine . . . . for ev-er more. . . . . .

from shore to shore! Let it shine for ev-er-more.

No. 280. Tell Them the Story.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY W. ELMER BAILEY.

H. B. H. H. B. Hartzler.

1. The Mas - ter call - eth from the sky: Go, save the hea - then
2. They watch and wait with wist - ful eyes, Be - neath the dome of
3. Their night of woe is dark and long, No light of hope, no

ere they die! The woe of sin they bear, In cru - el chains they
O - rient skies; They wait be-yond the sea, On fair and sun - ny
joy - ful song; They hear no Gos - pel call, No lift - ed cross they

lie, And vain - ly in their sad de-spair, To i - dol gods they cry.
isles, Where life is like a ju - bi - lee And end-less sum-mer smiles.
see; They know not Him who died for all, From sin to make them free.

CHORUS.

{ Oh, tell them the sto - ry, the beau - ti - ful sto - ry, And
{ Pro - claim the sal - va - tion, the sweet con - so - la - tion, The

1 2

show them the glo - ry: A Sav - ior for all! }
great rev - e - la - tion; A (*Omit . . . .*) } Sav - ior for all!

No. 281. Send the Blessed Light.

E. E. Hewitt.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY HALL-MACK CO.
USED BY PER.

W. A. Post.

1. Ye who know the gladness of re-deem-ing love, Send the light, blessed
2. To the souls that wander in sin's aw - ful gloom, Send the light, blessed
3. Where they sit in darkness in the lands a - far, Send the light, blessed
4. Speed the gos-pel message, speed the word of grace; Send the light, gospel

Send the light

light; Heav'n - ly beams are shin - ing from the sky a - bove,
light; Till in des - ert plac-es, Sharon's Rose shall bloom,
light; Tell them of the Dayspring, show the Morn - ing Star,
light; Night is ev - er banished from the Sav - ior's face,

bless - ed light,

CHORUS.

Send the light, bless - ed light. Send the bless - ed

Send the light, bless - ed light. Send the bless - ed gos - pel,

gos - pel light, Help to bring the morn-ing bright; Spread the

gos - pel light, Help to bring the morn-ing, morn - ing bright; Spread the joy - ful

joy - ful news a-broad, Send to all the bless - ed light of God. (of God.)

Send to all the bless-ed light of God.

No. 282. Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PER.

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Poor and wea - ry, worn with care,—
3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Ye who have a - bun - dant store;
4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treas-ures strew,
5. Cast thy bread up - on the wa-ters, Waft it on with pray - ing breath,

An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it;— You shall find it by and by!
Oft - en sit - ting in the shad-ow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
It may float on many a bil - low, It may strand on many a shore;
Scat-ter it with will - ing fin - gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
In some dis-tant, doubt-ful mo-ment It may save a soul from death;

He who in His right-eous bal-ance Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh;
Can you not to those a-round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
You may think it lost for - ev - er, But, as sure as God is true,
For if you do close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
When you sleep in sol - emn si-lence, 'Neath the morn and evening dew,

Will your sac - ri - fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov - ing deeds re - pay.
As you look with long - ing vis - ion Thro' faith's mighty tel - e - scope?
In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened, May strew lilies o - ver you.

No. 283. Christ for the World We Sing.

S. Wolcott. (ITALIAN HYMN.) Felice Giardini.

1. Christ for the world we sing; The world to Christ we bring With loving zeal:—The poor and them that mourn, The faint and overborne, Sin-sick and sorrow-worn, Whom Christ doth heal.

2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer:—
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord—
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

No. 284. Hasten, Lord, the Glorious Time.

Harriet Auber. (ELTHAM.) Lowell Mason.

FINE.

1. { Hast-en, Lord, the glo-rious time, When, be-neath Mes - si - ah's sway, / Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos - pel call o - bey. }

D. C.—Sa - tan and his host o'er-thrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

D. C.

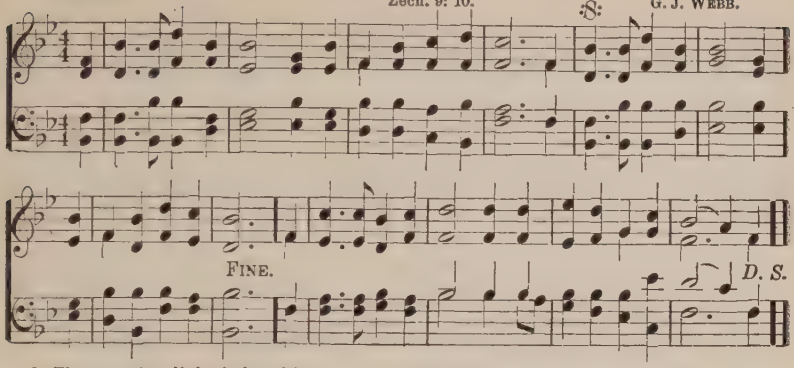
Might - iest kings His pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes His name a - dore;

2 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed shall ever reign.

Bless we, then, our gracious Lord;
Ever praise His glorious name;
All His mighty acts record,
All His wondrous love proclaim.

No. 285. The Morning Light is Breaking.

Zech. 9: 10. G. J. WEBB.



1. The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

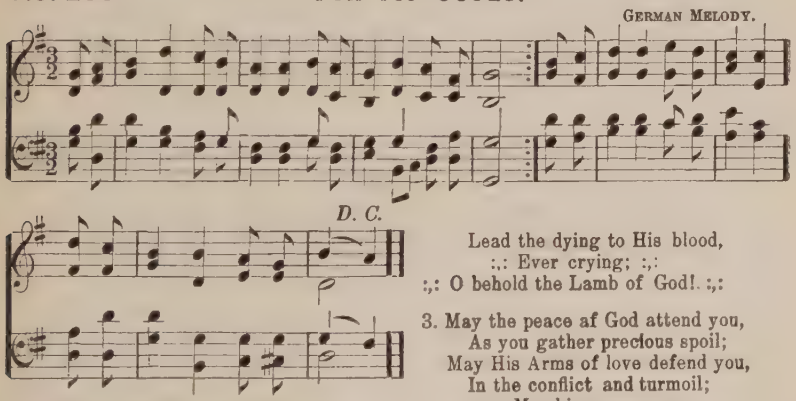
2. See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above:
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3. Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way,
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim, the Lord has come.

S. F. SMITH.

No. 286. Toil for Jesus.

GERMAN MELODY.



1. Go and seek the lost and dying;
Preach the world's glad jubilee;
Like the herald angels, flying,
Bear God's message o'er the sea;
:,: Toil for Jesus, :,:
:,: Till the blind His glory see. :,:

2. Go and tell the blessed story
Of the holy Lamb of God;
Show the poor His grace and glory;
Lead the dying to His blood,
:,: Ever crying; :,:
:,: O behold the Lamb of God!. :,:

3. May the peace af God attend you,
As you gather precious spoil;
May His Arms of love defend you,
In the conflict and turmoil;
:,: May his presence, :,:
:,: Cheer you on the field of toil. :,:

4. Fare you well! whate'er betide you,
Look to Jesus for His grace;
He will comfort, cheer and guide you,
Till at last, in His embrace,
:,: Safe forever, :,:
:,: You shall see Him face to face. :,:

Bishop H. B. HARTZLER

No. 287. On The Mountain Top.

T. Kelly. ZION. T. Hastings.

1. { On the mountain-top ap-pear-ing, Lo! the sacred herald stands, }
{ Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing—Zi-on, long in hostile lands; } Mourning captive!

God Himself will loose thy bands; Mounrning captive? God Himself will loose thy bands.

2. Has thy night been long and mournful,
All thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

2. God, thy God, will now restore thee,
He Himself appears thy friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will quickly send.

No. 288. My Native Land.

1. Yes my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Home and friends that smile around me,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2. Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I—can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3. Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I love so well,
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

4. In the desert let me labor,
On the mountain let me tell
How He died, the blessed Savior,
To redeem a world from hell.
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

5. Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I leave thee,
Native land, farewell! farewell!

Rev. Samuel F, Smith.

No. 289. Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

Bowring. L. Mason.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are; }
Traveler, o'er yon mountains height, (*Omit*) } See that glo - ry-
D.C.–Traveler, yes: it brings the day, (*Omit*) Promised day of

Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.

FINE. D. C.

beaming star! Watchman does its beauteous ray Aught of joy or hope fore-tell?
Is - ra - el.

2. Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends;
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends.
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own:
See! it bursts o'er all the earth!

3. Watchman, tell us of the night,
For the morning seems to dawn;
Traveler, darkness takes its flight,
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;
Hie thee to thy quit home:
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

No. 290. Jesus Shall Reign.

Watts. (MISSIONARY CHANT.) C. Zeunder.

1. Je-sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run;
2. People and realms of ev - ery tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
3. Blessings a-bound wher-e'er He reigns; The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
4. Let ev-ery creature rise and bring Pe - cu-liar hon - ors to our King:

His kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
And in - fant voic-es shall proclaim Their ear - ly blessings on His name.
The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.
An - gels descend with songs again, And earth re - peat the loud A - men!

No. 291. Ye Christian Herald!

1. Ye Christian heralds! go proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire,
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3. And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more—
Meet with the blood-bought throng, to fall,
And crown our Jesus—Lord of all!

No. 292. Good News Comes O'er the Sea.

USED BY PER. OF E. S. LORENZ, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

Moderato.

Words and Music by Rev. I. Baltzell.

1. Good news comes o'er the sea, And tells of vic - t'ry there; The
2. The glo - rious gos - pel light, In splen - dor shines to - day, Where
3. A - wake, the sun is high, The Mas - ter's call - ing you! Why

hea-then bow the knee, In hum-ble, fer-vent pray'r; Long wait-ed we to
naught but darkest night Fell on the heathen's way; Brave Christians heard the
stand ye i - dle by? There's work for you to do! Your treasures, pray'rs and

hear The glo-rious ti - dings come, Pro-claim-ing vic-t'ry there, Where
cry That came a-cross the sea, "Come help us ere we die, Come,
tears, Go, lay at Je - sus' feet; And soon we'll sing the song Of

CHORUS. *Lively.*

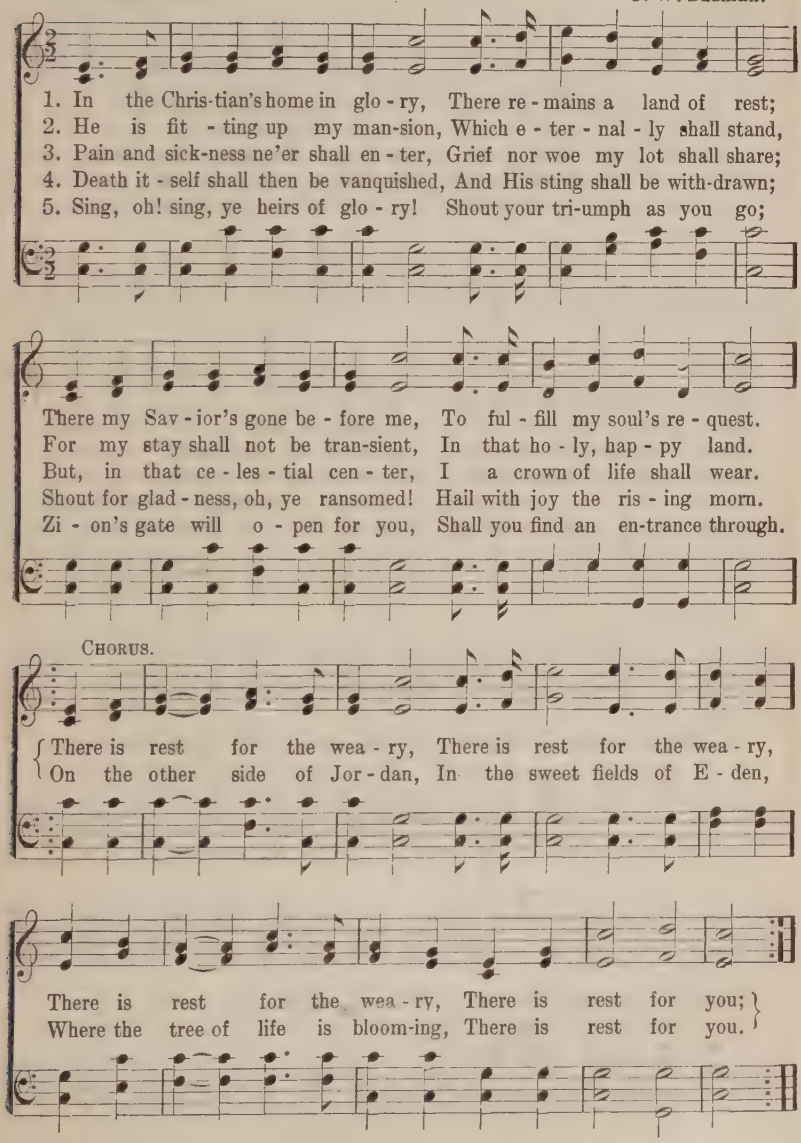
darkness reign'd a-lone.
help us to be free." Re-joice,.... re-joice,.... Good news comes o'er the
vic - to - ry com-plete. Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,

Repeat Chorus.

sea; Re-joice,.... re joice,.... Good news comes o'er the sea.
the sea; Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,

No. 293. Rest for the Weary.

William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.



No. 294. Shall We Gather at the River?

R. L.

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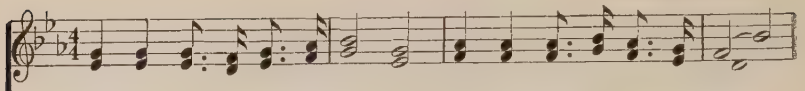
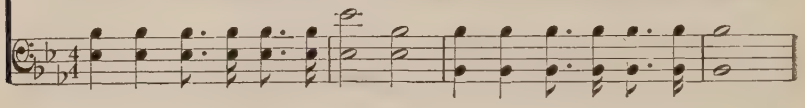
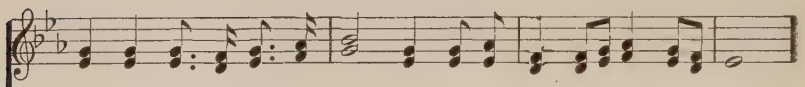
USED BY PER.

Robert Lowry.

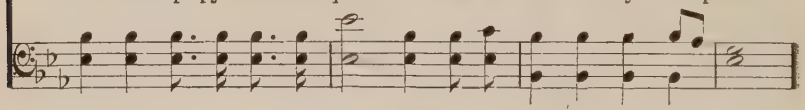


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er Mir - ror of the Sav-ior's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil-ver riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;

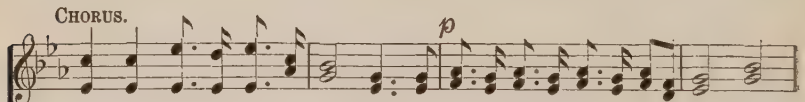




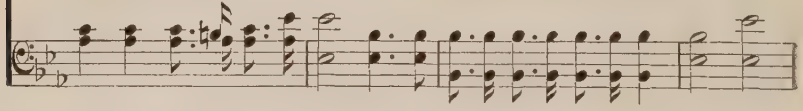
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flowing by the throne of God.
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Saints whom death will nev - er sev - er Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

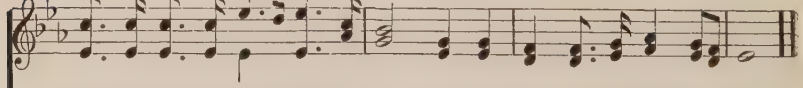


CHORUS.

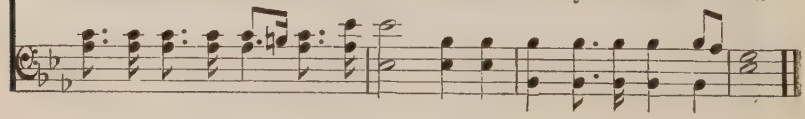


Yes, we'll gath-er at the riv - er, The beau-ti-ful, the beau-ti-ful riv - er,





Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er That flow by the throne of God.



No. 295. In That City.

C. J. B.

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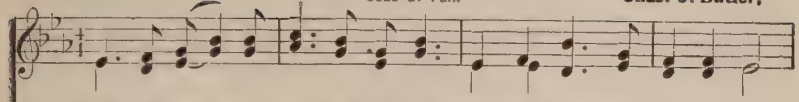
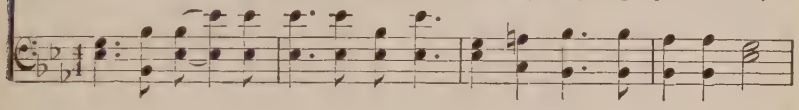
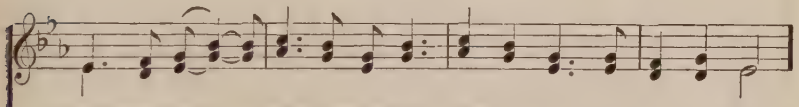
USED BY PER.

Chas. J. Butler.

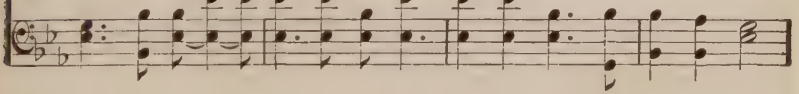


1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit - y, There's a home for ev - 'ry one;
2. Here we've no a - bid - ing cit - y, Man sions here will soon de - cay;
3. I have loved ones in that cit - y, Those who left me years a - go;
4. Tow'rd that pure and ho - ly cit - y Oft my long - ing eyes I cast;

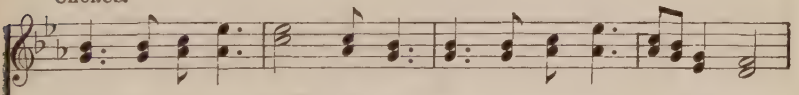




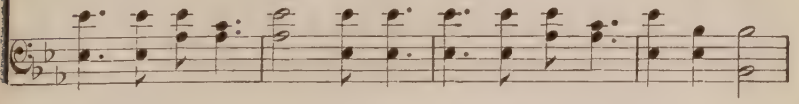
Pur-chased with a price most cost-ly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit - y God's built firm-ly, It can nev - er pass a - way.
They with joy are wait - ing for me, Where no fare-well tears e'er flow.
Je - sus whis-pers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

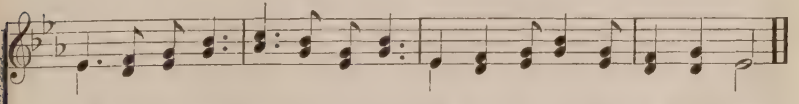


CHORUS.

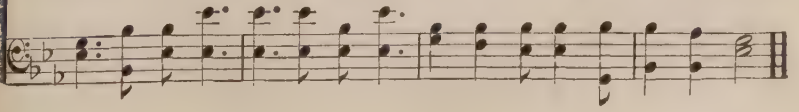


In that cit - y— bright cit - y, Soon with loved ones I shall be,





And with Je - sus live for - ev - er, In that cit - y be - yond death's sea.



No. 296. Sweet By and By.

USED BY PER. OF OLIVER DITSON CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

S. F. Bennett. J. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwell - ing place there.
2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless - ing of rest.
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer the trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless-ings that hal - low our days.
4. We shall rest on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the joys of the saved we shall share; All our pil - grim - age toil will be o'er, And the con - quer - or's crown we shall wear.
5. We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign, In the land where the saved nev er die; We shall rest free from sor - row and pain, Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

CHORUS.

In the sweet by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore; In the sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.

In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by, In the sweet by and by.

No. 297. Home of the Soul.

USED BY PER. THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., NEW YORK.
OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. Philip Phillips.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way

home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er beat on the glit-tering strand, While the

years of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no

storms ev-er beat on the glit-tering strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.

2 O that home of the soul, in my visions and dreams,
Its bright jasper walls I can see,
Till I fancy but thinly the vail intervenes
Between the fair city and me.

3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms forever is He,
And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.

4 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain,
With songs on our lips and harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.

No. 298. That will be Heaven for Me.

P. P. Bliss. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PER. James McGranahan.

1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To take me a - way
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I know not the sound
3. I know not the form of my man-sion fair, I know not the name

to His own dear home; But I know that His pres-ence will light-en the
of the harps' glad ring; But I know there'll be men-tion of Je - sus our
that I then shall bear; But I know that my Sav - ior will wel-come me

gloom And that will be glo - ry for me. And that will be glo - ry
King And that will be mu - sic for me. And that will be mu - sic
there, And that will be heav - en for me. And that will be heav - en

for me, ... Oh, that will be glo - ry for me; But I know that His
for me, ... Oh, that will be mu - sic for me; But I know there'll be
for me, ... Oh, that will be heav-en for me; But I know that my

Yes, that will be glo - ry,
Yes, that will be mu-sic,
Yes, that will be heav-en,

rit

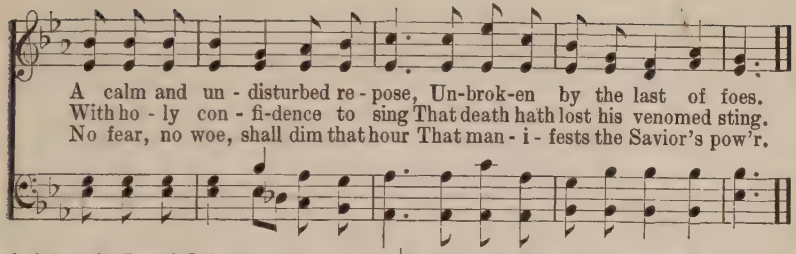
pres-ence will light - en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
men-tion of Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
Sav - ior will wel-come me there, And that will be heav-en for me.

No. 299. Asleep In Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. (REST.) Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless-ed sleep, From which none ev-er wakes to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum ber meet;
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peaceful rest, Whose waking is su-preme-ly blest;

Asleep In Jesus.

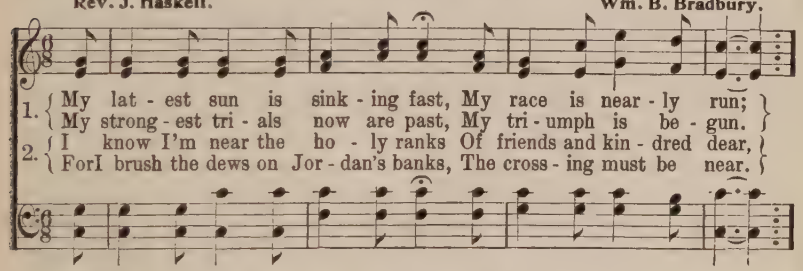


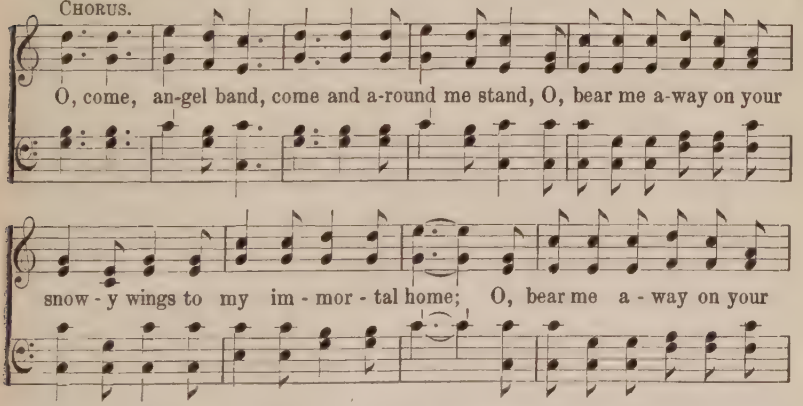
4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

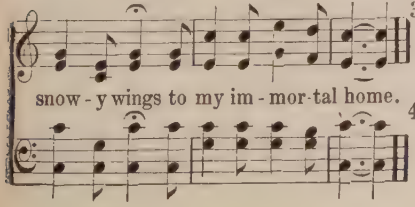
5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

No. 300. O Come Angel Band.

Rev. J. Haskell. Wm. B. Bradbury.





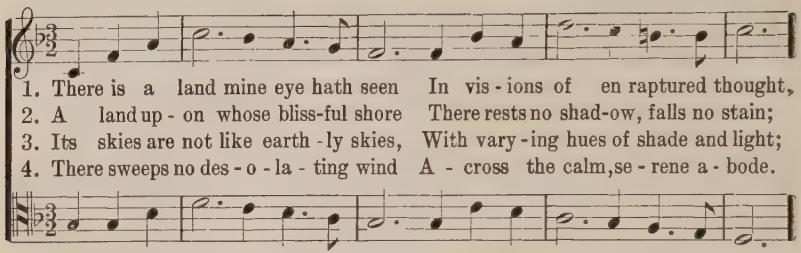


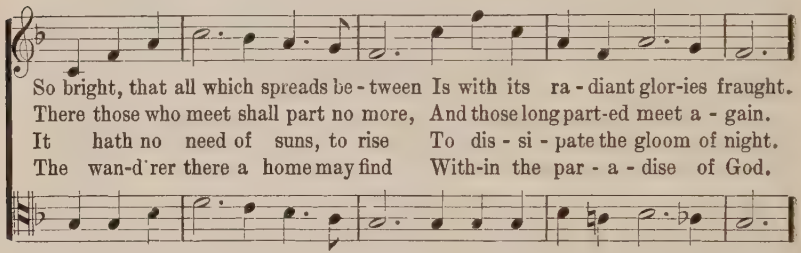
3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings,
The holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

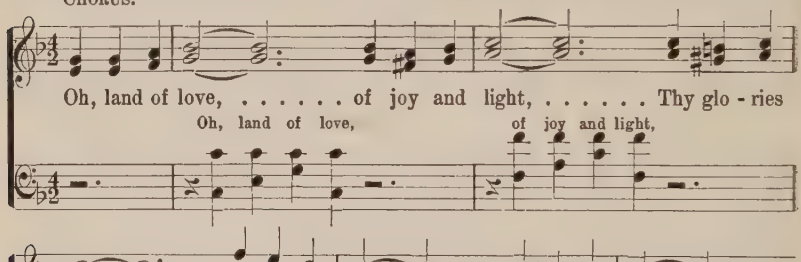
No. 301. The Better Land.

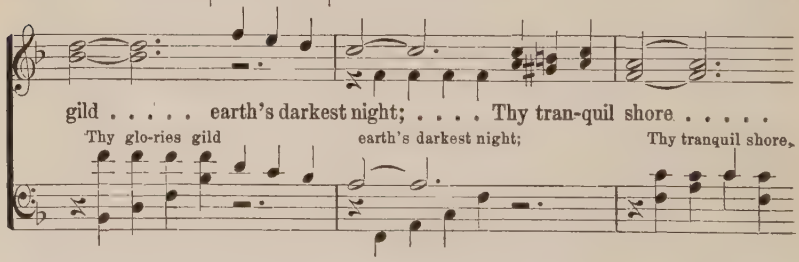
Gurdon Robins, arr. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY D. B. TOWNER. Daniel B. Towner.

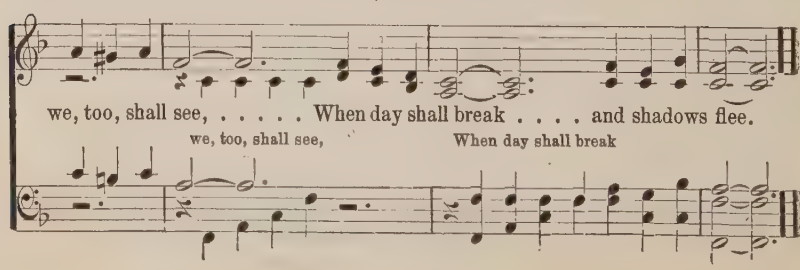




CHORUS.

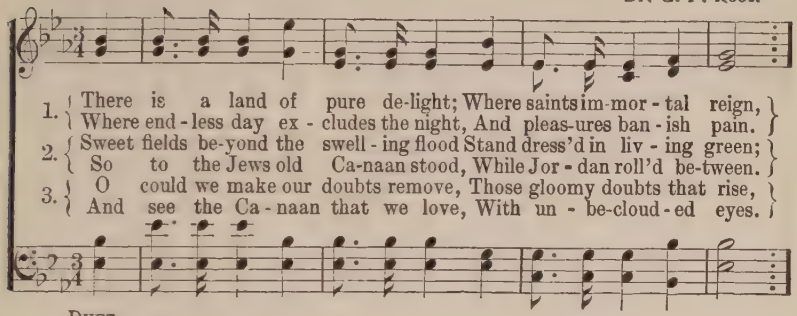






No. 302. There is a Land of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. Dr. G. F. Root.



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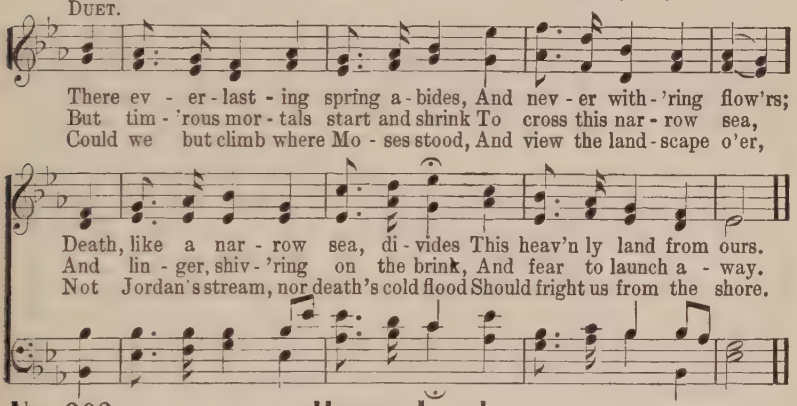
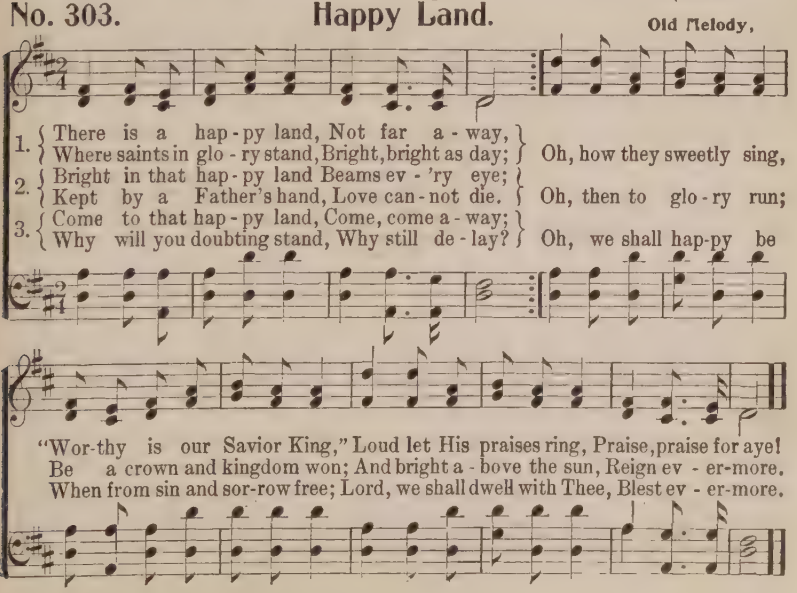


No. 303. Happy Land.

Old Melody.



No. 304. We'll Never Say Good-By.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

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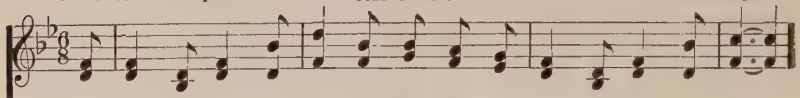
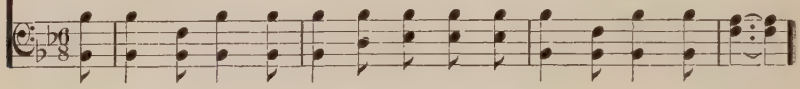
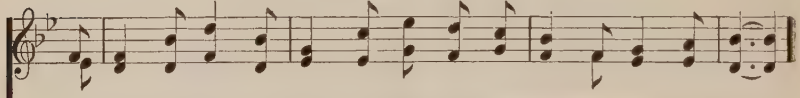
J. H. Tenney.

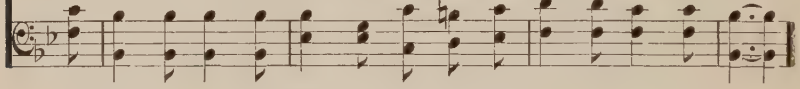


1. With friends on earth we meet in gladness, While swift the mo-ments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the hope that lin gers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No part - ing words shall e'er be spok - en In yon - der home so fair,





Yet ev - er comes the tho't of sad-ness, That we must say, "Good-by."
That we, when all earth's toils are end - ed, With them shall ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, We'll sing for - ev - er there.



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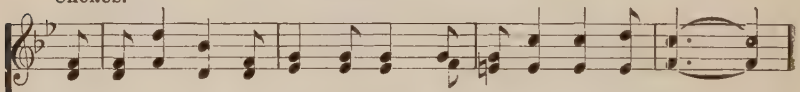
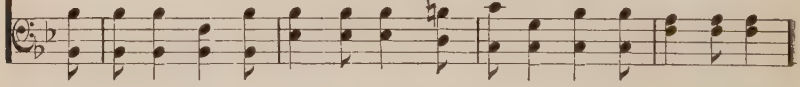
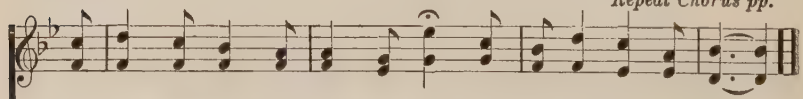


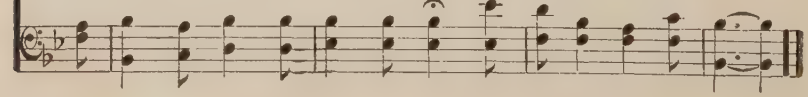
We'll nev - er say good - by in heav'n, We'll nev-er say good - by, ... good-by,



Repeat Chorus pp.



For in that land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good - by.



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165 ÷ 4 = $43\frac{3}{4}$

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